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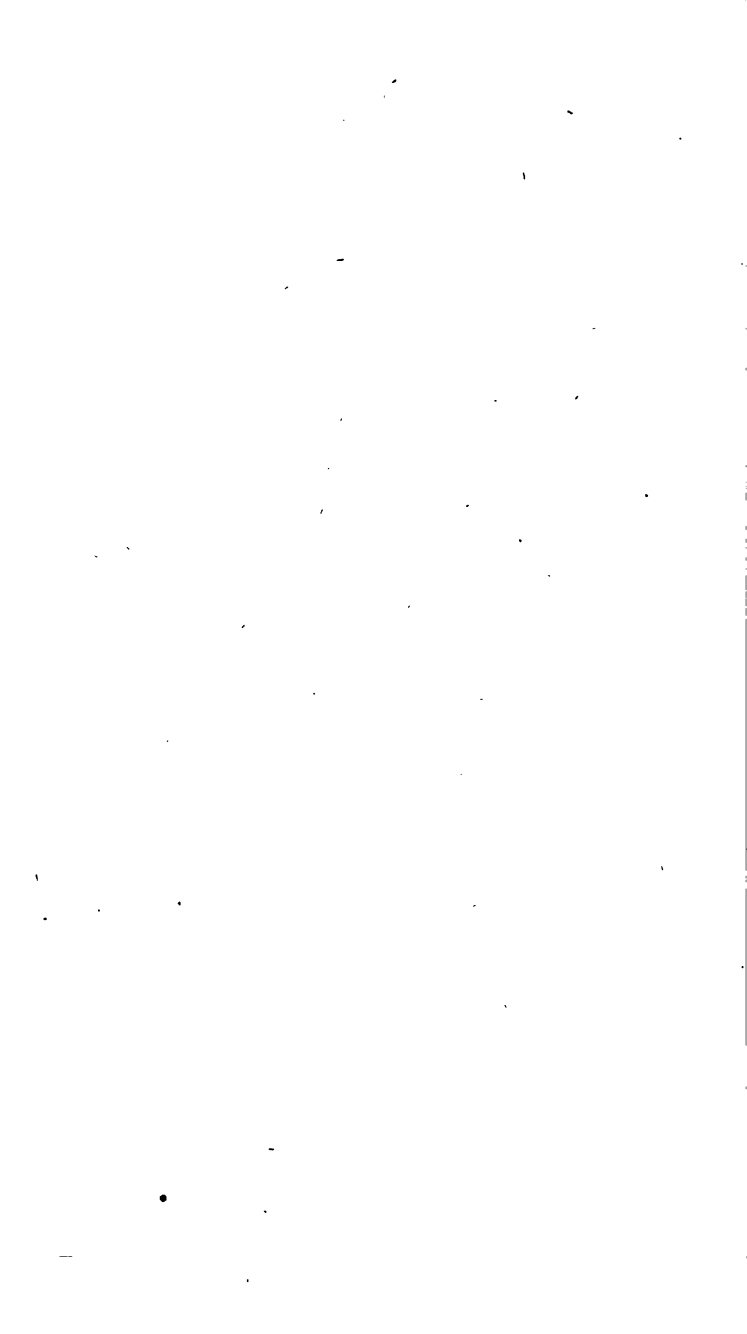
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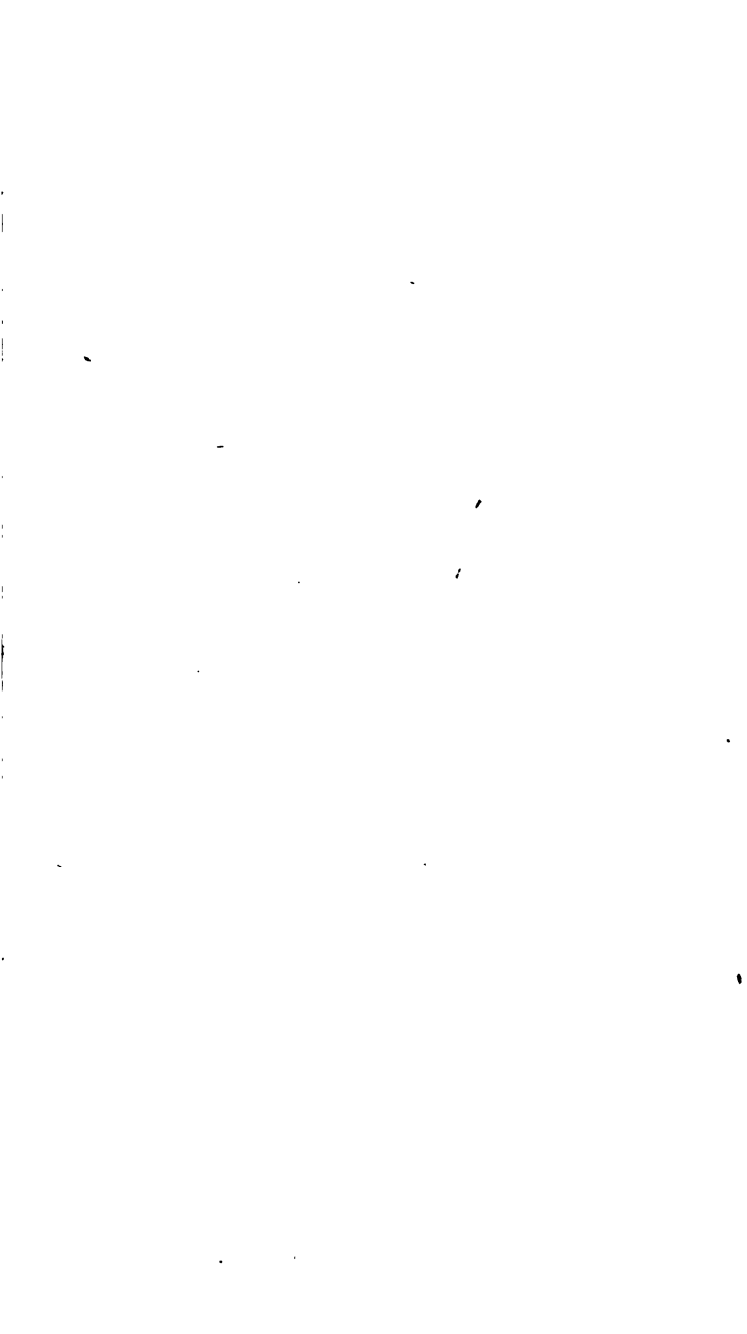
















**THE**  
**HISTORY OF HENRY MILNER.**

**PART III.**



THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
HENRY MILNER,  
A LITTLE BOY,

WHO  
WAS NOT BROUGHT UP ACCORDING TO THE FASHIONS OF  
THIS WORLD.

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BY MRS. SHERWOOD,

AUTHOR OF  
"THE HISTORY OF THE FAIRCHILD FAMILY," "LITTLE HENRY AND  
HIS BEARER," "ORPHANS OF NORMANDY," &c. &c.

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THE THIRD PART.

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THE HISTORY  
OF  
HENRY MILNER.

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PART THIRD.

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CHAP. I.

*Containing an account of Henry's Return to his own home, after an Absence of rather more than a Year.*

SEVERAL years are elapsed since I closed my communications respecting Henry Milner, and, during this interval, various and multiplied have been the applications made to me concerning what more I might chance to know relative to our young friend. Some persons have expressed anxiety respecting the farther progress of this dear boy, through the dangerous years of advanced youth, remarking, that the pure Christian principles with which Mr. Dalben had inspired him, (through the divine blessing,) might have served him well during the years of infancy, and might, indeed, carry him, (though not without much quizzing,) with tolerable cre-

dit through a private school—for after all, Clent Green was nothing more than a private school—but as to their being practicable in his intercourse with society in more advanced life, this was a question not easily solved; that is, could Henry Milner retain so large a share of Christian simplicity as he had hitherto possessed, without appearing in the world as a first-rate quiz, an amazingly odd fellow, and a vast bore? This question, under various forms, has been put to me a thousand times; and I have remarked, that it has been generally made by persons who have naturally a strong tendency in themselves to that sort of peculiarity of manner, which would lay their religion, if they had happened to have had any, particularly open to the scoff of the infidel, a sort of person who is always delighted with the opportunity of setting down any particular human infirmity to the account of religion; whereas this is certain, that wherever any peculiar absurdities are remarkable in a professor, it is always owing either to some misconception in his own mind of the Christian character, or to some hitherto unconquered defect of temper, which, in the contrast with his better principles, produces those contradictions in his deportment which are so particularly amusing to the enemies of religion, and which

sometimes, indeed, force a smile, however unwillingly, from those who are its friends.

But in order to answer the question above cited,—which, in plain language, is no more than this, can a young man be a Christian, and act like one, without being either ridiculous or very disagreeable,—instead of giving my own opinion, which is little worth, I shall proceed to that which I trust will be more agreeable to my youthful readers, viz. to give some account of my young Christian hero, from his sixteenth year, at which period we last left him, until his eighteenth; and having proceeded thus far, I shall close the present volume.

I concluded my last account of Henry Milner, by the parting scene between himself and Marten. The last words of Marten, as he put Lily into the carriage were, “Farewell, my Henry, and sometimes think of Marten.”

When Lord H—— looked next at Henry, (for the attention of that nobleman had been drawn to the noble figure of Marten, and the deep concern which was depicted on his fine countenance, as he placed the basket containing the kitten on Henry’s knees,) he was surprised to see that the tears were rolling down his cheeks, and that no effort he could use, were sufficient to restrain them.

“What, Henry Milner,” said his lordship; “surely you are not sorry to return home.” Lord H—— was vexed that he had made this remark, (perceiving that his young companion was more than half ashamed of this too evident, and perhaps he might think, almost unmanly display of feeling,) and immediately added, “I beg your pardon, my dear boy; I ought to have known that it was impossible for you to have spent so many months in any place, and scarcely with any description of human beings, without having formed some sort of tie, which could not be broken without pain; neither can I believe that the young gentleman from whom we have just parted, can ever be known without exciting a deep interest. I do not ask you to tell tales out of school, Henry, but I am assured that there is some story of deeper moment than exactly appears in the case of that little wounded animal; but be assured, my dear Henry, that if it turns out as I suspect, and if that young man is worthy of your friendship, your kind uncle will permit you to cultivate his regard in any way which you may think desirable.”

“My lord,” replied Henry, “I love Marten, and little George Beresford, and one or two more of the boys, and I should be sorry to

think that I should never see them again ; but please to tell me again, is my uncle quite well ?”

“ You will think him altered, Henry, I fear,” replied Lord H—— ; “ he looks much older than he did, and he has not the strength he formerly had ; and as you are become more manly, and probably more active than you were, he will not be able to accompany you every where, as he once did.”

“ I am sorry for that,” replied Henry ; “ I am longing, my lord, to return to all my old habits, and to do just what I used to do. I am sure that no child ever was so happy as I was, before I went to school ; but I have never found any body, since I left home, who has the same ways of thinking as my uncle has.”

“ Explain yourself, my dear boy,” said Lord H—— ; “ what do you mean by saying that no one you have ever met with has the same ways of thinking as your uncle ?”

“ I do not mean you, my lord,” replied Henry, “ but I mean the people with whom I have spent the last year. When I compare them to my uncle, I might justly say that they are all pushing and crowding one way, whilst my uncle has been drawing me, as long as I can remember, exactly in a contrary direction.”

Lord H—— knew what Henry meant ; but not appearing so to do, he drew him on to speak his mind more decidedly.

“ What ought to be our chief object in life, Lord H—— ?” he said : “ my uncle has told me always that it should be our chief aim to get to heaven, and every one I have talked with or heard talk at Clent Green, seems to think that we have nothing to do but to get on and enjoy ourselves in this world.”

“ And they have also told you, no doubt,” said Lord H——, “ that so as they can get on themselves, it little matters who they may knock down and trample upon, and thrust with shoulder and horn in their progress to the place which they may desire to obtain. Why, Henry, as you advance in life, you will find that this is but the way of the world ; and it may have been an advantage to you to have had such a little peep into the world and its ways, as you have obtained at Clent Green. A large school, where the masters are not pious, is a world in miniature ; and from what you have seen in Dr. Matthews’s seminary, you may have some idea of what the University is, and, with God’s help, may derive some sort of experience of that description of conduct, which may enable you to pass through the vanity fair of this life, with

the most credit and ease to yourself, without swerving from your better principle."

The conversation of Lord H—— and Henry then turned upon other matters. Henry had a thousand questions to ask of Lord H——, to some of which he was not able to reply, having been only one day and one night at Mr. Dalben's house. He had, indeed, seen Mrs. Kitty and Maurice, and Thomas, and Lion, and said they all appeared to be in perfect preservation; but poor Muff was dead, and, as Henry remarked, Lily was ready to take her place—the old horse, too, had been sent to finish his days in H—— Park, being past all labour. Moreover, Lord H—— told Henry, that in addition to Lady H——, his old friend, he must expect to find another lady at Mr. Dalben's. The account which Lord H—— gave of this lady was, that she called herself a niece of Mr. Dalben's—that she was become a widow within the last thirteen months—that her usual residence was Bath—that her name was Bonville, and that she had an only son, called Edgar, then at the University—and that it was expected this son would take his degree in about a year and a half, and be ordained as soon afterwards as possible, in order to take possession of a handsome family living.



"Mrs. Bonville," continued Lord H——, "is now at Mr. Dalben's, and will probably stay under her uncle's roof for a week to come; but you will not see her son at present, Henry; neither can I tell you what sort of a youth he may be, having never happened to meet with him."

Whilst Lord H—— was speaking of Mrs. Bonville, having used the word widow, and said that her husband was only lately dead, Henry's fancy began to be busy respecting her. And before Lord H—— had concluded his speech, he had her whole figure before him in sable draperies and wide weepers; with a white handkerchief in her hands, ready to apply to her eyes whenever a painful thought occurred. This mourning figure was soon, however, dismissed from his thoughts; for he had many more questions to ask, and soon found a new and delightful interest in the accounts which Lord H—— was so kind as to give him of their adventures on the continent.

"I have often wished," remarked Henry, "that I had been old enough to have gone with my uncle."

"You were too young, Henry, and your time was too precious," replied Lord H——. "But it is very possible that Mr. Dalben may go

abroad again, and then he may perhaps wish you to accompany him; but much will depend on the use you make of the few next years. Shall I tell you, Henry, what is the most dangerous and trying time for all young people? It is precisely that period into which you are about to enter; when the parental authority must, in a certain degree, begin to be relaxed. Mr. Dalben will not now be able to watch and follow you, as he did in your infancy. His own strength will naturally fail as your's increases and advances to maturity, till the period will come when he will look to you for that support which he afforded you when most in need; and thus in the course of nature an opportunity is given to the child to show his disposition at least to repay, in some degree, that which indeed never can be repaid, namely, the debt of gratitude due to the parent; for I make no doubt, Henry, that you look upon Mr. Dalben as upon a real father, and, indeed, one of the best of fathers."

Henry did not speak; but the look which he gave to Lord H—— was more expressive than any words which he could have used.

"Well, then," said Lord H——, "if it is so, and I doubt it not, now is your time to begin to

show your sense of gratitude to Mr. Dalben. And how is this to be done? Shall I tell you? By giving him as little trouble as possible. He has said to me, that it was the greatest pleasure which he could now propose to himself, to have you with him till you enter the University; but, at the same time, that whilst he hopes still to be able to give you the instruction which it is necessary for you to receive, in order to enable you to make a respectable figure as an undergraduate, yet he does not feel that he should have strength to contend with a youth, who, from indolence or any other cause, required a strong hand to keep him to his duty. If, then, my dear Henry, you are not entirely amenable to the gentle influence which your uncle will be able to use, you must make up your mind either to return to Clent Green, or to be placed in some other situation by which you will be separated from Mr. Dalben. And this I have thought right to state to you, or rather, I have been requested so to do by your excellent uncle; at the same time that I tell you that he is looking forward to the prospect of two or three happy years with you, with a degree of delight which proves, beyond all dispute, how entirely his affections are wrapt up in his adopted son."

“ Lord H——,” replied Henry, “ I cannot answer you ; I do not know what to say ; I am so afraid that I may not do well—I hope—I hope”—and he could add no more ; but a sort of sob, which he tried to suppress, betrayed the strength of his feelings.

“ Enough, enough,” said Lord H—— ; “ we will not say another word, my dear boy. I have said all that is sufficient to explain the state of the case. And now look out, and see how the lovely hills, beneath the shade of which you spent your early, happy days, are nearing upon us. A few short hours, and you will behold again, with God’s blessing, all those exquisite scenes where you have spent so many happy hours—

‘ Domum, domum, dulce domum.’

This shall be the burthen of our song to-day, as it will be that of the redeemed when they shall all be brought into those glorious mansions which are to form their homes for ever and ever.”

Lord H—— and Henry made a short rest at the small town through which they must pass in their way from Clent Green to Mr. Dalben’s. And soon after this, as they travelled post, Henry had the pleasure of seeing the Malvern-hills

directly before him, and becoming every minute more distinct and clear. The sun, however, was set, and the night closed in, before the carriage drove up to Mr. Dalben's gate: but I must refer you to my next chapter for the account of Henry's arrival at his happy home.

## CHAP. II.

*Giving an account of Henry Milner's reception at home.*

WHEN the carriage containing Lord H—— and Henry entered the well-known green lane—the same in which the widow Dawes lived, where Maurice was first domesticated, (for he now slept at Mr. Dalben's,)—a voice was heard issuing, as it were, from the hedge, which was so high as to cast a deep shade on the road—a voice uttering some sort of incomprehensible exclamation, and then footsteps were heard padding along in the line of the carriage, and keeping a little before it till the gate of the house was in view, when the person who had been running sprang out into the lane, ran through the gate, letting it clap to behind him, and disappearing in an instant towards the house.

“Worthy, most worthy, of my friend Maurice,” said Lord H——. “Who, but Maurice

would have failed to have held the gate open till we were through? but then he would have lost the pleasure of being first to tell the news."

"Was that Maurice?" said Henry. "How he is grown."

"His legs are got longer by some inches," replied Lord H——, "but I do not see any other change in him. I doubt whether Mrs. Kitty has done much in the way of giving him any information, though she has not spared reproof, as I happened to hear her tell Mr. Dalben; on the contrary, she had given him abundance of this last; and may be, more than has quite agreed with his mental constitution."

By this time the chaise had reached the gate; and because Lord H—— had brought no servant with him, there was a little demur at opening the gate, for the horses were very impatient to be in the well-known stable, and the coachman feared lest they should attempt to dash through as soon as he had opened the gate, should he venture to alight, before he could get back to his place of command.

"Stop a moment," said Henry; "if I could unfasten the door, I would get out and open the gate."

"And run through and shut it in the horses' faces," said Lord H——, laughing; "but wait one

moment—I hear voices within. Maurice has given the alarm—they will be here in an instant.”

And truly was it so. The voices which Lord H—— had heard remotely—as one hears the sighing of a distant tempest, or the first burst of a mountain torrent—became louder every moment, till that of Mrs. Kitty’s became distinguished above all the rest, in abjurgatory accents, Maurice’s late delinquency affording the subject.

“Was ever the like of you, to leave the carriage to wait at the gate, and dear Master Milner in it too—run, I say, run—set open the gate.”

By this time Mrs. Kitty came into view, carrying a candle, which, flaring in the twilight, served only to render the objects around still more indistinct. Sally and Thomas followed in the wake of Mrs. Kitty, and Lion appeared from another quarter, uttering one or two angry yelps, which were instantly hushed as soon as he discovered that the visitors, whether biped or quadruped, had all the honour of being of his acquaintance.

“How are you, Mrs. Kitty—how do you do? Sally, Thomas, are you well?—So, Mr. Maurice—poor old Lion—my good Lion.”—These were the various expressions which fell from



the lips of Henry Milner, as he stretched himself out of the window ; for as to opening the door in his agitation, this was quite impossible ; but before any answer could be given the gate was opened, and the impatient horses being again set into motion, had brought the carriage to the hall-door. There Maurice, by a rapid flight through the offices, was ready within to open it to them, before the alarm could have reached Mr. Dalben, Lady H——, and Mrs. Bonville, who were waiting the arrival of their friends in the study.

“ What, Maurice again ! ” said Lord H——, who was always particularly amused by the various manœuvres and exploits of the poor Irish boy, but Henry waited not to speak to Maurice or any other person. The carriage door being open, he sprang upon the steps of the entrance of the hall, and was the next moment in the arms of Mr. Dalben.

“ My boy, my boy ! ”

“ Dear uncle ! ”

These were the only words which passed as Henry remained in his uncle's arms, till Lady H——, fearing that excess of feeling should injure Mr. Dalben, called off Henry's attention, by insisting that she was offended at his neglect of herself.

“Come, Master Milner,” she said, “let us see how much you are grown, and whether you look as entirely inexperienced as you used to do. I do not see any vast change—a little taller, perhaps a good deal taller;—but in all other respects the same Henry Milner. I do not think Clent Green has made much difference.”

“And could you wish that any change should have been made, Lady H——,” said a soft smooth voice just at Henry’s ear, the sound of which occasioned him to turn round and fix his eyes for the first time on Mrs. Bonville, the widow of whose presence Lord H—— had apprized him. He could not, indeed, have been so long in the room without having seen some sort of dark figure; notwithstanding which, he had been totally unconscious of her existence until the above-mentioned liquid tones glided gently by his ear.

“Mrs. Bonville, Master Milner,” said Lady H——, seeing a sort of astonishment depicted on Henry’s expressive countenance.—Mr. Dalben’s niece, Mrs. Bonville—”

The lady courtseyed and smiled graciously, extending her hand to Henry, whilst Lady H. was performing the ceremony of introduction. Nevertheless, Henry still displayed much embarrassment, and seemed actually unable to get out one word. The truth was, that he was so

little prepared to see such a person as Mrs. Bonville in the widow mentioned by Lord H—— during their journey, that it was quite beyond the power of his discretion to return the lady's compliments with that politeness which he felt due to any relation of Mr. Dalben. Mrs. Bonville was rather a tall person, and seemed to be somewhat under fifty, being rather inclined to what the French call *embonpoint*. Her husband having been dead more than a year and a day, she had laid aside her weeds, and was in fashionable second mourning, with white and grey roses in her cap, and a profusion of auburn ringlets hanging on each side of her cheeks: there was also a bright bloom on those cheeks—which, at any rate, did not convey the idea of that sort of subdued feeling which even a child always attributes to one who has lately become a widow. In short, Henry was taken by surprise; and when Mrs. Bonville took him by the hand, and assured him that she had long desired to see him, that she was now more than gratified by what she had seen of him, and that she hoped to behold a friendship taking place between him and her Edgar, who was, she assured him, most worthy of his regard, he could only reply, “Mam—Mam—much obliged—you are very kind—I hope so too—but I have for-

gotten—where did I leave Lily? I did not think of her till this moment.” And he was rushing out of the room, when Lord H——, stopping his progress, assured him that he had consigned the white lady, in her basket, to the tender care of Sally.’

“What is Lily, and who is Lily?” said Mrs. Bonville. “I must know all about Lily. A little kitten you say, Lord H——, a protégée of Master Milner’s. Am I to say Master Milner or Mr. Milner. Which is it to be? A doubtful point I see. Shall it be Henry? Shall I call you Henry? Henry is a sweet name: I would have named Edgar Henry, but poor Mr. Bonville would have it Edgar—an old family name; though how the Bonvilles, who are of Norman extraction, should have adopted a Saxon name, I cannot understand. I call this a sort of anomaly. But, dear Henry, do tell me about this little protégée of yours. Well, I do love to see tenderness towards animals in young gentlemen; it is so rare a quality. My Edgar—” in this place Mrs. Bonville was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Kitty, with a large barn-door fowl, smoking from the spit, followed by Maurice, who, since Mr. Dalben’s return, had been promoted to the office of foot-boy, with a complete suit of grey cloth, car-

rying a dish of mashed potatoes, garnished with sausages. A hot apple-pie completed the treat ; and as these three dishes smoked upon the table, Mr. Dalben said in amazement, "Why Kitty, a hot supper?—this is an unexpected treat."

"Master Milner has had no dinner," replied Mrs. Kitty, as she corrected the arrangement of a dish which Maurice had just set down, at the same time giving the boy a shove, which was not intended to have been seen by her master.

"Then I am to understand, Mrs. Kitty," said Lord H——, "that this tempting regale is only intended for Master Milner. You have taken no account of me, and I can assure you that I have fared no better to-day than your friend, Master Milner."

"I beg your pardon, my lord," replied Mrs. Kitty, courtseying, "but——"

"But you did not happen to think of me : however, I am very well inclined to put up with the affront, if I may be permitted to partake of the good cheer ; for I am really very hungry."

The party then gathered round the table, Lady H—— taking the head, and Mr. Dalben a seat near the fire, looking benignly at one friendly face, and then at another. "I do love," he said, "that old-fashioned meal the

supper, when the work of the day is finished, and the family are collected. It was an injury to sociability when this meal was superseded by the tray of cut-glass and sweetmeats. We are getting too fine in this country, Lord H——; too fine in our habits. I doubt much whether our intellectual advancement bears a due proportion with the refinements of our habits. If that is the case, as I apprehend, there will be a re-action by-and-by—a re-action, in which all that is mere tinsel in the state of society will be reduced to nonentity, and nothing will remain but that which is solid and real. Where the habits are simple, and the mind truly elevated, then is society in the best state; and this is a state which is promoted only by pure religion; therefore, if a man truly loves his country, he will labour in the cause of religion. The redeemed of the Lord are the real strength of any state. In proportion as the true servant of God multiplies or diminishes in any country, so is that country strong or weak.”

“How delightful it is,” said Mrs. Bonville to Lady H——, in a loud whisper, “to hear my dear uncle converse: every sentiment which drops from his lips, deserves to be graven in letters of gold.”

“What is that you are saying, cousin,” said

Mr. Dalben. “Now, do I not know, that you are by no means convinced that the sentiments which I express are, in the main, particularly wise?—then why say that they should be engraven in letters of gold.”

Mrs. Bonville laughed, and replied—“You do not know what I think of you, uncle; it would not be pretty in me to say. But I only wish that Edgar had enjoyed the same advantages of hearing you converse as Master Milner has had from childhood. It is wonderful how much is gathered up in conversation—much more than in regular lessons—and I do seriously wish, my dear uncle, that you would permit poor Edgar to come and reside with you some long vacation. Your conversation and Master Milner’s society would be such an advantage to him. Don’t you think so, Lady H——?”

Lady H—— made no answer; but Mr. Dalben said, “I should have great pleasure in showing any kindness to your son, Mrs. Bonville; but I doubt that I may be too old and grave for him, and Henry too young, and perhaps not sufficiently established to do him good. However,” he added, “we shall see how things may turn out another summer: your son is engaged, I understand, during the next long vacation; and we shall see what the summer after may pro-

duce. Henry Milner will be a year older ; and I trust will be more confirmed in the right way. But remember, my dear Mrs. Bonville, that I am not what I was : after his sixtieth year a man's strength begins to fail him, even if his health is tolerably good : and perhaps one who is more in the prime and strength of his days, would be a fitter guide for your son."

The subject was then dropped. But from what had passed on that occasion, Mrs. Bonville considered that she should be authorized to send her son to spend a long vacation with Mr. Dalben, though, providentially for Henry, it could not be the approaching vacation. What Mrs. Bonville's motives were for pressing this matter may be understood, when it is known that Mr. Dalben had a comfortable private fortune, and that he was entirely at liberty to bequeath it to whomsoever he chose, and that he had actually no relation, although Mrs. Bonville called him uncle by courtesy—Mrs. Bonville being the grand-daughter of a first wife of Mr. Dalben's father ; hence, in fact, no relation by blood, and connected to him in a very remote degree.

But connexions of this kind are not to be dropped, where there is an independent fortune in the case ; and hence Mrs. Bonville asked herself, " Why should Mr. Dalben be left to



bestow all his affections on young Milner? Why should I not endeavour to promote my own and my Edgar's interests?" But all this, which was passing in the mind of the lady, was entirely unsuspected by Henry, and perhaps equally so by Mr. Dalben; and yet every person in the room felt that the widow's presence was uncongenial to the rest of the party, for they were all simple-minded persons, who thought only of this world as of a passage to another, and a happier state of being; and although they enjoyed the comforts which they met with in their passage with thankful, and therefore cheerful hearts, yet they were from all plans and schemes and anxious thoughts respecting what they might meet with in any future stages of their journey.

In consequence of this, Lord H——, his lady, Henry, and Mr. Dalben, were exceedingly cheerful whilst they were at supper; and when family prayers were concluded, Henry was dismissed to his bed; Mr. Dalben having apprized him that he had had another apartment prepared for him instead of his former closet. "And there, my Henry," he said, "I trust you will find every comfort, and, above all, I trust that comfort which you formerly enjoyed in your closet, viz. the presence of your God."

Henry felt almost disappointed when he heard that he was no longer to sleep in the closet so dear to him from a thousand remembrances of his childish days ; yet he felt extremely grateful for all the provisions made for his comfort in his new apartment, which was a pleasant upper chamber looking down upon the vale of the Teme, the horizon being bounded by the Abberley and the Woodbury hills. The window was indeed one which projected from the roof, but on that very account it was the more delightful ; for being very wide, it formed, with the sides of the projection, a nook large enough for a table and chair ; and, by the care of Mr. Dalben, a table had already been placed there, and on it was laid a large old Bible with marginal references, and many notes written by Mr. Dalben. Henry knew how dear this Bible was to Mr. Dalben, and therefore, when he saw his own name on the first page, with that of his uncle as the donor. he seemed to be almost overcome with the sense of the various kindnesses he had received from the days of his infancy. Added to this one peculiar mark of affection, he saw all around him so many instances of attention to his comfort, that he wondered how his uncle could have thought of them all. There was his bed, in which he had slept as a child, placed in one corner,

and hung with new draperies ; there were a set of new shelves covering one side of the room, and all his old possessions neatly arranged upon them—a mahogany wardrobe for his clothes, and some old and well-beloved pictures hung over the chimney-piece.

Mrs. Kitty had followed him up stairs ; and when she wished him a good night's rest at the door, she informed him that all he saw had been done in consequence of a letter she had received from her master. Henry expressed his sense of gratitude, and recommended Lily to Mrs. Kitty's attention.

The last thoughts of Henry, before he slept, were those of thankfulness to his God and his earthly friends ; and one sound sleep brought him to his usual time of rising.

When he opened his eyes, he for a moment could hardly tell where he was ; and then came the pleasant thought, " I am at home—at home, domum, domum, dulce domum"—he was no longer among strangers—he was a child at home ; and with this sweet assurance he sprang up, and being duly dressed, he took a letter from Dr. Matthews to Mr. Dalben in his hand, and went down stairs. He found no one stirring below but Thomas : he gave the letter to him, desiring him to see that his uncle had it as soon

as he appeared ; and then opening the hall door, he stood awhile on the steps. as we have seen a bird on an exalted perch, flapping and stretching his wings as preparing for a flight.

Mr. Dalben's house was on an eminence as it respected the vale of Teme, though, as regarding Malvern, seeming almost to be in a valley. Where Henry stood, however, he could look over a great extent of country, and see, as it were, at his feet, various woods and fields and downs and hills and crannies and corners, which were as familiar to his fancy as the interior of his uncle's study. He looked around him once, twice, thrice—and then bounding with one spring from the three or four steps which were before the hall door, he dashed down the gravel-walk and over a small lawn sprinkled with flowering shrubs, making the dew-drops fly like hail on all sides : till coming to the low paling beyond the garden, he cleared it with a bound, and was out of sight the next moment.

“ Was ever the like of that ! ” exclaimed Thomas, whom Henry had left standing in the vestibule. “ There he goes, down at the very bottom of the piece already ; and if he has not cleared the brook, and is running up the bank, without fetching a breath.”

“What is that?” said Mrs. Kitty, who at that moment came down the stairs.

“Nothing but the young master,” replied Thomas; “he was here but a moment since, and now he has reached the top of yon bank.—There he stands; and if I mistake not, he is pluming himself for another flight.—Oh! there he goes off again, quite beyond my eye.”

“And why should he not run, Thomas?” replied Mrs. Kitty; “it is the way of all young things when they are pleased, kittens and puppies, and all of them—they are always in motion when they are satisfied. I am sure I find enough of that in Maurice.”

“Why, you are not going to compare Master Milner with Maurice, Mrs. Kitty?” said Thomas.

“What makes you think of that, Thomas?” replied the housekeeper. “Only they are both young, and likes to be in motion; and you know very well there is no keeping Maurice quiet at any time. I am sure, Thomas, I have rued the day a thousand times, since master took it into his head to take in that boy; and now he is to be a foot-boy—we shall be plagued to death with him.”

“Then why did you complain to master that

you could not run about as you used to do, Mrs. Kitty?" replied Thomas, "and that you wanted help?"

"How could I have thought that he should have given me such a helper as that wild Irish lad," she replied; "it is hard for an infirm person, like me, to be plagued with such an unlucky boy as that Maurice."

"To my thinking," replied Thomas, "if master will put up with the infirmities of your old age, you can do no less than put up, in your turn, Mrs. Kitty, with the follies of the poor orphan's young years."

"I wish you would mind your own affairs, Thomas, and not meddle with mine," said Mrs. Kitty. "I can tell you, that Maurice would have been quite another thing by this time, if you had left him to my management whilst master was out."

"I reckon so too," replied Thomas, as he walked out of the kitchen by a back door; for although this conversation had been commenced in the hall, it was finished in the kitchen.

The family were assembled at breakfast in the study, when Henry, all glowing with happiness and exercise, entered the room—excusing his not having appeared sooner, by saying that he had ran farther than he had intended.

Mr. Dalben was reading Dr. Matthews's letter when Henry came in ; or rather, having read it aloud, was commenting upon it whilst the tea was under preparation. As Henry sat down, the old gentleman closed the letter, and put it into his pocket, saying, " Henry, my dear, Dr. Matthews speaks very favourably of you. You have, I trust, been enabled to conduct yourself well at Clent Green : this, my boy, ought to be a cause of thankfulness to God, both to you and me ; for I trust that you know to whom the glory is due, when such poor weak creatures as we are, are assisted to conduct ourselves with propriety." So saying, Mr. Dalben extended his hand to Henry, and proceeded to introduce another subject ; for he immediately turned to Lord H——, and asked him if he could not by any means make it convenient to stay longer than one more day with him ; for it seems that Lord and Lady H—— had determined to leave Mr. Dalben's the next morning—the noble parents being anxious to see their children, whom they had left under the tender care of Lord H——'s widowed sister.

Whilst Mr. Dalben was agitating this point with his friend, a dialogue in whispers, which became more audible every minute, was taking

place between Lady H—— and Mrs. Bonville.

“Indeed, Lady H——, I cannot see it,” said Mrs. Bonville.

“Mr. Dalben is the proper judge,” was the lady’s reply. “My uncle is an excellent man, the best of men; but young people require encouragement,” said Mrs. Bonville.

“Our friend Henry does not look as if he required very much to raise his spirits just now, Mrs. Bonville,” replied Lady H——.

“He is a charming boy, indeed,” returned Mrs. Bonville, giving him a fixed and expressive look, by which she drew his attention from what was passing between Lord H—— and his uncle; “but I think, what would give him so much pleasure, should not be concealed from him.”

“Are you speaking of me, ma’am?” said Henry, with a smile and a blush, as if half afraid of his own boldness.

“What,” said Mrs. Bonville, “do you think that because I used the expression ‘charming boy,’ I must needs be speaking of you? Perhaps I was alluding to my Edgar. You may be sure that I think my own dear son a charming boy—young man, I should say—they are all men at Oxford.—Is it not so, Mr. Dalben?”



“ They all think themselves such, at least,” replied Mr. Dalben ; “ but I beg, cousin, that you will not be putting it into Henry’s head that he is a man.”

“ Whereas,” added Lord H——, “ he is only just old enough to be put apprentice to a shoemaker or tailor, or some such handicraft.”

“ Really, Lord H——,” replied Mrs. Bonville, “ you have very extraordinary ideas. I assure you, that when my Edgar was only master Milner’s age, he was quite a man in his own opinion. His poor father bought him a pony about that time—for it was his opinion that a young man never sits a horse well unless he begins early. By-the-by, Mr. Dalben, should you wish for a quiet pony for master Milner, Edgar’s is at your command: it is eating off its head at the stables in Bath, and I have told Edgar that I will not keep it after the vacation. You shall have it for an old song, or merely for its keep, at least till my son takes his degree.”

“ Mrs. Bonville,” replied Mr. Dalben, “ I am very greatly obliged to you, but Henry Milner is to be a clergyman ; ten to one if he is ever more than a curate, or at most a rector on a moderate competence; and it will be a very great saving to him if he accustoms himself to

use his own limbs in moving from place to place, rather than those of a horse."

"What!" said Mrs. Bonville, "and never learn to ride?"

"I have no doubt," remarked Lord H——, "that my friend Henry can ride as well as ever it will be necessary for him to do, unless Mr. Dalben thinks of bringing him up in the jockeying line. By-the-by, Mr. Dalben, my gamekeeper is getting very infirm—shall I keep the place open for Henry? A few years in that situation would just fit him for a country curacy."

"Fie! Lord H——, fie!" said Mrs. Bonville; "I hate a sporting parson above all things in the world."

"A sporting parson is quite as good as a jockey parson surely, Mrs. Bonville," remarked Lord H——.

"Oh! don't speak of such a monster as a jockey parson; the very idea is worse than the nightmare, my lord," replied the lady. "But surely a gentleman may know how to sit a horse without being a jockey."

"Assuredly, madam," replied Lord H. "Whatever is to be done ought to be done gracefully, by every one who aspires to the character of gentleman; but there is, (as you must have observed,)

so strong a tendency in most young men and boys towards the love of dogs, horses, guns, and fishing-tackle, that I think every prudent person should be careful of awakening an interest in these things, if haply it does not awake of itself."

"I agree entirely with Lord H——," said Mr. Dalben, "and therefore it is a great satisfaction to me that Henry Milner has not yet elicited a taste for objects of this nature."

Mrs. Bonville did not follow this argument any longer; and soon after this, Henry was called by Mr. Dalben to walk out with himself and Lord H——.

The remainder of the day was spent as delightfully as might be expected in a society in which all were of one mind, with the exception of one; and Henry, happy as he was in being restored to his beloved uncle, was truly sorry when the moment came, early the next morning, in which he was to bid adieu to the excellent nobleman and his amiable lady. But Mrs. Bonville was to remain another week at Mr. Dalben's, and Henry felt that he should not be quite at home till she had taken her departure; although, after the conversation which I have related as taking place at breakfast, she was much more guarded in uttering her sentiments before Mr. Dalben; and in consequence,

her conversation lost much of its freedom, and consisted of little else than expressions of perfect acquiescence with all Mr. Dalben did and said.

## CHAP. III.

*The Weasel.*

THE day after Lord H—— left Worcestershire was Sunday; and as Mr. Dalben had gone through much fatigue during the week, he was obliged to lie by, and keep himself perfectly quiet during the day of rest. In consequence, Mrs. Bonville had no one to accompany her to church but Henry; and although he had rather have gone there by himself, yet he had always been accustomed from a child to be civil. So when Mrs. Bonville said at breakfast, "You must be my beau to-day, Henry," he did not think he ought to object, though he would rather have had Mrs. Judy Meakin for his companion—for there are no people in the world more unpleasant to boys than elderly ladies like Mrs. Bonville, who talk nonsense to them, and require them to ape the ways of grown men.

Henry Milner was, however, naturally polite :

some boys are so, and others are as much the contrary. And he had been taught that civility was due to every person, and especially to females ; he was therefore ready when the widow stood at the bottom of the stairs in a very smart bonnet and cloak, calling loudly for her little beau ; but he took care when he got out into the lane, to walk as far from her as politeness would permit ; however, she would not allow of this, but made him come to her side ; and because she chose to think him shorter than herself, she would have had him take her arm, but he contrived to avoid this—though he continued to walk by her side. I shall not say in what direction they went to the village church, nor how far they had to go, nor what was the name of the clergyman, nor whether the church had a tower or a spire—there are some things which I do not choose to tell ; and I do not see what right my reader has to be inquisitive on these subjects ; but this I will say, that Henry never before thought the way between his uncle's house and the church so long. And I have great reason also to fear, that Mrs. Bonville thought it long too ; for say what she would, she got very little out of her companion but “ Yes, ma'am,” and “ No, ma'am,” because the more Henry tried to converse, the more he felt himself

embarrassed. However, when he got near the church, he met many of his old friends, and all of them were delighted to see him ; and his face brightened up as he shook hands with one and another, promising to call on such members of each family, as from ill health or infirmity were not able to come out.

When he got into the church, he observed that a pew in the chancel, which he had never seen occupied but by inferior people, had been fitted up since he had been at school, lined with green cloth, and supplied with handsome prayer books ; and whilst he was wondering what this could mean, he heard the trampling of horses in the church-yard, and immediately afterwards an old lady and two young ones, in riding habits and round hats, with whips in their hands, walked up the church, to the newly-repaired pew. As the eldest of these ladies passed by Mr. Dalben's seat, Mrs. Bonville, who was standing up and looking about her, nodded very significantly to her, and then turning to Henry, she said, " That lady is a very old acquaintance of mine ; why did not you tell me she was in the country ? "

" I do not know who she is," replied Henry ;  
" I never saw her before."

Mrs. Bonville did not hear Henry's answer,

for she was nodding to the young ladies, who were already in their pew; and their courtesies and signs of recognition did not cease till the service begun. But the clergyman had hardly read the first prayer, when the congregation was disturbed by the noise of dogs yelping in the churchyard, added to which were the voices of persons bidding them be quiet, in that sort of language which is generally used to quadrupeds of this description; and then three young men, the youngest of whom might be two or three years older than Henry, entered the church, in sporting jackets, (though of course without any implements for sporting,) and, being followed by their dogs, walked straight up to the pew in the chancel, their boots creaking as they went, as if the soles had been made of sealing-wax.

Those persons can have but little knowledge of the human mind, and especially of that mind in our younger years, if they are surprised to be informed, that these various phenomena in a place where they were so little expected, together with the grimaces of Mrs. Bonville, who seemed to be as anxious to make the young gentlemen acknowledge her, as she had been to attract the attention of their mamma, should have rendered it very difficult for Henry so to



command his attention to the duties of the place, as his conscience told him it ought to be ; and indeed, how often, how very often, does it happen, that the most decidedly pious and serious individuals of the human race, are obliged to confess that they have repeatedly found their attention diverted from its course in a place of worship, by things which, at another time, and in another place, would not have held it for an instant : hence it should be the endeavour of all those persons who know their own hearts, to keep a watch upon their eyes, during those hours which are set aside for the exercises of religion.

As soon as the service was over, Mrs. Bonville hastened from her seat to join the party in the chancel ; and Henry, who went immediately out of the church, took occasion to ask the first person he met, when quite clear of the church, who this new family might possibly be. The person informed him that it was that of 'Squire Hargrave, who had lately come to an estate called the Ferns, at the most remote point of the parish. He informed him that the old gentleman himself was never seen abroad, having had several paralytic strokes, and being almost reduced to a second childhood. He added, that the younger members of the family consisted of

three sons and two daughters, all of whom Henry had seen at church with the lady their mother. Henry's informant spoke very well of the eldest son, who, he said, was in fact master of the family, the old gentleman being *non compos*. After a few minutes' reflection, Henry recollected the house, although it had only been tenanted by inferior persons within his memory: knowing, however, that the party must needs pass Mr. Dalben's to get home by the most direct way, he walked quietly on in order to give Mrs. Bonville opportunity to overtake him; for as he had come out with her, he thought it was necessary for him to return with her, although he heartily hoped that she would meet with some other companion. Whilst sauntering in the lane he was overtaken by Thomas and Maurice.

"Where did you leave Mrs. Bonville, Thomas?" asked Henry.

"With the gentry on the church-green," replied Thomas; "they are waiting till their horses are brought up; and Mrs. Bonville has got the young 'squire by the arm."

"Then she will not want me," returned Henry; "I have a great mind to run home."

"Stop, Master Henry, stop," said Maurice, putting in his word. "I seed a stot in that

there barn just off the road—he poked his nose out at me as I come along to the church; I wants to tell the folks of it up at the farm; and if we could get the terriers down, we should have him in a trice. I dare say he is somewhere about where I seed him.”

“You young rogue,” growled Thomas, “don’t you be thinking that I shall let you off on such a chase as that, on a Sunday morning, and the people scarce out of church, and you in master’s livery. Make haste home, or I shall be sure to tell master of your pranks.”

“Here they be, here they be!” exclaimed Maurice, without seeming to have heard the last words of Thomas: “here they come,”—and he stood on tip-toe, looking over the hedge, and chuckling with delight.

“What, who!” exclaimed Thomas, “the stot, or the terriers, or what? If I do not take the boy to be a born idiot;—what is he gaping at now?”

Henry, in the mean time, had climbed to the top of a heap of rubbish by the way side, and looking in the direction pointed by the finger of Maurice, he saw half a dozen or more heads, several of which were covered with jockey caps, rolling with a rapid, yet irregular motion along the top of the high-clipt hedge, much in the

way—for there were no bodies visible—as the head of Orpheus might have been supposed to have rolled along the waves of Strymon, when torn from his fair shoulders by the Baccantes, whilst still calling on the name of Eurydice; for these heads, belong to whom or what they might, were no less vociferous than had been that of the Thessalian hero; although, instead of Eurydice, it was that of Master Milner, with which the hills, and woods, and rocks resounded.

“It is those wild blades of the Hargraves,” said Thomas; and who has put your name in their mouths? Take my advice, Master Milner, have nought to do with them; but here they come, round the corner, dogs and all, neck or nothing—stand by, for the life of you.” And the old man—for the younger ones were more alert in their motions—had hardly time to get into a place of security, before the whole *posse comitatis* of horsemen and horse-women were close upon him. Here they came to a dead stand, and were found to consist of two young ‘squires in jockey caps, three ladies, habited a *Requestrienne*, and a little foot-boy, dressed in a very knowing costume, leading a horse belonging to the elder brother. With these were

many dogs, who all set up a sort of yelping in various keys, as soon as ever the party came to a stand.

"Is that Master Milner," said the elder lady, reining in her horse, and fetching a deep breath; "a pretty sort of a gentleman you are, to undertake the care of a lady, and then to leave her to who will have pity upon her. To look at you, sir," she added, as Henry bowed, "I should not have thought that a heart so perfidious could have dwelt in a form so fair; but you must absolutely wait where you are, till Mrs. Bonville comes up with my son. I must lay my embargo upon you—not a step further must you stir." The lady was proceeding, when the dogs, who had been yelping and growling during the whole time she had been speaking, gave such demonstrations of disturbance, that the young men began to call to them, crying, "Whisht, whisht, what ails the curs?—quiet, there, Viper—down there, Biter"—using other expressions, more suited for a dog-kennel, than the presence of ladies.

"It's the stot," said Maurice, "it's the stot; sure as I am alive they scents the stot."

"What does the boy say?" asked one of the heroes of the jockey-cap.

"He says the dogs scent a stoat, Mr. Ben-

jamin," replied the young footman on horse-back.

"Where—what,—where is it?" exclaimed Mr. Benjamin, who was the youngest of the brothers,—“where is it?”

"In the ditch, under the barn-wall, just afore us," replied Maurice.

"Hold your tongue, Maurice," said Thomas.

"I seed it this very morning as I comed along to church," continued the boy.

Vain were Thomas's and even Henry's entreaties and commands to Maurice to be quiet and to go home; in vain did Mrs. Hargrave and her daughters call to their sons and brothers to remember it was Sunday, and no day for stoat hunting.

The two young Hargraves, being guided by Maurice, and accompanied by the dogs, had hastened on into the farm-yard; and by the noise of shouting and yelping which proceeded from within, it presently appeared that the attack upon the poor miserable little animal was already commenced,—Farmer Harris and his men, who were just returned from church, not being tardy in joining the sport.

"If ever again I take that lad's part," said Thomas, "against Mrs. Kitty, my name is not Barns; but since you and master have been

away, the boy has got worse and worse, and harder to guide than ever." So saying, the old man walked off. In the mean time, the noise in the barn was such, that many people who were returning from church over the fields, came crowding into the lane, whilst the ladies found it difficult to rein in their horses; and although they wished to wait till the elder son and Mrs. Bonville came up, yet they were more than half inclined to ride on unattended. But whilst they were deliberating, Maurice's old enemy, Tom Bliss, having heard the uproar from the distance of two long fields, the farthest of which he was traversing on his way from his master's, to visit his mother in a cottage in another parish, came running towards the scene of action; and because it was easier for him to vault over the hedge into the lane, than to go round about ten yards to the stile, he made a run and flying leap, and came down into the lane directly before Mrs. Hargrave's horse, which, taking alarm, began to rear in a frightful manner; whilst the lady, who, though she affected the airs of youth, or at least of hale and nearly middle age, was by no means the expert horsewoman she would have had it thought, was in imminent peril of being thrown back from her seat. In the mean time, Tom Bliss had run on to the

barn. The young ladies and the little footman found it almost more than they could do to keep their own steeds in subjection, especially as the led horse began to prance and snort in an alarming manner. Such was the state of things when Mr. Hargrave, with Mrs. Bonville, hanging on his arm, turned the corner of the lane, and saw the life of his parent in the most imminent danger; for the horse continued to rear in the most terrifying manner, whilst the shrieks of the poor lady and her daughters were truly appalling.

Mr. Hargrave shook off Mrs. Bonville's arm—for that discreet lady had held him tighter as soon as she saw the horrible situation of his mother—and ran forward; but he had many yards to run, and not a moment to lose, and there was none to help but Henry Milner.

And now was the time for the boy—for he was but a boy in size and strength—to exert his courage. He watched his moment, seized the bridle of the terrified animal, and, using his utmost strength, pulled him down at the very instant he was losing his balance, and had nearly thrown himself back upon his rider; and violent as the exertion was, he was able to hold him down till Mr. Hargrave came to relieve him. Without waiting then for the thanks of any one, he ran off



to the stile, got into the fields, by which he could reach his uncle's house, and thus escaped from a scene of confusion in which he had been thoroughly ashamed to find himself, though, as he passed by a cottage, he sent the labourer who inhabited it to conduct Mrs. Bonville to the house.

Henry crept about the back of Mr. Dalben's house till he had thoroughly ascertained that Mrs. Hargrave and her family had rode on. He then made his appearance, and found Mr. Dalben sitting in his bow-window, quietly reading, with several books open before him.

He extended his hand to Henry, and said, "My boy, it does me good to see your young face again. I long for some such quiet days and months as we spent together before my illness. I hope, my boy, that you have not lost your taste for those things which rendered your younger days so happy."

"O, uncle," replied Henry, "if you did but know how I long——"

But before he could finish his sentence, Mrs. Bonville burst into the room, and, running forwards with extended arms,—“Charming boy—dear Henry!” she exclaimed. “Well might Dr. Matthews say that you were fitted to be the ornament of a royal family. Mr. Dalben,

you ought to be proud of your work ;”—and she continued advancing towards Henry, who instinctively, and scarcely knowing what he was doing, edged himself in between his uncle’s chair and the window.

Whilst Mr. Dalben, whose nerves were in a very feeble state, and to whom quiet was almost necessary for the prolongation of life, said—“ Dear cousin, my good cousin, let me beg—intreat—spare me these alarms : what can have happened ? ”

At this minute, and before Mrs. Bonville could answer, Mrs. Kitty entered the room in no very amiable mood, and, taking up her master’s last words, to wit, “ What can have happened ? ” she replied, “ Indeed, sir, I don’t know, no more than the child unborn ; but as sure as can be the brociloe and the tators too will be all quite spoilt, and there is no one to lay the cloth, for Maurice—— ”

“ Mrs. Kitty,” said Mrs. Bonville, “ no doubt Maurice has been better engaged ; for, although I cannot say that I have seen him, yet I know that Thomas—— ”

“ The more shame for him,” returned Mrs. Kitty, interrupting Mrs. Bonville, whom she cordially disliked, according to the custom of all housekeepers where there is no mistress, for

such have always a natural antipathy to all female relations of the family—"the more shame for him, at his time of life, to be hunting stots and weasels on a Sunday, and in the very face of the congregation—the more shame for him ; but, sir, master," she added,—addressing Mr. Dalben,—“the dinner is ready, and Maurice is not come in:—who is to lay the cloth?”

“If Maurice is not come in, you must do as you did before the boy was taken into the house, Kitty,” returned Mr. Dalben, calmly ; “and remember this, that neither Thomas nor Maurice will be blamed by me till they have been heard.”

“Very true, very right, uncle,” said Mrs. Bonville. “Mrs. Kitty, you will find all right when you have inquired into the business.” But the housekeeper had walked out of the room, shutting the door hastily after her, before Mrs. Bonville had concluded her speech : and this interruption being over, the lady returned immediately to her charge upon Henry, pouring forth a long oration—which no one attempted to interrupt—in which she extolled his late exploit, in terms which wholly lost their power, from being too abundant, and running so much in superlatives.

From all this, Mr. Dalben could gather no-

thing, but that Henry had done something by which he had greatly obliged his new neighbours, the Hargraves; and that this something had to do with a horse or horses. It was in vain that he attempted to stem the torrent of female eloquence by various short exclamations, to the following effect:—"Very well," and so forth; "but I beg—I intreat—permit me, my good cousin—I do not comprehend—I hope no harm arose," &c. &c. One might as well have attempted to have turned the course of a mill-stream with a few wattles, as to have stopped the progress of Mrs. Bonville's volubility by such feeble exclamations. The stream ran till it had ran out, and till the lady bethought herself of retiring to take off her cloak and bonnet. And then Mr. Dalben requested Henry to give him a plain and accurate statement of what had really happened; which being done, Mr. Dalben replied,—“Well, my boy, I am rejoiced to find that you had presence of mind to assist Mrs. Hargrave, and thus, perhaps, to prevent serious mischief; but really I wish that that good lady, my cousin, would spare me these alarms.”

“Well, uncle,” replied Henry, “it is only four days till next Thursday.—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—then comes Thursday.”

Mr. Dalben smiled, for he knew what Henry meant, as Mrs. Bonville had fixed Thursday for the day of her departure ; but he was so habitually polite and kind, that he made no comment upon this remark of Henry's, but proceeded to say,

“ Poor Maurice ; so he has been leading a weasel hunt. All I can say is this, that he has acted more in character than the young gentlemen who followed his lead. Poor boy ! I must reprove him when he comes in ; but I can see very plainly that he has not improved under Kitty's jurisdiction. She wants that general kindness of manner by which reproof is rendered palatable to young people. Kitty has used the law as far as lay in her power, I have no doubt ; and I almost wonder that it has not produced worse effects on the child than I have been hitherto able to discern. But, Henry, now let us try the Gospel with the poor orphan ; and if you would speak a word to him, and try to draw his young mind to the consideration of holy things, it would be a very proper employment of this evening, as we have no second service, and we cannot expect to enjoy much religious quiet under our own roof.”

The appearance of Maurice with the tablecloth, concluded this conversation. The boy

looked confused and ashamed. Mr. Dalben reproved him calmly, though decidedly, for his offence, and the affair was then dropped.

As soon as dinner was over, Mr. Dalben withdrew to his own apartment, and Henry, escaping from Mrs. Bonville, ran to the bottom of the garden, telling Maurice to follow him as soon as he had finished his dinner.

## CHAP. IV.

*A Walk with Maurice.*

WHEN Maurice had swallowed his dinner with all possible expedition, and finished some little necessary arrangements, he repaired to the place appointed by his young master, expecting, no doubt, that he was about to endure a long lecture respecting his late delinquency. He, however, loved Henry as much as he hated Mrs. Kitty, and he felt that if he must needs be scolded, he would rather it should be by Master Milner than the housekeeper.

When he got to the harbour, he found his young master prepared with two large nosegays, which he had tied up with some packthread, with which his pockets were always duly furnished. And when the poor Irish boy came near to him, "Maurice," he said, "I have a mind this evening to take a walk to your father's grave, and lay a few flowers upon it, as

a token of my remembrance of him. Here, take one of those nosegays."

Instead of taking the flowers which Henry offered, Maurice burst forth in a violent gush of tears, and down he fell on his knees, exclaiming, "Now, if that a'ant just like you, Master Milner; and if I don't do all I can to please you, I shall deserve to die, and be miserable all my life afterwards. I have been a very wicked, bad boy, that I have; and I have plagued the housekeeper till she is mad with me—yes, I have, Master Milner—but may God forgive me—and may God bless you, for you are the very best friend that ever I had in all my life, and that ever I shall have; and I ba'ant worthy of your kindness, that I ba'ant, not a bit." And the poor boy sobbed, and rubbed his eyes with his hands, which he had not washed since he had dined, and perhaps not since he had been grubbing up the rubbish in the barn in search of the weasel, till his poor face was all covered with grime.

Henry Milner could hardly restrain a tear, which started in his eye as he looked upon him; but he did command himself; and begging him to arise and take the flowers in his hand, he led the way towards the place of poor Patrick O'Grady's grave, causing the boy to wash his hands and face at the first running



stream at which they arrived. Maurice continued to sob for some time after they set out. At length, addressing his young master—

“It is the best thing you ever did in your life, Master Milner,” he said, “barring your first coming to look after me, when I was left without a friend on this side the water. And I don’t know as I had any left on t’other, being that mother and grandmother was dead, and the tator-ground seized for rent, afore father came away—this bringing me, in my trouble, to father’s grave. For, Master Henry, I have had a sore time of it with Mrs. Kitty since you went. I have been the most miserable cratur breathing, saving that I have had plenty of fittle and drink, and a good bed and clothing; and Thomas and Sally have been uncommon kind to me—but Mrs. Kitty—I have been ready, many is the time, to have run right out of the house, never to have come into it again, and turned sodger, or any thing else—but then, I should have seen you no more, Master Henry; and that was what I could not think of, in no sort.”

“And a pretty sort of sodger you would have made, Master Maurice,” replied Henry, “who could not stand the fire of a cross old woman’s

tongue ; for I suppose Mrs. Kitty did not beat you."

"Nay, nay," replied Maurice, "though I dared her to it more than once—for she was like mad with me—and I did plague her, to be sure—there was no odds between us. Shall I tell you what I did, master?" he added, chuckling at the bare thought of some of his mischievous tricks ; for he had spoken truly—he had been quite even with Mrs. Kitty ; and if she had threatened to strike him, it was not without cause.

"Maurice," replied Henry, "do not suppose that I shall take any pleasure in hearing of your mischievous and teasing ways. I am a boy like yourself, and know what it is to be roughly treated by persons who are older and stronger than myself ; but if ever I have been tempted to return evil for evil, I know that it has been wrong, and I have hated myself for it. I shall not laugh at any of your tricks, I tell you beforehand ; so let me hear nothing about them, if you would wish me to be your friend."

"Don't I wish you to be my friend?" returned Maurice. "Who have I but you, Master Milner ; and if other folk are kind to me, a'ant it for your sake as they are so? for Thomas

says there is little in myself which is worth caring for, barring that I am a poor orphan boy, and have no good conditions of my own."

"Indeed!" replied Henry, "Thomas seems to have a rare opinion of you, Maurice; but shall I tell you what my uncle would say upon this?"

"Do, please, Master Milner," returned Maurice.

"Why," replied Henry, "where should we be now, if the Lord Jesus Christ had not found the same reason for pitying us which Thomas has found for pitying you, viz. that we are poor, and are orphans, and have no good conditions?"

Henry could not tell whether Maurice understood these last words. For the mind of the poor child seemed to have returned to the dark state in which he had been when first introduced into his uncle's family; he, therefore, felt somewhat at a loss what next to say to him. However, after a few moments' thought, he said,

"Come, Maurice, let us endeavour to do what the Bible advises; let us, with God's help, leave those things which are behind, and press

on to those which are before. You must begin with forgiving Mrs. Kitty, and leave off plaguing her; and I think that I may engage for her, that she will be kinder to you."

"I don't like her," replied the boy, "and that's the downright truth."

"Maurice," returned Henry, gravely, "I fear that you are one of those who bear malice. You are no child of God, I plainly tell you, if you do; and I shall not have much to say to you if you are malicious."

"I ba'ant malicious," replied Maurice, somewhat sullenly; "only I hates Mrs. Kitty, that's what I do, and I can't help it."

"Very well, then," said Henry, "then I can have little more to say to you. Give me those flowers in your hand, and go home. I shall go on alone to your father's grave, for I respect the memory of your father, and that is more I see than you do; for a child who loves his father, would, though he is dead, desire to do what would please him, could he be supposed to see him, and watch his actions."

The boy was, as Henry expected, brought by this measure to his better feelings; and a fresh burst of tears, or rather of passion, having taken place, the little orphan's face, which was a fine specimen of the national countenance of his fa-

ther's land, resumed its wonted cheerfulness, and he said,

"I does not know how it is, Master Milner, but when you talks to me about father, I can stand out no longer. I thinks of father, and mother, and granny, very often; and the songs which granny used to sing when she held me on her knee, and called me Avour neen. I remember the word, though I ha'ant heard it this long time. But granny was what they call here a Papish, Master Milner; and they tells me she a'ant gone to heaven, but I am sure she was as good, and better too, than them who said it."

"You are getting angry again, Maurice," said Henry. "What ails you to-day? you are as fiery as a barrel of gunpowder, or rather, as a heap of squibs, for you do not go off all at once, and over, but pop, pop, like a cracker in the air. I dare say your grandmother was a pious woman; for, by all accounts, her son, your father, died in a very happy state; and I doubt not but that he is with that dear Saviour, on whom he called when he was dying."

"But what is the difference between Papishes and the people here?" asked Maurice.

"Really, Maurice," replied Henry, "you must ask a wiser person than I am. But I will tell you one thing, the Papists do not deny that the

Bible is a true book, and we say the same ; so whether your father's family were Papists or not, you are sure of one thing, that you may read and study the Bible, and all will be right. To-morrow you shall begin to read and write again. I fear you have thought very little of the Bible since I went away. And now, Maurice, you must not think that your father or grandmother, or any person whom you have ever known or heard of, can hear you pray and call to them, though you stand by their graves. You must make no prayers to dead people, or even to angels. There is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we can be saved but that of the Lord Jesus Christ. We are going to scatter flowers upon your father's grave, to show that we remember and respect him ; but it will do him no good, neither will he know it. Those people who pray to the dead, and ask the dead to speak for them to God, are in a great fault ; because, in the first place, the dead cannot hear them ; and, in the second place, if they could hear them, we are forbidden to address them."

In this manner the two boys walked on, and as Henry continued to converse with little Maurice, he found that the child (for Maurice was still but a child) became more soft and

tender, for he was one who could only be affected by kindness; and if he had any one feeling stronger than all the rest, it was his love for Henry. Henry, therefore, could do more with him than all the world beside: and here I might make some useful remarks on the amazing influence, either for good or for evil, which young people have upon each other's mind. Blessed are those who, when looking on their past lives, have the pleasure to think that they have been enabled to use this influence, at least, not to the detriment of their companions.

The sun was descending towards the horizon when Henry and Maurice entered the churchyard. The grave of the poor Irish hay-maker was on the eastern side of the church, and in consequence, the long, deep shadow of the church stretched in that direction. The place was entirely silent, excepting from the occasional cawings of the jackdaws in the steeple. Maurice and Henry had some difficulty to ascertain the grave, amid many others which appeared more recent; when they found it, they perceived that it had fallen in, having been extremely shallow. It looked peculiarly melancholy and ruinous; it was the grave of a pauper and of a stranger, and had been constructed in a hasty and careless manner, by one who

was a respecter of persons. The ancient heathens believed that the peace of the soul depended on the funeral honours which were rendered to the body : blessed, then, are the poor men of Israel, who have no dependence for everlasting happiness on the humours of their fellow-creatures ; who need neither any honours which it is in their power to withhold, or any intercessions and prayers which it may be their will to bestow. Poor Patrick rested as peaceably in his humble and neglected grave, as did the conqueror of the world in his coffin of gold, or Mansolus in his palace of marble : and these were the thoughts of Henry Milner, as he shed the flowers on the sod, and silently resolved, the Almighty assisting him, that he would still be a friend to the orphan child, although he had seen much that day in Maurice which had displeased him, especially that revengeful spirit which is too often attributed to persons of his country, and which is the result of warm feelings, not brought under due control. Nothing very remarkable happened as Maurice and Henry returned home ; but they walked slowly, and from an eminence on their road they saw certain clustered chimneys rising from groves of ancient oak and elm trees, which



Maurice pointed out as the residence of 'Squire Hargrave and Madam. The grave of Patrick was at least three miles from Henry's home ; and it was nearly supper-time, for Mr. Dalben always supped at eight o'clock. When they returned, Henry found his uncle sitting in his usual place, with the Bible and other books, which he had been using in family worship, open before him, whilst Mrs. Bonville sate opposite to him, that good lady being in the middle of a speech, which she broke off, to reproach Henry for depriving them so long of his agreeable society.

The countenance and attitude of Mr. Dalben was so much that of a person enduring a nagging tooth-ache, or the beginning qualms of sea-sickness, that Henry could not help, instead of answering Mrs. Bonville, applying anxiously to him to know if he were unwell, or if any thing had happened.

In reply, Mr. Dalben coughed, sate upright in his chair, and answered, "Quite well, my dear—quite well, I assure you, and nothing whatever has happened."

"But my uncle is low, Master Milner," said Mrs. Bonville : "this is just what I have been saying to him ; he lives in too much retirement,

and does not avail himself of the resources which the country supplies. There is a charming family now in the neighbourhood, I mean the Hargraves; and you know, Mr. Dalben, that it depends on you to make the first advances, as Mr. Hargrave says he cannot call first, although his mother told him, that she thought he might wave ceremony."

"I shall be glad to see Mr. Hargrave," replied Mr. Dalben, "should he do me the honour of a call; but, indeed, cousin, you must make the family understand that I never go out."

A long exordium then followed, from Mrs. Bonville, which was, indeed, but the second part of one still longer, which had gone before, on the same subject, viz. the duty and necessity of mixing with the world; to all which Mr. Dalben made little answer, though a low sigh escaped him once or twice, which Henry felt very much inclined to re-echo by one still louder, as he could not very well take the lady by the shoulders and turn her out of the room, especially when she turned round to him, and with a smile, said, "Well, my little beau, and whither have you been wandering, this fine evening? and why did you not permit me to

accompany you? but I have prevailed with Mr. Dalben to let you go with me to-morrow, to dine with the Hargraves."

"Pardon me, my good madam," said Mr. Dalben——"

"Pardon me, my good sir," resumed the widow; "there for once I must have my way. Mrs. Hargrave must see and thank her deliverer, our little hero here"—and she laid her hand on Henry's arm—and he did not shake it off, for which he gave himself no small credit.

"But, my dear cousin," said Mr. Dalben, coughing.

"But, my dear uncle," retorted Mrs. Bonville, "not another word, the affair is decided: it must be, or you will certainly have a visit from Mrs. Hargrave herself, for she is resolved to thank Master Milner in person."

"In that case, cousin," replied Mr. Dalben ——

"In that case, uncle," returned Mrs. Bonville, laughing, "of two evils you will choose the least: then you will permit my little beau to accompany me. You will be ready, Master Milner, after breakfast, to-morrow; as I should wish to set out before the heat of the day; and as uncle has been so good," she added, in a

lipping tone, "I think we must be so accommodating as not to bring the enemy upon him—Mrs. Hargrave shall not come."

"This woman, this woman," muttered Henry, and then fearing that she might have heard him, he fidgetted out of the room, but came back immediately, thinking it was not fair to leave her entirely to Mr. Dalben.

But Mrs. Bonville (like most other impertinent persons) had not an acute sense of the effect of her impertinences upon her companions; having carried her point, which was to induce Mr. Dalben to permit her to take Henry with her, the next day, to Mr. Hargrave's, she introduced other subjects, and told Master Milner, how much Edgar had been admired, and how many prizes he had gained at Dr. Crocket's establishment for young gentlemen, in Southampton; relating his wonderful and early progress in classical knowledge: adding, that before he was eight years of age, he had gone through Cordelia, and Phœbus's fables. Mrs. Bonville was not bound to call Latin books by their right names; but it would have been as well for her, as it is for you and I, to forbear to speak of those things which we do not understand. It was impossible for Henry, vexed and tired as he was, to refrain from smiling at these

blunders ; but instantly checking himself, being admonished by his own kind and gentlemanlike feelings—by which last expression I beg leave to say, that I always mean such as are truly suitable to the Christian character—he immediately recovered his gravity, and indeed, seriousness, or rather, I should say, sadness ; for sadness is never far from those sort of feelings which lead us to laugh at the follies of those whom we do not love ; and there is, perhaps, no creature under the sun so uncongenial to a boy like Henry Milner, as a foolish, trifling, vain old woman.

## CHAP. V.

*Horses, Dogs, Guns, Fishing-Tackle, Nets, Gins, Traps, Whips, Bits, Bridles, Boots, Spurs, and Jockey Caps.*

THE breakfast was finished; the clock had struck ten, and the morning was shining bright, when Mrs. Bonville, standing out upon the lawn in a Spanish hat, of grey satin, a parasol in one hand, and a little work-bag in the other, was heard to call—"Master Milner, Master Henry Milner! I am quite ready—we shall be very late."

Henry was in his own garden with Maurice and Thomas, planning an improvement in his bower—that very bower spoken of so frequently in our former volume, when the words, "Where is my little beau?" reached his ears.

Henry could scarcely restrain his foot from stamping on the ground with passion; as it was,

his colour rose, and he threw down a stick with which he had been measuring the arbour, with an exclamation of impatience ; and, before he had recovered his equanimity, he found himself on the lawn by the lady's side. She chided him for his delay, and told him, that when he had engagements with ladies, he must always be punctual as clockwork, if he wished to be thought a fine gentleman and a man of fashion. And then addressing Mr. Dalben, who was sitting in the window of his chamber which was above the study, and wishing him a good morning, saying she was very proud of her little beau, she walked out into the lane, whilst Henry, as he followed her, could almost have wished himself again on the play-ground at Clent Green. "But Thursday will come soon," he thought, "and then I shall find myself really at home."

"And what may the subject of your cogitations be, Master Milner?" said the lady, when she had walked a few yards with him in silence. "You cannot conceive what pleasure I have in this opportunity of introducing you to the family of my friend, Mrs. Hargrave. I do not know any young men whom I should desire as associates for Edgar more than the young Hargraves; and therefore I consider it quite a fortunate circumstance that I should have been

here just at this time to introduce you to them ; for although, my dear Mr. Milner, you have enjoyed every possible advantage, as a child, under the tutorage of my dear uncle, yet his habits are such, so peculiar, and so retired, that he is by no means the sort of person to introduce you into life, and to bring you acquainted with the world. And let me tell you, my young friend, that unless a young man knows the world, he cannot be expected to get on in life, however brilliant his natural or acquired qualifications may be ; and this knowledge is not to be obtained in retirement or by reading—it can only be acquired by mixing in society ; and this is what I have endeavoured to impress on the mind of my Edgar, and certainly I should say, with very great success, for he appears to me (and Dr. Crotchet assures me that he has the same opinion of him that I have) the very young man for pleasing in society, and getting on in the world.”

“ Please, ma’am,” said Henry Milner, quietly, “ will you be so good as to tell me what you mean by getting on in the world ? ”

Mrs. Bonville looked earnestly in Henry’s face, as if to ascertain whether he were actually a simpleton, or whether he had put the question in pure ignorance and simplicity ; and not being able to make out any thing from the ex-



pression of his countenance, (for his eyes were bent on the ground,) she answered—

“ You rather surprise me by your question, master Milner ; you cannot be so ignorant as not to know the meaning of the phrase, ‘ getting on in life, or in the world.’ By a man getting on in life, we understand that such a man has made his fortune—has raised his condition—has obtained a lucrative post ; in short, has got some of the good things of this world.”

“ In whose gift are these good things, ma’am ?” asked Henry.

“ In the gift of the great men of the world ; in short, of the people in power,” she answered, still looking curiously at her young companion.

“ From what person do the great people receive their power ?” asked Henry.

“ I understand you now,” returned Mrs. Bonville with quickness ; “ you are just winding about me as my uncle does. I know where you have this ;” and tapping him on the shoulder with her work-bag—“ So young, and yet so deep,” she added, laughing. “ I know where you would have been next, had I answered you that all the great receive their power of influence from the supreme Ruler of all things. Then you would have answered, that those who endeavour to please this supreme Ruler have the

best chance of getting on in life ; and therefore, that you have as good a prospect of getting on, by living at home and reading your Bible, and teaching poor people, as those have who go to court.—But what does experience say, Master Milner? What does experience say? as I tell my Edgar. ‘We must not fly in the face of the world.’ But, Henry, the way that you stole upon me just now, proves to me that Dr. Matthews’s judgment of you was correct—perfectly so. In his letter to Mr. Dalben, he said, that under an extraordinarily, simple, child-like, innocent, and, he was pleased to say, beautiful countenance, you concealed a deep thinking, clear, and more than commonly powerful intellect.”

“Did he say that,” said Henry, blushing, and thrown off his guard by this high encomium, proceeding from so unexpected a quarter. He had believed himself to have been almost overlooked by Dr. Matthews, and to find himself thus appreciated by him was what he had not hoped for ; and although Mrs. Bonville’s words went for little with him, yet, upon reflection, he remembered many circumstances, which my reader may also remember, connected with the reading of Dr. Matthews’s letter, which all tended to prove that the letter had run in so high a strain of panegyric, that good Mr. Dalben had judged it best for him

that he should not see it. Neither had Dr. Matthews intended he should; Henry, therefore, as I have said, was taken by surprise; and when Mrs. Bonville looked next at him, she perceived that his face was suffused with a deep blush, by which she was encouraged to go on.

“Yes,” she said, “Dr. Matthews’s letter was very pleasing; but—” she added with a start, “what am I about? I was not to have repeated one word of this letter to you; but I am naturally so open, so incautious, no one should ever tell me any thing which he would wish concealed. But you will not betray me, Henry. And then, after all, you have so much sense—as I ask my Edgar, what is beauty in a man? None but ladies—young ladies—think any thing of the outward appearance of a man, and that was what I remarked to Miss Hargrave yesterday, when she said that she should never forget your figure, as you sprang forward to seize the bridle of the rampant steed; and expressed a wish that she could have had your picture taken at the moment.”

It would be difficult to describe the effect of this deep, strong dose of flattery which this foolish and unprincipled woman administered to Henry. He had experienced what it was to be quizzed and ridiculed—to be held up as an ob-

ject of scorn and mockery ; and, in a word, as he thought, to be despised and condemned : he had stood these exercises, and had come off with honour and dignity. Dr. Matthews's letter, at least that part which Mrs. Bonville had repeated to him, had convinced him that he had done so ; and a new light (we will not call it a divine one) seemed at that moment to break in upon his mind, and he began to apprehend, what had never occurred to him before, that probably no small part of that quizzing and rowing which he had experienced at Clent Green was as much the effect of jealousy as of contempt. He remembered how the boys used to endeavour to fix ridicule upon Martin, and he was well assured that there had been much envy in their attempts to depreciate that fine young man. And thus having found a clue to the behaviour of many towards himself, his mind was busy in unravelling it, when his attention was again called to Mrs. Bonville, who had never ceased talking, although he had hardly been aware of it.

“ And this, Master Milner,” were the words which recalled his attention. “ This is what I always say to my Edgar, ‘ have a good opinion of yourself, my dear boy, and the world will think well of you ; and I say the same to you, my dear Henry : a young man who has not a

proper confidence in himself, cannot possibly possess that ease of manner which marks the gentleman. My Edgar is celebrated for his superior manners; and you must permit me to tell you, my dear Master Milner, that you want very little to render your manners equally fine. You have a natural elegance," &c. &c.

We may as well put *et cetera*, *et cetera*, as add any more to what Mrs. Bonville had already said. Some people have so little variety in their conversation, that half a dozen sentences, with a few *et ceteras*, and so forths, would describe their whole discourse, and give as good an idea of it as if it were detailed in a dozen folio volumes. Yet, although Henry Milner knew Mrs. Bonville to be an excessively silly woman, and one whom he had hitherto thought a regular bore, he could not refrain from being affected by her flatteries: and if they did not sink deep into his heart, they had an inebriating effect, like the honey of Bithynia, which had so powerful an influence, that it intoxicated all those who indulged in its sweets—so says Xenophon.

Honey is allowed to be the Scripture emblem of sweet and pleasing words, which in the mouth of the designing have all the effects of the honey of Bithynia: there are few that can resist its influence, much less one so young

as Henry Milner. But although he felt the intoxicating influence, he was not really happy. The Cerberus within him, viz. his conscience, began to disturb itself, and, like his great prototype, to rear his crested snakes and bristling hair, when a fresh application of honey, distilled from the lips of Mrs. Bonville, charmed him to silence.

“*Melle soporata et medicatis frugibus offam objicit;*” for Henry, on her making use of the words, “a proper pride,” had objected against it, by remarking that he thought pride could never be proper, because pride was sinful; at which she immediately acquiesced, thanking him for his reproof, assuring him, at the same time, that there was no part of his character which she admired so much as his respect for religion; adding, that she only wished that her Edgar could have the advantage of his society—for that religion was an extremely proper thing, and ought to be attended to.

Thus, with a few more *et ceteras*, and so forths, Mrs. Bonville contrived to fill up the period of their passage through one long green embowered lane into another and another, till passing through a gate, and coming out upon a field which sloped down into a valley of considerable depth, the whole domain of the Hargraves was spread before them.

It consisted of an old mansion of stone, having two square projections in front, filled with casement windows in stone frames curiously carved ; and in three tiers, in the centre, was a porch of stone, the ascent to which was by a wide stone stair, and in front of the porch an old coat of arms carved also by the chisel. The roof was high, composed of small tiles, and terminated at each gable by stone-work curiously wrought in the form of steps. The chimnies were large, high, and clustered, and a cupola rose from the centre of the roof: the whole being terminated by a vane or weathercock of very magnificent dimensions. The old mansion stood prominent and unrelieved by trees, or even so much as a bush or flowering shrub, having that peculiar air which distinguishes the house of a farmer from that of a gentleman. Mrs. Hargrave had many plans for giving the place another air, but these had not been yet brought into effect ; and as the family had other channels in which their resources were likely to be expended, it was a doubtful point how far they might ever be brought to effect.

Immediately before the mansion, which stood on a small elevation on the opposite side of the valley, was an ill-kept lawn littered by dogs and poultry, and behind it an extent of stables and

barns, which bore no proportion to the size of the mansion. These stables had a dilapidated appearance, even from the distance at which they were seen by Henry and Mrs. Bonville, and were ill concealed by a part of the intervening mansion and a few shrubs and stunted trees in the back of the house; in short, as Henry thought, a little thatched cottage in a clean garden, encompassed with a quickset hedge, would have been a paradise when compared with this bare and naked mansion-house.

Henry and the lady had hardly passed from the lane into the field, before they were saluted by the barking of dogs, a number of which rushed out at the front door, and came out upon the lawn, barking and yelping and making so alarming an uproar, that Mrs. Bonville came to a stand, declaring that she would on no account face those frightful creatures.

“What can be the use of keeping such a multitude of noisy curs?” asked Henry; “I like one dog in a family very well; indeed, I am very fond of poor old Lion. I remember he used to run round the table after me, when I wore a frock, and that he tore my frock and nibbled a piece out of my red shoe. All these remembrances are like treasures to me,” continued Henry; and he was proceeding with his tales of what he called older



times, when the increased yelling and baying of the dogs, who were running down the slope towards them, made Mrs. Bonville exclaim—and the expression which she used, being no more nor less than a wish that some one would hang them all in a string—was by no means so elegant as might have been expected from such a lady as the one in question.

The exclamation, however, had scarcely passed her lips, when a voice from behind took up the words—"Hang them in a string, Mrs. Bonville! Do I hear? I thought you a lady of tender feelings. Who would have expected this from Mrs. Bonville?" And immediately the young Squire stepped forward and offered his arm to the lady, at the same time expressing his satisfaction at seeing Master Milner; adding, "You are come to spend the day with us, and I greatly rejoice that the weather has permitted you so to do, for we are going, after an early dinner, to a field in the neighbourhood, where we are to have a cricket-match and a regale. I hardly know what to call it,—a dinner or supper, as you please;" and then adding, "I do not question but that you know the game."

Henry coloured, and was embarrassed. Cricket had supplied one of the amusements at Clent

Green, and he had some little knowledge of the game; but he was aware that Mr. Dalben would not approve of any amusement which might lead him into company; neither did he himself wish to form an acquaintance with the young people in the neighbourhood. He remembered the happy days he had spent with his uncle, when he was as little known as knowing, and he inwardly longed for the return of those happy days. Then am I to be a clergyman, he thought, and I shall require most of my time for study; and if I have leisure, I shall have enough to do to work in my garden, and to teach Maurice; and I want to enlarge my arbour, and to raise my mound, and to gather plants for my hortus siccus. I have a great deal to do; and perhaps George Beresford may come to see me. With these thoughts, he hardly knew what to say to Mr. Hargrave; but Mrs. Bonville saved him the trouble of making any reply whatever, for she had already taken upon herself to answer Mr. Hargrave, by assuring him that she should have infinite delight in attending his mother to the cricket-field.

“My dear, good lady,” replied Mr. Hargrave, “we should have the greatest pleasure in your company; but my mother is not going, and

it is not a sort of amusement which a lady would like."

"Why, Mr. Hargrave," returned Mrs. Bonville, "I thought that you invited me, and rejoiced that the day was fine, in order that I might partake of the pleasure."

"Dear lady," replied Mr. Hargrave, "I did not know that you were an adept in this pastime. Certainly, when I invited Master Milner to join us, I did not intend to extend my solicitations to you; but, undoubtedly, we shall consider ourselves highly honoured. And if you will take a part in the game, so much the better; it will be something new, and something vastly edifying, to see a lady play at cricket. I doubt not but that my youngest sister might soon be persuaded to follow your example, for she certainly, when about twelve years of age, could beat us all at foot-ball."

Mrs. Bonville, of whom it might fairly be said, that she was not only foolish herself, but the cause of much folly in others, replied to Mr. Hargrave in a style very suitable to his address. And Henry was just about to speak, when he was interrupted by the sound of horses' hoofs, striking rapidly on the dry earth, followed by a shout of "Stand by, stand by there!"

the gate into the field from the lane being at the same moment violently thrown open, and time hardly allowed for the lady and the two gentlemen to draw back, before Mr. Samuel Hargrave appeared on horseback, and the next instant Miss Bell dashed into the field, being mounted on the very mare which her mother had rode to church the day before. The young lady was dressed, from the waist upwards, in a costume so nearly resembling that of her brother, that had it not been for the length of her hair, she might easily have passed for a boy, in any situation where the lower part of her person was not seen. She sat her horse perfectly well, and was not in the least disconcerted when this renowned quadruped made a violent effort to run direct to the stable.

Miss Bell had already exercised her so well, that, to use a jockey term, she was all in a lather, and the bit in her mouth was covered with froth and foam; nevertheless, she was not yet to have her way, though she tried vehemently for the mastery, by running, rearing, kicking, curvetting, and using various other manœuvres, such as that noble animal knows so well how to avail itself of in order to ascertain the strength, or rather the skill and address, of its rider; but all in

vain—Miss Bell kept her seat, and retained the entire command, using her whip in a manner perhaps more favourable for the conquering of her steed, than for the exhibition of her own feminine feelings, till at length the mare was again brought to obey the bridle, and to turn in that direction which her mistress chose; and this being effected, she turned her head towards one end of the field, and galloped her round and round it till she was glad to yield on any terms. In the mean time, her second brother on his horse, and her eldest with Mrs. Bonville on their feet, in the centre of the field, were turning in all directions to watch the manœuvres of the angry steed and the female centaur—one and all exclaiming with wonder and admiration at every display of skilful horsemanship; while Henry could almost have fancied himself at school again, when he heard Mr. Samuel Hargrave's—"There goes—that's right—well done—if that a'ant capital, by Jove—there again—hold fast—lay it on," &c. &c.—for *et cetera*, *et cetera*, will serve quite as well in this place as in that in which we formerly availed ourselves of it.

At length, Miss Bell, having exercised as much discipline as she thought proper, turned towards the stable; and her brother Samuel,

having taken the same direction, Mrs. Bonville with her party again proceeded towards the house, commenting as she walked on the noble and daring spirit of the young lady. In reply to which Mr. Hargrave spoke of skill in riding and managing a horse, as of an accomplishment, if not absolutely necessary to a lady, yet as undoubtedly a *sine qua non* in the character of a gentleman. And then, suddenly turning to Henry, he asked him if he had ever been instructed in the equestrian art ; adding, that as he had proved by his gallant behaviour the day before—for which, he said, that the thanks of the whole family were due to him—that he did not want courage, it would be the more to be lamented if he did not learn to sit a horse like a gentleman, and to have a good command of the animal. “No doubt, Master Milner,” he added, “that you have been accustomed to ride on occasion.”

“Yes, sometimes—yes, Sir,” stammered Henry, “I have been on horseback.”

And the boy blushed, as if he had been convicted of some great sin, because he could not say that he had spent many hours of his short life in the saddle.

It must have appeared, in my account of Henry’s intercourse with his school-fellows at

Clent Green, that he was as little subject to false shame as most young persons; indeed, there are few who have suffered less from this uneasy feeling than Henry commonly did. I can scarcely remember a single instance of his being put to the blush, by this best friend of Satan and worst enemy of youth, during the five months spent with Dr. Matthews; but then it must be remembered, that before he went to school his mind had never been perverted or inflated by flattery. He had not been accustomed to think much of himself, and therefore he was not alive to the attempts of others to lower him: being already low, he feared no fall. He was like the little shepherd boy described by John Bunyan, whose song was to this effect:

“He that is down, need fear no fall;  
He that is low, no pride;  
He that is humble, ever shall  
Have God to be his guide.”

But on the day we speak of, Henry had been listening to the flatteries of Mrs. Bonville. Neither was he the first, by some thousands, who had allowed himself to be beguiled by a weaker mind than his own; but false shame is sure to follow where flattery has been entertained—nay, it may be said that one may come

in at one door, and one at another, and meet with entertainment in the same house at the same time—such cronies are they, and so fond of walking in each other's steps.

And so, as I was saying, poor Henry was quite confounded when truth compelled him to acknowledge that he knew little of riding, that Mr. Dalben kept no horse, and that he could scarcely tell one horse from another but by the colour of his coat.

Mr. Hargrave, being much older, and more of a gentleman than his brothers, was by no means uncivil to Henry on this occasion; nay, he was rather amused and pleased by his simplicity of manner, especially as there was no rusticity, or even want of polish, mingled with his simplicity; yet he could not help whispering to Mrs. Bonville, that it was astonishing Mr. Dalben should so entirely neglect what he considered a very principal branch of a young gentleman's education, viz. to make him a good horseman.

“And you do think,” replied Mrs. Bonville, aloud, “that every gentleman should know how to ride? Well, then, you agree with me. It was always my wish that my Edgar should learn to ride as soon as he could sit a horse; but poor Mr. Bonville differed with me, and it was with



the utmost difficulty that I could prevail that Edgar should attend the riding-school. Prevail, however, I did ; and the consequence is, as you well know, Mr. Hargrave, that Edgar sits a horse as well as any young man in England."

"And is as good a judge of horse-flesh," replied Mr. Hargrave, with an exulting air. "I would take his opinion as far above Sam's, as I would the first jockey's in the land. But Sam does not like to hear me say so. Sam is not up to many things about a horse, which Edgar Bonville is perfectly well acquainted with. It was Sam chose that mare of my mother's, and I told him at the time that my mother was too heavy for her. That mare would carry Bell very well, but my mother is above weight for her, yet Sam stood me out she was not. But it has proved he was wrong, for my mother never mounts her but she plays some trick or other which risks the rider's life."

Here all conversation was terminated by the invasion, I will not say the attack, of the dogs ; who, having ascertained that it was their master who was coming towards them with the visitors, came forward to testify their regard, according to the various fashions and modes used by those animals on such occasions. And whilst Mr. Hargrave was endeavouring to keep

their caresses within bounds, and to prevent them from incommoding Mrs. Bonville—who, having his arm, came in for some portion of these same testimonies of their regard, to the great damage of her sable draperies—the youngest son of the family, viz. Mr. Benjamin Hargrave, who might be Henry's senior by three years, or even somewhat more, appeared in the back ground, and without vouchsafing more than a sort of a nod to Mrs. Bonville, called to his brother, saying, "Where have you been so long? Tom Bliss is come to worm the puppies, and they can't be done without you."

"Without me! And why can't they be done, Benjamin?" replied Mr. Hargrave. "However, I will be with you in a moment. But have you nothing to say to Master Milner, Benjamin?" he added.

"Glad to see you at the Ferns, Mr. Milner," said Benjamin, on being thus admonished by his brother. "Will you come and see the dogs wormed? Tom Bliss says he knows you."

"Thank you," replied Henry, drawing back involuntarily, "but I will go into the house with Mrs. Bonville."

"And sit with the ladies," said Benjamin; and he laughed, adding, "I dare say you are

so chicken-hearted, you don't like to see such things as Tom is going about, but they must be done. Tom Bliss says that dogs are sure to go mad if they are not wormed."

Henry did not stay to hear any more, but walked after Mrs. Bonville and Mr. Hargrave into the house.

They entered an immense hall, which had so far encroached on a parlour on each side, as to leave them a comparatively small space. This hall was flagged, and there was a huge chimney and grate at one end. The hall itself, which was stuccoed, was adorned with every variety of implement and trophy of rural sports,—such as fowling-pieces, bucks' antlers, whips, jockey-caps, bridles, fishing-tackle, pouches, &c. &c.; and at the end, opposite the fire-place, was a huge, hard, cold, dull, ill-proportioned painting of a pointer, with a pheasant in his mouth, and the picturesque mansion of the Ferns in the back ground. The painting might be about fifty years old. In the middle of the hall was a large billiard-table, covered with a cloth, and garnished with an infinite variety of hats and bonnets,—from Mrs. Hargrave's old slouched bonnet, which she wore in the garden—for that worthy lady had a great notion of interrupting the old gardener, under the idea of

overlooking and assisting him,—to Miss Bell's round beaver, which had been just added to the assortment. Mrs. Hargrave and her two daughters met the visitors in the hall—Miss Hargrave being dressed as young ladies generally are, and Miss Bell, who was just dismounted from her horse, retaining her riding-habit, though she had discarded her hat and whip.

Mrs. Hargrave's reception of Henry was very cordial, as well it might be, and very polite also; for she had lived much in the world. She took him by the hand, and led him into the parlour, where sat an *old* gentleman in an easy-chair. Henry, indeed, thought him exceedingly old; but he was not so, though reduced to a state of second childhood by repeated attacks of paralysis. This was the father of the family; and it was pleasant to Henry to be told that he suffered little and had many enjoyments, the chief of which was to be wheeled about the house and gardens in his chair.

Whilst Henry remained in the parlour, an old servant came and wheeled him out, and the visitors saw him no more that day. At length, Henry, being tired of sitting to hear the ladies compliment him, which, it seems, they thought it right to do, began to look about for an excuse for making his escape; and finding this presently in the voice of Benjamin Hargrave, who

put his head in at the door of the parlour, and asked if Master Milner was there, he arose hastily, and ran out after the head which had disappeared, as suddenly as it had appeared.

Mr. Benjamin was retreating through a back door which led to the offices, before Henry got fairly out into the hall; however, hearing Benjamin repeat the call, he followed him, and passed through many winding passages, being rather guided by the sound of the steps of him that was going before him, than by the sight of his person. He at length found himself in a farm-yard, surrounded by cow-houses, barns, and stables. Within this yard, the three young Hargraves, and all the inferior men about the premises, were collected, with the exception of Tom Bliss, who presently, however, came grinning out of some building like a large dog-kennel, with a clasp-knife in his hand. The honeyed words of the ladies had put Tom Bliss and the cruel amusement which Benjamin Hargrave had offered him, out of Henry's mind; but the knife, on which he discerned some drops of blood, brought it instantly to his recollection, and he was turning away to retrace his steps, through the dark passages, when Mr. Hargrave, junior, arrested his progress, assuring him that Tom Bliss had done his job, and that he should see no sights which he should dislike.

“What’s he afraid of?” said Samuel Hargrave, with a look of contempt, but ill-concealed under a wish not to be actually rude to a young gentleman who had so lately obliged the family.

“He don’t like my knife,” replied Tom Bliss, shutting it up and putting it into his pocket; adding, “it won’t hurt you, Master Milner; you need not be afeard.”

“I am not afraid,” returned Henry, “of yours or any man’s knife, as far as I am myself concerned; though I may think that you may be too free with it with creatures which cannot defend themselves. Is it necessary, Mr. Hargrave, to be worming dogs, and cutting their ears and tails? If it is, I would much rather not have a dog.”

Mr. Hargrave did not exactly answer this remark, but—desiring that nothing of this sort should be brought before Master Milner, since he did not like it—he left the yard.

Henry was turning to follow him, when Mr. Samuel, retaining him by the arm, said,—“Mr. Milner, you play at cricket, I am sure; I know it is played at Clent Green. You shall come with me and choose a bat, and then we will go and see the sport which Tom Bliss has prepared for us.”

“ I do not think I can go with you to the match this evening,” replied Henry. “ It is some miles, you say, from hence, and we must be at home early, as my uncle must not be kept up.”

“ Pshaw !” replied Mr. Benjamin, answering for his brother,—“ why should he be sitting up for you? Can no one open the door but himself? What time does he go to bed ?”

“ Exactly at nine,” answered Henry.

“ And do you mean always to go to bed at nine o’clock, at your age—almost a man, as you are? If that a’n’t rare,” replied the other.

“ Hold your tongue, Benjamin,” said Samuel. “ You forget you are not in old Crocket’s school-room, where you might be as vulgar as you would.”

“ I dare say we were no vulgarer at Dr. Crocket’s than in other places,” replied Benjamin. “ But to think of Henry Milner being put to bed every night at nine o’clock, and he to fancy it’s all right and proper :—if that a’n’t good !”

A burst of laughter from Tom Bliss interrupted Mr. Benjamin in this part of his speech, on which the young gentleman turned sharply on Tom, and bid him shut his potatoe-trap.

"How can I, Master Benjamin," answered Tom, "when you are so uncommon funny?"

"Funny or not funny," replied Benjamin, "you are not to laugh in the presence of gentlemen."

"Perhaps he thinks that that restriction will be no impediment to his laughing in our company," remarked Henry, quietly.

"What do you mean by that?" returned Mr. Benjamin, sharply.

"Mind, he said *our*," replied Mr. Samuel;—"so he meant no particular offence to us."

"What, don't you take yourself to be a gentleman, Milner?" asked Mr. Benjamin.

"No," replied Henry;—"not a gentleman yet: at any rate, not a full-grown one. I am but an infant, and shall be counted such till I am of age."

"In law," replied Mr. Benjamin;—"but there are many under age that are as much men as those who are above; and as much gentlemen, too. However, if you are an infant, you certainly do well not to refuse to be put to bed at nine o'clock."

"Milner reminds me," remarked Samuel, "of what Edgar Bonville told me of his own father. The old gentleman would always have him in and in bed at ten o'clock; so Edgar got a



pass key to the house-door, and let himself in and out whenever he would, and carried it on I know not how long: but old Square-toes found him out at last, and he would have got it finely, only his mother stood his friend, and begged him off. It was just when he left school, he told me, and his father was on the very point of giving him another year of it; and that not at old Crocket's, but somewhere else, where he would have been kept to it,—but the good lady stepped in, and would not let her husband rest till he had passed over the offence.”

“ But I have no foo—foo of a mother,” replied Henry, arresting his tongue before it had touched the roof of his mouth, which it must needs have done, to have added the letter which was wanting to complete the word he was about to have served himself of;—no mother, I say, to take my part, should I be inclined to play the knave: therefore, perhaps I should do as well not to try the experiment.”

“ I take it,” replied Benjamin; “ you are a deeper hand than I reckoned you at first.”

“ But won't you come along, gentlemen?” said Tom Bliss. “ There's the big clock, just on the point of two, and the dogs be all ready; and we sha'n't have no time for the fun, for you are to be at

the cricket-ground (they say) at four o'clock at the latest."

So saying, the whole party set out of the stable into the rick-yard; where, however, were only two standing ricks, one of which was of wheat. Five or six, or more dogs, had followed them; and it now appeared that Tom Bliss had produced a sack containing a ferret, and that the two young Hargraves had provided themselves with fowling-pieces,—whilst the rest of the men and boys had armed themselves with sticks and bludgeons. All these persons placed themselves round the rick, and Tom Bliss was on the point of letting out the ferret, when a large bell, which hung under the eaves of the house above the kitchen, began to move; and the next minute, to the mortification of all who were engaged round the rick, where they were about to wage war with the rats who had, it was more than supposed, made a lodgement in the city of straw, it used its iron tongue to inform Henry Milner and the young Hargraves that dinner was ready, and the ladies waiting: and moreover, that if they did not speedily obey the summons, they had a chance of either going to the cricket-match without their meal, or of being too late.

Whether Henry would have staid to see the

sport, had he not been thus interrupted, does not appear; but this is certain, that he had wished himself at home more than twenty times during that morning.

## CHAP. VI.

*The Escape.*

WHEN the party were called from the rick-yard, Henry Milner, who was the last to understand the call, had also been the last to arrive at the house; and entering in by the brick passages before mentioned, he took a wrong turn, and found himself at the entrance of a butler's pantry, where he saw before him Benjamin Hargrave, in close conversation with the foot-boy. The backs of these friends (for they seemed on the strictest terms of intimacy) were towards Henry as he came to a stand in the door-way—for it was natural for him, when he found himself where he had not expected to be, to come to a stand; and it was also impossible for him, thus situated, not to hear two or three sentences of a conversation which was passing between them—sentences, however, which he

paid so little attention to at the time, that he probably might never have recollected them, had not circumstances arisen which caused him to call them to mind.

“Now, mind, Joe—be sure you mind,” said the young squire—“don’t froth it.”

“Ees, ees, sir, I minds,” returned the footman, in that tone of voice which indicates a strong, yet repressed inclination to laughter; “haalf and haalf, did you say, sir?”

“Pooh, pooh, replied the other, “two thirds: any how—he’ll never find it.” But Henry heard no more, for, to use a sporting phrase, he had recovered the right scent again, in which he was assisted by a servant maid, who passed before him with a savoury dish; and following this lead, he presently found himself in the dining-parlour, some moments before the two heroes of the pantry made their appearance.

Mrs. Hargrave caused Henry to set by her during dinner, and bestowed upon him her very particular attention; and the two young ladies were not behind in their civilities. He was to have the very best at table; and Mrs. Bonville repeated much which Dr. Matthews had said of him in his letter. Henry blushed, and blushed, and wished that the dinner was over,

at the same time feeling a sort of inward satisfaction at being thus singled out as the object of so much attention.

At length the cricket-match was spoken of, and Mrs. Hargrave was telling him what and whom he would see in the field, when he ventured to say that it would not be in his power to go, as it was some miles from the Ferns, and Mr. Dalben would be alarmed if he were out late—appealing to Mrs. Bonville to support his arguments.

“You shall be put on a very quiet pony, Master Milner,” said Mrs. Hargrave, “as you are not accustomed to ride; and as Mr. Dalben’s house is quite as near the cricket-ground as this is, my eldest son shall ride back with you to Mr. Dalben’s, and I will take care that Mrs. Bonville is taken safely home; so that you need not be under the least alarm respecting her.”

In this way was Henry, for an instant, quite overpowered and overpersuaded, yet he was not easy; for although there is no manner of harm in the game of cricket, yet he perfectly knew that his uncle did not wish him to be introduced into such society as he should meet with there, or, indeed, into any society which might lead him from home, at a time of life

when every day was of importance to him. However, he knew that Mr. Dalben was not harsh, and that when he should have told him all, he would be satisfied that it would have been very difficult for him to have resisted the solicitations of so many persons older than himself. Whilst thinking of these things, he called for some small beer, and some liquor being brought in a silver cup, he swallowed it without taking his breath, being very thirsty.

He thought that the last drop tasted bitter, but thought no more of it till a few minutes afterwards, when he felt an odd sensation in his head, and the pictures on the wall began to look somewhat awry ; he rubbed his eyes, and shook his head once or twice, as if to ascertain whether it stood straight on his shoulders ; at the same time wondering what could be the matter with him.

“What ails Benjamin?” exclaimed Miss Bell ; “see, mamma, how he looks, as if he would tilt over his chair. And Samuel, too,” she added, “he will choke by and by ;—what can ail them?”

“What is the jest?” said the elder brother, gravely ; “let us have none of your practical jokes here, young gentleman, I beg ; we have enough of those in the stable ; rein up, rein up,

if you please,"—and he gave a look which had the desired effect, and the young men were immediately restored to composure; although a few looks of a very knowing description were afterwards exchanged between them.

When this had passed off a little, Mr. Samuel requested Mrs. Bonville to drink a glass of wine with him, hinting that she would do well to ask Master Milner to join them.

"No," rejoined Mrs. Hargrave, "you shall not deprive me of that pleasure—Master Milner must pledge me."

"Joe," said Mr. Samuel, "a glass of wine to Mr. Milner and Mrs. Hargrave."

The wine was immediately carried first to the lady, and then to Henry. The poor boy had hardly heard or comprehended a word of what had passed during the last few minutes, for he had swallowed a quantity of exceedingly strong ale, such as he had never even tasted before; and when the wine was held before him, he seemed quite amazed, and turning sharply round to the footman, said, "Take it away—I don't want any wine."

"But, Mr. Milner—but, Master Milner—but, Master Henry—you must, it is quite necessary—you will offend us all; when a lady challenges a gentleman at her own table, at my



table—at my mother's table.”—These were the words which, in various tones and keys, were rung in the ears of poor Henry, whilst Samuel and Benjamin gave way to peals of laughter. Order was again restored by Mr. Hargrave, junior, who insisted that Master Milner should not have any wine if he did not like it; and from that time, till the dinner was concluded, poor Henry was permitted to remain in peace; but the cloth was hardly removed, before a gentleman's carriage drove up to the door.

“A morning visitor after dinner,” said Mr. Hargrave, rising with his mother and elder sister, to receive the company in another parlour. “This comes of dining so early.”

Mr. Hargrave and his mother being gone, Miss Bell took the head of the table, and Master Samuel the foot, whilst the servants set wine and fruit before them. By this time the effect of the ale had gone off in some degree from the head of Henry, rendering back some portion of his cooler judgment, and leaving only a dull, heavy pain. But now a new attack was to be made upon him, and he had lost his best friend in the elder Mr. Hargrave, as Mrs. Bonville could only be considered a mere nothing, or rather as something worse than nothing; for when Mr. Samuel and Mr. Benjamin

insisted on his taking a bumper to their mother's health, she united with them, saying. "You know, Master Milner, that you sometimes take a glass of wine at Mr. Dalben's, and why should you refuse to do so now?"

"I have sometimes taken a glass of wine at my uncle's," replied Henry, "but that has been when I have not drank a cup of two-thirds strong ale and one-third beer."

"Smoked, smoked, by Jupiter, Master Benjamin!" cried Samuel.

Benjamin reddened up to the very eyes, and asked, "What's that you say, Samuel? Mr. Milner, what do you mean by two-thirds ale and one-third beer?"

"I mean what I say," returned Henry; "and having drank so much ale, I will have no more strong liquor;"—and with that he turned his glass bottom upwards, and very imprudently used some expression which Benjamin construed into a sort of challenge, to make him drink if he could.

As might be expected, in such company, the ladies being as well prepared for a frolic as the gentlemen, this challenge (or what was resolved to be taken for a challenge) was followed up by what Master Benjamin called a row royal, and the two young Hargraves were running round

the table to seize Henry, in order to drench him with the wine, when he sprang through an open window which was near him, and plunging head foremost into a cluster of bushes, came out into a place where two paths opened before him; he dashed into the darkest and narrowest of these, hearing his pursuers at his heels; and being hard pressed, ensconced himself behind the huge trunk of an old tree, standing close in one position, and thus he saved himself; for he was scarcely lodged in this dark hiding-place, when Benjamin passed him, Samuel having taken the other path. He listened till he could hear their receding steps no longer, and then coming out and springing over a hedge just beyond the plantations, he found himself in a long, deep lane, and there, whilst he stood a moment considering the bearing of the lane, he heard a voice on the other side of the hedge. It was that of Samuel, inquiring of Tom Bliss if he had seen young Milner. This was enough for Henry; away he ran, without any further investigation of the points of the compass, and pursued his course till he came to the Malvern road; there, whilst he stopped to take breath, he recollected that he must be, as far as he knew of the country, in a direct line with the cricket-field, and therefore in the way of

being again encountered by the enemy; he therefore turned out of the road again, leaving the hills behind him, and having the valley of the Teme right before him; and passing on some time in that direction, he found himself at the entrance of a small wood, which he did not immediately recollect having seen before, owing to the circumstance of never having entered it from the same side of the country. Being now in a place where he trusted his pursuers would not think of following him, for he had run more than a mile, he stood for a while in the shade to take breath, and now, for the first time, he recollected that he wore no hat, in consequence of which he had had no protection from the burning rays of the sun during his flight, and the day was extremely hot, neither had the strong position which he had taken contributed to cool his blood; he therefore felt uncomfortably heated, his face glowing, and his heart beating violently. He was, however, in a profuse perspiration, which was well for him, and perhaps saved him from a fever; and the shade and comparative coolness of the wood, enabled him to recover his proper temperament as gradually as could be desired. Before him was a long cool vista, terminating in deeper shade; the deep stillness of all around him, contrasted

strangely with the noise and uproar from which he had but now escaped. It was the early part of the summer, and all nature was in her gayest attire. Every mossy bank was decorated with flowers, from which bees were sipping the honey dew ; butterflies, the *Psyches* of the woods, were fluttering and glittering in the beams which shot athwart the pathway ; birds were singing merrily in the green branches ; and, to complete the delights of the scene, waters were heard to rush in the bottom of the dell, and breezes to whisper in the summits of the trees. " The time was," thought Henry—" but those times are gone, (will they ever return ?) when I spent hours in places like this with my beloved uncle. I was a little boy then, and happy, and innocent, in comparison with what I am now ; and I had a thousand delights which I do not now enjoy, The discovery of a beautifully variegated snail's shell, or of a bright painting stone, was an event in those happy days ; and a ball of string brought by Thomas, when he went to Worcester market, was a treasure of incalculable value : but I was different then to what I am now ; people had not quizzed me then, and made me ashamed of doing right ; nor had they flattered me then, and made me wish that I had more liberty to do what is

wrong. Oh ! that I could be what I once was !” And as the boy gave utterance aloud to this wish, he fairly burst into tears, being filled with shame at the recollection of his whole conduct during that day, listening at one time, as he had done, to the foolish flatteries of Mrs. Bonville, and at another squabbling with Benjamin Hargrave, and then escaping from him like a thief, out of a window.

But I will go to my uncle, he said—I will go and tell him every thing, and beg him to let me stay with him. Yet how am I to appear without my hat ? I will at least wait here till the sun has lost some of its power. Having thus resolved, he walked, or rather sauntered, slowly forward, till coming to a turn in the path, he saw before him the gable end of a ruined cottage. At the sight of this he started, as a thousand old remembrances poured in upon his mind. It was Jenny Crawley’s cottage, and was tending rapidly to decay ; part of the roof had fallen in since Henry had last seen it, and the wall of the upper room having given way, the interior of the apartment, where Henry’s father had hung a little picture for the contemplation of the old woman as she lay in bed, was exposed to view. No traces of this picture, indeed, remained, but there was the wall on which it had hung, and

this was enough to renew a thousand old remembrances in the breast of Henry. How blessed are those young people with whom holy principles are associated and mingled, with all the tender recollections of early youth ! Many persons there are, who, when in after life their minds are happily brought to desire that which is right, must endeavour to fly from the remembrance of every passage of their younger years. But this was not the case with Henry Milner. To associate some holy idea with every thing he did, or saw, or heard, or learnt in childhood, was the plan and object of Mr. Dalben's instruction : and so far had this excellent preceptor succeeded in this his pious plan, that there was scarcely a natural object which was not connected in Henry's mind with some religious feeling. These silent monitors were ever with him, and ever claiming his attention : and those very rural scenes, which to such men as the Hargraves suggested only the idea of some cruel sport, were to Henry filled with the emblems of unseen and heavenly things. The habit of associating certain ideas with other certain ideas is formed in very early life ; and every one who looks into his own mind, must have perceived that these associations are never lost. However ridiculous they may be, they still pur-

sue us through life : and we often find it as impossible to get rid of them, as we would of a cast of the eye and a limp of the gait. Happy, then, are those young people who have been led to form holy and elegant associations in early life : and surely no subject admits of such exquisite, elegant and improving combinations of this kind, as the study of the scripture emblems, by which every natural object (as I before said) is made a silent monitor and divine remembrancer to all such as have been made acquainted with their language. Whether this has often been the case or not, we cannot say ; but certain it was, that, as Henry stood, or rather sate, in this solitary place—for he had taken a seat at the root of a tree, directly opposite to the ruins—every object with which he was surrounded, seemed to speak to him, and to remind him of all that his best friends would have wished him to have been reminded at that moment. The trees, of various ages and growths, which were multiplied around him, from the tender sapling to the seared and scathed trunk, seemed to him as so many pictures of the human race, from infancy to old age. And then the thought arose—When we who are now young have budded and blossomed like these trees, during a few revolutions of the sun, we shall all decay and descend



into the dust, like the fathers of this wood, which flourished in this place years before I or my parents had entered into existence ; for where is the remembrance now of the tallest trees of the forests which once were ? Is not the dust of the oak and the bramble mingled together ?—and will my dust be distinguished from that of the poorest beggar which is laid in the same inclosure ? What, then, is all this fine talk of Mrs. Bonville and Mrs. Hargrave about my trying to make a fine appearance in this world ? Mr. Dalben is far wiser than they are, when he tells me that the world, in its present state, is not worth consideration, any farther than that we may do our duty in our own places,—the world which is to come being our only real home and resting-place,—and I am to be a clergyman too. And what are horses to me ? I am not to be a jockey : I shall do quite as well without understanding horse-flesh, as Mr. Hargrave calls it. The classics and mathematics I must study ; because I cannot pass the university without them. But I need not trouble myself with other things which are neither pleasure nor profit to me. It is of little consequence to me how wide my branches spread, or how high my head rises, so as the sun shines upon me, and I am enabled to bring forth good fruit,—so, that when

my stem perishes, my root may remain alive, and spring forth again at the scent of the waters of life.

Then Henry's mind began to pass away from the irritating and disagreeable scenes in which he had been so lately engaged, and to return to those old and sweet considerations of the glory of the latter days, in which he once took such exquisite delight. And in these considerations the page of nature which was spread before him afforded him much assistance.

There was the brook murmuring in the depths of the little valley at his left, bathing the roots of the trees on its bank, reminding him of the influences of the Spirit, by which the divine life of the redeemed will be eternally preserved;—there was the sun, whose beams were resting on the summits of the woods, and imparting a genial warmth to every creature that has life, as Christ, our Redeemer, will gladden with his presence all who shall be partakers of the glory of the latter days;—and there was the sweet odour of a thousand balmy flowers arising to the heavens, like the prayers of the saints, as the gentle breeze from the south passed over their spicy beds.

Whilst Henry was meditating upon these things, a sudden noise of rain, falling in large drops, reached his ear, and the next minute he

was aware of a heavy summer shower, which presently found its way through the branches of the tree under which he sate. On perceiving that he had a fair chance of having his head well washed, without the assistance of that most redoubtable personage, Mrs. Judy Meckin, he hastened to the ruins, with the hope of finding some corner where he might be protected from the shower; and with that view entered the kitchen. There being ensconced in the only dry corner which the place afforded, he could see the clouds, charged with electric fluid, passing over his head, and several flashes of lightning, followed by claps of thunder. The storm, however, presently passed away, and, under covert of a cloud which had not rolled away from the disk of the sun, he took another run, and presently found himself in the lane near his home. He then, for the first time, began to consider what sort of figure he should cut without his hat, and, as he was not particularly fond of making a ridiculous figure, and creating surprisals in which he was himself to form the most prominent part, he crept round by the garden-hedge, and entering through the shrubbery, walked quietly into the study, where he found Mr. Dalben sitting in the bow-window, the tea apparatus being set before him.

"Good evening, uncle," said Henry, walking up to him with an air as easy as he could assume; "you did not expect me so early I think."

"My boy," replied Mr. Dalben, "what can have brought you home so soon? Where is Mrs. Bonville? I hope nothing alarming has happened."

"Nothing whatever," replied Henry; "Mrs. Bonville is well, and in good spirits, at least she was so when I left her. And if you will not be alarmed, dear uncle, I will tell you all about it."

To tell a person that he is not to be alarmed is the sure way to make him so. And Mr. Dalben in consequence began to cough, and ask questions, and hope, and trust, and conjecture, and to make himself so very uncomfortable, that Henry resolved at once, and without further delay, to give him a full and true account of his adventures. In the progress of which relation, the old gentleman entirely recovered his composure, and was even tempted to smile in one or two parts of the narrative. When Henry had concluded, he replied, "So much for my good cousin Bonville. She is about as sage a Mentor, and as wise a guide for a boy of fifteen, as Kitty proved her-

self some years ago for a boy of seven. Do you remember, Henry, your exploits on the roof of Mrs. Green's house, and amongst your friends, the amphibiae, in the brook? But Mrs. Bonville ought to know better. However, all is as it should be with regard to yourself, my dear boy. You have been made sensible that although you passed with credit through Dr. Matthews's school, yet that there are trials which you cannot stand; you felt yourself in the shade and the back-ground at Clent Green, and were less tried, it seems, by the quizzing you encountered there, than by the flatteries you have met with to-day; flatteries which you say put you off your guard, and led you to speak unadvisedly to the young Hargraves. As to that affair of the strong potion which was administered to you, it was without excuse; but it may be a lesson to you in future to look before you leap, and taste before you drink.

"But," continued Mr. Dalben, "as this matter must not be made so serious a one as to cause a quarrel with a neighbour, (and let me tell you, less matters than this have led to serious discord,) I will write to Mrs. Bonville to inform her where you are, and to thank Mrs. Hargrave and her eldest son for their kindness to you, and Thomas shall be dispatched with

the note, and to bring back the lady and your hat."

The note was accordingly written, and sent away by the trusty hand of Thomas. After which, Mr. Dalben and Henry sate down to enjoy their tea.

"I am at home indeed now," said Henry; "I feel now, uncle, exactly as I did before you were taken ill."

"There are two whole days more till Thursday, Henry," replied Mr. Dalben, "and you shall take those days for enlarging your arbour, with the help of Maurice. I shall not inquire for either of you at meals—you understand me. After Thursday morning, with the divine help, we will hope to return to our old regular habits."

"Dear uncle," replied Henry, "how is it that when I feel that I have done wrong, your kindness cuts me more than any severity could do?" And he took out his handkerchief as hastily as possible, to wipe away a tear he could not restrain.

"Shall I tell you, my boy?" replied Mr. Dalben. "You love me, and that is the cause. And from hence you may obtain light into that doctrine of religion wherewith so many persons are puzzled. They cannot understand how good

works as naturally follow faith, as fruit is produced from blossoms. The natural man, being conscious of his own depravity, fears, and even hates his Maker; but the converted man, being convinced that his Maker is reconciled to him through our blessed Saviour, and that he has predestinated him to everlasting glory, no longer fears and hates him, but is warmed and animated with a strong sense of love and gratitude towards him; he is therefore touched with every instance of kindness, however small and apparently trifling, (and perhaps the more minute the favour and attention, the more touched he is by it); and he can no more help endeavouring to please him whom he loves, than the gentle infant can avoid the exercise of love towards his nursing mother. Hence it is said, love is the fulfilling of the law, and where love is in exercise—I mean pure and holy love—what law is needful? And, inasmuch as it is most sweet and grateful to serve and please those who are dear to us, what anguish do we endure when we give them pain; and on occasions, when we think that we have so done, we feel their continued kindness as coals of fire heaped upon our heads. Were it possible that you could be so abandoned of your heavenly guide as to commit any grievous offence against me,

your paternal friend, you would suffer less were I to spurn you with my foot, than to take you to my heart and weep over you as a still dear, though fallen child."

Henry could not answer one word; and his uncle, seeing that he was much affected, changed the subject; and the adopted father and son continued to converse on less interesting topics, till the voice of Mrs. Bonville was heard on the other side of the railing, discoursing with Thomas, and expressing her hopes that Mr. Dalben had not been much alarmed at the early and unexpected appearance of Master Milner.

"Good night, uncle, good night!" said Henry; "I am so glad I have told you every thing." And out of the room he rushed, springing up the stairs, as if pursued by Tom Bliss with his clasp-knife, and barricading himself in his own apartment, where he soon forgot the sweets and the bitters of that day—to wit, the honey and the ale—in the delightful foretaste of two days to be spent in new-modelling his old harbour.

When Mrs. Bonville entered Mr. Dalben's parlour, she looked heated and agitated; her first words were, "I hope you were not alarmed, uncle, at Master Milner's sudden and hasty return."

"He has explained every thing to me, my



good cousin," replied Mr. Dalben; "all is as it should be—so do not make yourself uneasy."

Mrs. Bonville was vexed and irritated, not because Mr. Dalben was so, but because he was not so; and she added—"But really, uncle—really, Mr. Dalben, it is a pity that Henry Milner does not know a little more of life; he ought to learn to take an innocent jest. I can assure you that I shall not get over the fright I got when he ran away, for one while." And she sat down and began to fan herself.

"Well, cousin, the alarm is over now," replied Mr. Dalben, "and we may as well make the best of it."

"But surely, Mr. Dalben," returned the lady, "Henry ought to be told that these sort of things will not do in society. Henry is a fine boy; but as Dr. Matthews hinted in his letter, a singular one—a very peculiar one; and these peculiarities—these oddities—these—in one word, uncle, unless he sees more of the world, he will be what they call an odd—a singular—a peculiar person. He ought to see more of general society."

"There is time enough, quite time enough," replied Mr. Dalben quietly; "Henry is only fifteen years and a few months old—a period of life in which worldly wisdom is hardly to be desired."

“Fifteen years, a few months, a few days,” repeated Mrs. Bonville; “what was my Edgar at that period?—fit for any company, Mr. Dalben—fit for any society—a complete little man—remarked in all assemblies for his agreeable and charming qualities. I wish, uncle——”

“I wish, niece,” returned Mr. Dalben, “that you would be pleased to take off your cloak and bonnet, and sit quietly down to supper.—Here it comes—your favourite young potatoes and a little mince veal. You have had an early dinner and a long walk, and I hope have some appetite; and in order to settle the affair in question in a few words, I beg to say, that as I do not interfere with you in the management of Edgar, I desire to be left in the same degree of liberty with regard to Henry Milner.”

These words made Mrs. Bonville feel that she had gone quite far enough with her uncle. She therefore reined herself in, (to use an expression of Mr. Hargrave’s,) and changing her tone, tried to make herself agreeable; and the remainder of the evening passed off as easily as might be expected, when it is considered that the uncle and niece had not two ideas in common.

The two remaining days of Mrs. Bonville’s residence at Mr. Dalben’s passed off quietly.

The lady seemed somewhat disconcerted, however, by the non-appearance of Henry at the meals, and more than once went to him in the harbour to inspect the progress of the work. It seemed, however, that there was a wish to conciliate on all sides ; and where this wish is found, peace and kindness will naturally ensue.

Mr. Hargrave, the elder brother, called on Mr. Dalben the day before Mrs. Bonville's departure, and apologized in a very gentlemanlike manner for the rudeness of his brothers ; adding, that they still retained too much of the manners of school-boys, and were too fond of those practical jests which are utterly inconsistent with good breeding. Mr. Dalben and Mr. Hargrave were pleased with each other, though their habits were too far dissimilar to admit of intimacy.

Early on the Thursday morning Mrs. Bonville left Mr. Dalben's in a chaise from Malvern, on her way to Cheltenham ; and the last words which she uttered were, to remind him that Édgar was engaged to spend the long vacation of the ensuing year with him in Worcestershire.

## CHAP. VII.

*Now to new Fields and Pastures new.*

As Mr. Dalben and Henry returned into the study from escorting Mrs. Bonville to her carriage, after a very early breakfast, Henry fetched a long deep breath, and concluded by bounding over the sofa which stood with its back to the door, descending lightly among the down and cushions.

“What now !” said Mr. Dalben.

“I hear the wheels of the world passing away,” replied Henry, “and the sound becomes fainter every moment; I feel myself at home—quite at home now, uncle, and I find myself exceedingly young, and very happy. I feel as I did that day, when Wellings had been dining with us, and was gone;—the bull day, uncle, when poor Patrick O’Grady saved my life.”

“Well,” said Mr. Dalben, “then suppose you go and spend yourself with a run, and Kitty

shall remove these cups and saucers, and then we will have some discourse on various matters."

All this was done as Mr. Dalben proposed; and when Henry returned, he was ready to sit down opposite to Mr. Dalben in the beloved window.

The morning was one of the sweetest mornings of early summer. Thomas was mowing the little grass plot under the window, and the dew had hardly passed from the blossoms of the lilac and the laburnum.

"And now, my beloved Henry," said Mr. Dalben, we are, with the Divine permission, beginning a new stage of our existence. I have always been in the habit of considering the journey of life as divided into certain stages. We sometimes in our journey arrive at a quiet and peaceful inn, surrounded with green fields: and then again our journey of another day brings us to the centre of a market or a fair in some crowded square, where we are disturbed with shrews within and brawls without; but the wise traveller is enabled to retain the tranquillity of his mind in all these various scenes—his heart is in that place which he hopes to attain at the end of his journey; and his chief anxiety is to secure a welcome in that bourne of his best hopes.

“You and I, my boy, have for some months past been travelling through stormy scenes, and now, through the Divine goodness, we are met again under the fairest auspices. We have a prospect of spending two years or more together in this place, with the Divine permission; after that time we must part for a while, but not, I trust, permanently. But inasmuch as we cannot expect present peace unless we are in the way of usefulness and duty, let us consider what our immediate objects and duties may be. You have never changed your mind, I imagine, my dear boy, respecting your profession.”

“No, Sir,” replied Henry; “I wish to be a clergyman.”

“So far, so well,” replied Mr. Dalben; “when a young man’s mind is made up as it regards his profession, his views are simplified, and he then has only to consider what is required of him to render him an accomplished individual of his order. I use the word accomplished, in its sense of complete or finished—as complete and as finished and perfect as his very imperfect nature and natural qualities will allow.

“My Henry, have you ever pictured to yourself a perfect model of the character of a Christian minister?”

“I have sometimes thought of what a clergy-

man ought to be," replied Henry ; " but yet I do not think that I have ever seen one whom I should wish exactly to be like."

" Have you ever, in the course of reading, met with the character of a Christian teacher, which you would wish to imitate ? "

" I have only read children's books yet, Sir," replied Henry.

" Recollect yourself, my boy," returned Mr. Dalben. " Have you only read children's books as yet, my dear Henry ? "

" Children's books, and the classics, and the Bible, replied Henry.

" And the Bible ? " returned Mr. Dalben.

" Yes, Sir," returned Henry ; " I read the Bible much before I left home, but not so much at school."

" And is there no character therein depicted, worthy of imitation ? " asked Mr. Dalben.

" Our Saviour," replied Henry ; " but, uncle, what am I that I should imitate our Lord ? "

" Christ was a man as well as God," replied Mr. Dalben ; " as our articles say, the Son, which is the Word of the Father begotten from everlasting of the Father, the very and eternal God, of one substance with the Father, took man's nature in the womb of the blessed Virgin

of her substance; so that two whole and perfect natures, that is to say, the Godhead and manhood, were joined together in one person never to be divided. In his character of man there is, therefore, much in our Lord which we may imitate; neither can we believe that this imitation will be wholly without success, when we understand that our blessed Saviour has procured for those who are united to him by faith, that assistance of the Holy Spirit by which we are enabled to bring forth the fruits of good works. Such being the case, my Henry, there is no presumption in our setting before ourselves the Lord our Saviour in his human character, as a divine teacher, as a model for our imitation. Had the shepherds and pastors of the church ever looked to the Sun of righteousness, rather than to the clouds which passed between them and that Sun in the dark days of the church, the sheep would not have wandered as they have done, and still continue to do."

"Uncle," replied Henry, "please to explain to me what you have just said."

"Have you forgotten, Henry, what I have taught you respecting the type of water? and what I said respecting clouds? Water, which is expressed in Hebrew by a word signifying motion, in opposition to stillness or quiescence,



circulates through the earth as the blood through the body. I therefore take water to be the type of life, whether natural or spiritual, according to the state of the element, or the uses and purposes to which it is applied, or the forms in which it appears, whether in the heavens above or in the earth beneath—the living waters, or fresh flowing waters, being the type of spiritual life, and the dead and stagnant waters, of natural life, or of the multitudes of those who live according to nature, being dead whilst they live.

“And now, Henry,” said the old gentleman, “tell me how you would distinguish the living waters as to their different appearances?”

“Please to answer for me, uncle,” replied Henry.

“The living waters,” resumed Mr. Dalben, “may be distinguished in their different forms of clouds, mists, dew, rain, hail, and snow, running brooks, fountains, lakes, pools, and wells. How these enrich and fructify the earth, as the Holy Spirit of life nourishes and supports the garden of God, I need not now explain to you, my dear Henry; but I cannot refrain from speaking a few words respecting clouds.

“I have asserted that living waters are the types of the various gifts and graces of the Holy

Spirit. I now proceed to say, that the dead waters, which are the emblems of the spiritually dead, are capable of fewer divisions: the chief of these is the ocean, which immense volume of water is every where accepted as the type of the multitude, not only by sacred but profane authors. The clouds, then, are such portions of these as are drawn up heavenwards by the influence of the sun, and therefore become the emblems of those individuals of the once spiritually dead, who being attracted by the warmth of divine love, as proceeding from the God incarnate, enter into a new state of existence, and become again the medium of shedding the kindly influences of the Holy Spirit on the church, or field, of the Lord. From these clouds proceed thunderings, which are the voices of preachers—and lightnings, which are convictions—the power of God operating by and through them. The Spirit, which, in some instances, is typified by the air guiding them in their course, and causing them to rest on the summits of the hills, or Christian politics, and again to descend into the vallies in flowing fountains and rills.”

“ Oh, uncle ! how very beautiful is all this ! ” said Henry. “ What a new world do these types open to those who read the Bible with the knowledge of them ! ”

“And you think that the clouds are an emblem of the regenerate of those rather,” replied Mr. Dalben, “who being regenerate, are made the channels of spiritual instruction; but inasmuch as human teachers are often employed for the benefit of the church, yet they are also sometimes perverted by the evil one to its injury; and by concealing the sun of life from the church, render it dark and cold. St. Jude speaks also of clouds without water, carried about by divers winds. But to leave this my favourite subject of types, and to return to that from which I set out, I have pointed out the character of our Lord as a human teacher, as that which alone is worthy of close imitation in such as are to follow as pastors of the church; and I would remark, that such a model ever set before the eye of the mind is less liable to lead to conceit than one which is merely human. An artist who imitates the beautiful works of nature must always feel his own incapacity, whereas, he that copies a copyist, may feel that he can equal, if not surpass his original. And now, my dear boy, to apply this subject to your case, what are those parts of the character of our Lord in which you may in all humility endeavour to imitate him? First, his entire conformity to the will of his Father, as it is revealed in scripture; secondly, his freedom from that

severity and manner which renders many worthy persons of the present day so particularly unamiable; thirdly, his universal love, charity, and pity, for the whole human race; fourthly, his respect for those who, for the time being, were in authority over him; and fifthly, the extreme caution with which he avoided all interference with the temporal concerns of his fellow-creatures. In all these particulars you may endeavour to imitate him, praying that it may be meat and drink to you to do your Father's will."

"Uncle," replied Henry, "it is very strange that I never meet with people who keep a middle way in giving me advice. For many months past I have heard of nothing but of the world; and that I must please the world, and be like the world, and know the world, and honour the world, and respect the world, and bow to the world, and worship the world. And you tell me, that I am to have nothing to do with the world, and not meddle with it—and have no manner of concern with it, further than I can help. But I can tell whose advice is the pleasantest; for when I hear nothing of the world I feel quite happy, and when I hear the world talked of I get quite miserable.—Oh, uncle! I do hope that I shall not be obliged to have much to do with this

fine world, of which people say so much. I do not think I shall ever find many delights in it."

"Ah, Henry!" replied Mr. Dalben, "you do not yet know half the snares and trials of this dangerous world; but I trust, that the prayer of our blessed Saviour for his disciples will extend its influence to you, my son. I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou 'shouldst keep them from the evil.'—John xvii. 5. But to return once more to that from which I set out—what things are necessary in order to render you such as I should desire to see you as a clergyman.

"I have given you a model for instruction, indeed; a complete and glorious example, which may serve you as an outline of that character to which you must aspire; but inasmuch as even that humblest grade of what is commendable in any character can only be attained by labour in our present state of existence, we must now consider what steps should be taken, and what acquirements made, in order to obtain that which we desire. And first, we should inquire, what is requisite in the teacher of any art or science."

Henry smiled, and answered, "that he supposed he ought to know what he meant to teach."

Mr. Dalben smiled in reply, and asked  
“What is a clergyman required to teach !”

Henry answered, “The religion contained in the Bible.”

“We will say the Bible, then,” replied Mr. Dalben: “every clergyman is required to make the Bible known to his people; he ought, therefore, to know it himself, as far as it may be known, and that with all its bearings. In the first place, he ought to know the languages in which it was first penned: these are Hebrew and Greek. But because the arrangements of society are such, that more is required of a young man of that sort of learning, which bears but imperfectly on the Scriptures, than he can possibly obtain if he gives much time to the study of the Old Testament in the original language, however unwilling we may be, we must give up the idea of following Hebrew any further, my boy, till you have taken your degree. Neither, I fear, can we devote such close attention to the Greek Testament as we could wish. We cannot now model the decrees of society to our own tastes: life is but a choice of evils. You cannot be ordained without passing through the University; and you cannot pass through the University, and take your degree, without obtaining a considerable portion

of classical knowledge. To obtain this, therefore, as soon as possible, and to make these attainments, which are a sort of *sine qua non*, without which no man can enter the Church of England, must therefore now be your object. And if you magnanimously devote, we will say, three good hours every day to this object, you will make a more steady and certain progress than you would by lingering for double the time over your books, looking through the window, kicking your heels, and counting the flies on the ceiling between each sentence. Take these three hours together, or at three stated times; but let every unimportant affair yield to this imperious necessity. I could wish, indeed, that the hours devoted, from infancy, to Latin, could be appropriated to the Hebrew; but this desirable object cannot be expected to be obtained till the influence of the great Latin anti-christian hierachy has entirely passed away, as the clouds from the mountains——”

“ Please, Sir,” returned Henry, “ explain to me what you mean by the Latin hierachy ?”

“ I will explain this important subject another time, Henry,” said Mr. Dalben: “ we will now keep to our point in question. Yet although we must relinquish, or rather defer, the Hebrew, and give our attention chiefly to

profane authors, we may, nevertheless, make our profane studies as subservient as possible to that which is to be our chief object in after life. And ever bear in mind that the study of ancient authors, and those which are contemporary with the sacred writers, may contain much, very much, which may assist the young student to understand many passages in the inspired volume which otherwise might have remained inexplicable to him; and more than this, he will find that the habit of obtaining the knowledge of languages, and of using that sort of application by which they alone can be acquired, will be of infinite utility to him, when left at liberty to pursue those studies which are most congenial with his object in life. And whereas," continued Mr. Dalben, " a young clergyman ought to understand the Scriptures in their original language, he ought also thoroughly to understand them as the most ancient, most authentic, and most universal of histories; he ought to know how profane history bears upon those which are sacred, harmonizes with them and confirms them.

" He ought to understand that language of types, which many of the inspired writers have used in order to give such notices of future events, as shall be understood only to the faithful, and as far (even to them) only as the great



Teacher of the human race shall permit. He ought to ascertain how this language of emblems corresponds with the natural objects which are ever displayed to his observation; and to this object he may render his hours of recreation subservient, and thus pursue his studies, whilst enjoying the fragrance of the meadows, and the breezes of the mountains; and he may add a new interest to his studies of the classics, and especially of those of the most ancient of the poets, by noting in his book of types how the ancients used the emblems and symbols which the works of art or nature supply, in precisely the same senses in which they are used in Scripture. It is inconceivable, my Henry," continued Mr. Dalben, his countenance recovering no small portion of that animation of which the namby-pamby gossip of his good cousin Bonville, so long endured, had almost entirely divested him,—“ what beautiful analogies exist between the types and emblems used in Scripture, and those we find in the ancient poetical writers! Witness the Wheel of Fortune and the Dove of Jason——”

“ Dear uncle,” replied Henry, “ will you please to explain what you mean by the Wheel of Fortune and the Dove of Jason?”

“ A wheel, as you well know, Henry,” said Mr. Dalben, “ was the symbol of the For-

tune of the heathens, she that guided the wheel being blind ; the same symbol of the wheel being used in Ezekiel for the dispensations of Providence ; these wheels being full of eyes, and beyond the ken of the prophet in their terrible circumference. And again, the dove which guided the Argonauts through the rocks, reminds us of the dove of Noah, which, as it were, opened the way to the new world, bearing the olive-branch of peace.

“ But I fear, my Henry,” continued the old gentleman, “ that I shall fatigue you before I conclude. I never like to say more at any one time than I think your young mind can retain, and yet I would now gladly finish my subject. I have pointed out already how the Bible should be studied with a view to ancient tongues, to history, and to the language of prophecy ; and I would add, that it should be read also with a view to geography and ancient manners. In short, my dear Henry, I would have you consider that every kind of knowledge which can be obtained by books or observation may be brought in some way to bear upon the better understanding of Scripture. And, although I have mentioned this last which ought to have been first, I would say, that the candidate for holy orders ought to make himself thoroughly

acquainted with the doctrines of Scripture, and especially of that great mystery by which the apparent opposite attributes of the Deity, viz. holiness, justice, and mercy, are reconciled, and each allowed their perfect work. He should also compare the peculiar doctrines of the church which he is about to enter, with those of Scripture; and for this purpose I should particularly recommend the articles of our church. And now, my Henry, let me hear you recapitulate what has gone before, in a few words, and repeat to me the outline of what I have said in the order which you have heard it."

"First, Sir," replied Henry, "as I am to be a Christian teacher, I am to take the character of our Lord as a model, as far as I can."

"The Holy Spirit of God assisting you," remarked Mr. Dalben.

"I ought to study the languages in which the Bible is written," replied Henry; "but not having time for Hebrew, and very little for the Greek Testament, I ought to give my heart to get through the books which I must learn in order to obtain my degree, and obtain such a knowledge of the ancient languages as may assist me in my studies of the Bible in the original, when I have time to attend to them: then I am to study the Bible in English with

a reference to history, and also with a reference to types; and I am to get what knowledge I can of natural history, in order that I may better understand these types; and I am to observe and note down where the types are used in the same sense in the Bible and the classics."

"For which purpose," said Mr. Dalben, "you must immediately begin to make out a dictionary for your types. Take a blank book, and enter each word alphabetically, writing the meanings of those already received, and adding more as you find them, bringing your proofs from Scripture, and adding others from the classics as you meet with them."

"I understand, Sir," replied Henry; "we began a little book of this kind before I went to school."

"We will commence a larger one immediately, then, my Henry," continued Mr. Dalben; "but now go on."

"I am also to make myself acquainted with the geography of Scripture," continued Henry, "and also read with a view to ancient manners; and I am also to study the doctrines of the Bible, and to see how the articles of our church agree with the Bible."

"Because," returned Mr. Dalben, "if they

do not agree with Scripture, you of course ought not to have any thing to do with our church, however great its name may be. To these studies, my Henry," continued the old gentleman, "we must add a few other essentials. You, no doubt, know that to be able to write Latin is a *sine qua non* in the University; and as a clergyman is expected to compose his own sermons, English composition is a study to which he ought to attend. He ought also to be able to read clearly and without affectation or seeming to labour, and he should be able to express himself on serious subjects with promptitude and accuracy."

"Oh, uncle!" replied Henry, "what an immense deal a clergyman has to learn."

"Any man, who would desire to do well in his profession, must necessarily be industrious, and have a single eye to his object," replied Mr. Dalben; "but I would wish you to observe one thing, which is this—that if you go forth into the walks of study, desiring to glean every species of scripture knowledge which you possibly can, whilst you are collecting for one particular object, you will have opportunities without end for enriching your collection for multitudes of other objects. For instance, is your especial business to get up a book of

Homer?—whilst you are making yourself acquainted with the ancient dialect, you may meet with a passage which may exemplify a type, show the analogies between ancient customs, clear up a point of history, or explain an allusion in a sacred writer. He that goes out on the mountains in search of some particular plant, may find others equally rare and precious which are not the object of his search at that precise period. However various the studies required of the young clergyman, his object is, or ought to be, but one—and that one of a nature so noble, so infinitely glorious, that I could almost envy every youth, who, being right minded, is about to enter upon a career so magnificent.

“And now, my boy, to add a few words only, inasmuch as relaxation is necessary to man as well as labour, I would only caution you to avoid all such relaxations as you find from experience may unfit you for your one great object. Hence, I disapprove of public amusements, cards, public dancings, and country sports, which rather tend to fatigue and unsettle the mind, than to refresh it; but drawing, or music, if there is a turn for either of these, the belles lettres, botany, chemistry, pleasing and cheerful conversation, the exercise of walking,

or of gardening; all these are suitable and becoming amusements for clergymen; and those persons little understand the nature of the human mind, and the spirit of religion, who deny them to the young divine.

“And now, my boy, inasmuch as to-day is better than to-morrow, bring your books, and I will point out to you what lessons you shall prepare for me against the next day. I have thought of the arrangements of our hours. We will (all being well) meet to family prayers at eight o'clock; we shall have concluded our breakfast at nine; I shall hope then to have an hour complete with you, during which I shall ascertain what you have done the day before; you shall then study till one, in your own room; at one we will meet again, and, having taken some refreshment, we will amuse ourselves as we please till three, our dinner hour—when the weather permits we will walk; our dinner is over at four, and as I have not the strength I once had, I must leave you from four to six to amuse yourself.”

“I can finish my labour, then,” said Henry, “and I have several things to do. Might I have a new adze, and a hammer, and a little saw? I want to make a rabbit-cub, and Maurice can help me.”

“ You shall have every thing which is reasonable, my boy,” replied Mr. Dalben ; “ be steady, with the Divine help, in your lesson hours, and you shall have every indulgence I can give you in your hours of amusement. But let us finish our day—you must come in at six o’clock, and we will fill up our evening till nine with geography, drawing, composition, and our type-book, finishing with a few chapters in the Bible, the servants being present.”

“ And,” said Henry, “ may Maurice sit in a corner of the study and carry on his writing, and summing, and reading? Poor Maurice! he has gone back sadly whilst we have been away.”

“ With all my heart,” replied Mr. Dalben ; “ I love the poor boy ; and if he could but read well, he might be a comfort to me, as I get older, when you are gone, my Henry.”

“ Gone!” repeated Henry, colouring and looking uneasy.

“ When you are at the University,” replied Mr. Dalben.

Henry repressed a sigh, jumped up and hastened away for his books, all of which looked none the better for the sundry battles at Clent Green, in which, although their master had



never been engaged, they had not unseldom performed the part of missiles, flying from the hands of one first-form-man against the sconce of another.

## CHAP. VIII.

*A pleasant Discourse agreeably interrupted.*

HENRY Milner had now arrived in one of those verdant and peaceful vallies through which, according to good old John Bunyan, the way of the pilgrim doth sometimes pass in the course of his journey from the city of destruction to that land where all tears are wiped from every eye; and he saw before him the journey of two prophetic days—by which my young reader is to understand as many years—extending before him in one unbroken line.

These quiet and harmless solitudes were the sweeter to him because of the tumultuous scenes through which he had lately travelled; scenes where he had heard nought but the din and jargon of worldly persons, calling his attention to every object but that which his holy instructor had set before him, and persecuting him

with that which of all others young people most dread, viz. mockery and ridicule, or, in other words, quizzing and scoffing, whenever he endeavoured to keep that direction in which his foot had been set by those who had had the charge of his infancy.

Things went quietly on for several weeks after the arrangements above mentioned had been settled by Mr. Dalben for the studies and amusements of Henry, and in the meantime no important interruptions had occurred. During that period, studies of a dry, and studies of a more pleasing nature, had succeeded each other in regular routine, being diversified by pleasant walks and interesting labours; for Henry had completed his arbour to his utmost satisfaction, Mr. Dalben having kindly given his opinion, and permitted him to have every assistance from the carpenter and Thomas; in consequence of which, it was as complete a concern of the kind, as any which all the county round could exhibit. In the first place, there was a sort of hut, of the form of a bee-hive, only that the entrance was much wider and larger in proportion; the inside being lined with moss, and having rustic seats all round it, formed of the boughs of trees, so arranged as to make arms, legs, and backs; in the centre was a round deal table, on which

Henry could arrange his book, when the temperature of the air permitted him to study out of doors, which he had great pleasure in doing, as there he enjoyed the murmur of many rural sounds, such as the hum of bees, the song of birds, and the rush of waters; for Mr. Dalben's garden was not far from one of the falls of that same brook into which Henry once had fallen on a certain occasion, which shall not be mentioned in this place, as it was a tale of which the youth did not much like to hear, any more than he did of the extraordinary mistake of that worthy personage, Mrs. Jennings—for which account I refer my reader to my second volume—Henry not yet being old enough to hear and speak of the misadventures of his very early life with that ease and coolness with which we older persons are enabled to do. But to return to Henry's arbour: in the front of it was a sort of porch or veranda, the pillars of which were to be adorned with creepers, but as yet there were none of these, for the season when they should be planted was not arrived. The arbour stood in Henry's garden, and when it was finished there was much to be done to the garden, to make it correspond with the arbour; and when the garden was in perfect order, then Henry bethought himself of separating it from

the larger garden by a light paling, which he and Maurice executed themselves; and all this took a long time, so that the summer was nearly past before all these things were finished. In the meantime, as I before said, every thing had gone on most smoothly and pleasantly.

When we consider the number of accidents to which we are liable on earth, we ought to be filled with admiration when only one day passes without some sinister accident; but when days, weeks, and months, and even years, glide away in peace, what occasion is there for wonder, love, and praise!

Without seeming to labour, Henry Milner was making gradual advances in knowledge; his mind was opening, and his habits of industry were acquiring strength; truly it might be said of him at this time, that he was a happy boy—and his happiness appeared in his glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes. Any one who had seen him at Clent Green, whilst under the iron harrows of worldly companions, and seen him again in his own happy home, would have hardly known him. But how truly is it said, there are dangers even in our very advantages. The very exuberance of health and spirits is a trial to youth, and especially so when their elders do not supply proper

occasions for the spending and exhausting this natural buoyancy of the young spirits. The regular interchange of employments, each interesting in their way, are the best preventives of the evil consequences which too often proceed from this exuberance of animal spirits. Hence, the wisest instructors (humanly speaking) are those who are most prompt and skilful in supplying such occupations as the young mind can fasten upon, and, in fastening, receive nourishment and strength. Mr. Dalben was particularly skilful in these matters: though himself feeble, and older of his years than many are, he had an exhaustless fund of resources for keeping the young attention alive upon useful and improving objects. He was well aware that his beloved pupil was now entering upon the most dangerous period of his existence; that precise period in which the son ceases to follow his father's steps, and begins to cut out new paths for himself. Still, however, he had his dear Henry with him; and though he could not follow him into all his haunts as formerly, yet he had many opportunities for personal observation; and these he used with his wonted sagacity, and deep knowledge of human nature. It would have been hard for any one with whom he constantly lived to have deceived him; and

I have the pleasure to say, that Henry Milner never attempted it. During the very heat of the summer, Mr. Dalben sometimes changed the hours of walking, from the afternoon till the evening; and it was on one of these occasions that he fell into a discourse upon history—the idea being suggested by a distant view of the towers and spires of Worcester, as seen from a little eminence to which they had ascended, and where they had sat down on the trunk of a tree, which had been felled, and was still lying there.

“Is Worcester a very old town, uncle?” asked Henry.

Mr. Dalben replied, “that it was supposed that that suburb of the city called Sidbury had been probably a Roman station, and that the present cathedral was built soon after the Conquest, the building which stood before in its place having been burnt by the order of Hardicanute.”

“Then, Sir,” returned Henry, “nothing was known of Worcester, of course, before our Saviour. But, dear uncle, I wish you would go on, giving me lectures in history as you used to do before I went to school.”

“Willingly, my dear boy,” replied Mr. Dalben, “if you wish it; but as you know I

am very methodical, I must commence by giving you some grand outlines, which we must afterwards fill up. I know of no book but the Scripture, from which these grand outlines can be derived; and I have often considered, that, by a close study of a very few chapters, with their bearings, such an outline of true history might be obtained from the period of the Deluge till the triumph of the Roman empire, as we could not obtain in any other way whatever."

"Please, uncle," said Henry, "will you explain what is meant by their bearings?"

"I mean," returned Mr. Dalben, "in this place, such comments and explanations as these chapters are capable of admitting, from the pages of profane history."

"Might I ask what these chapters are to which you allude, uncle?" resumed Henry.

"The first of these," replied Mr. Dalben, "is the first chapter of Genesis, and part of the second; which, under figurative, but not arbitrary, expressions, include the whole history of the earth, from the beginning to the end of time."

"I think, Sir," replied Henry, "that you have taught me something of this formerly; but will you now please to explain it more exactly to me?"



“The world,” replied Mr. Dalben, “was created in six days, the seventh being appointed as the first day of rest, or sabbath. In the language of types, one day, in the most extensive import of the type, stands for one thousand years, and *vice versâ*.

“I know this, Sir,” replied Henry.

“In consequence,” returned Mr. Dalben, “each day of creation is supposed to become a type of one thousand years of the world’s duration. Do you understand me, my boy?”

“I do, Sir,” replied Henry.

“Thus,” returned Mr. Dalben, “we have a hint of the proposed duration of the world’s existence; and our next measure is to consider the periods when each prophetic day terminates. According to our best chronologers, the first day begins with the creation, and ends with the age of Enoch.

“The second begins with the age of Enoch, and ends with the epoch of Terah.

“The third begins with the epoch of Terah, and ends with the opening of Solomon’s Temple.

“The fourth begins with the opening of the Temple, and includes the birth of our Lord.

“The fifth begins with the preaching of the Gospel, and ends about the time of the Danish Kings of England.

"The sixth begins during the period of the Danish kings, and, if our calculations are just, or nearly so, is drawing to its conclusion.

"In the seventh, we look for the millennium, or sabbath of a thousand years, which will as far exceed the glories of the first sabbath spent in paradise as the character of the second Adam exceeds that of the first."

"This is very fine and pleasant, uncle," replied Henry, his eyes kindling at the thought of the millennium, that period of rest and joy which had afforded so many delightful prospects and bright hopes to his early years. "So far I understand; yet I should be entirely at a loss how to comprehend the types in this first chapter, so as to make them agree with history."

"You would be at a loss, Henry," replied Mr. Dalben, "for two reasons; first, because you do not understand the outline of history, and, secondly, because you are not thoroughly acquainted with the types which are used in this chapter."

"But I should like to understand all these things, uncle," returned Henry. "Do tell me a little more respecting them."

"I began, my dear Henry," replied Mr.

Dalben, "by saying, that there were several chapters of Scripture, which being opened out, would form an exceedingly fine outline, or, I might add, different views of the same outline, of history; and I meant to have pointed them all out to you at this present time: but since you are so much delighted with my first exhibition of this subject, we will adhere to this peculiar point to-day. Can you inform me what the state of the earth was from the time of the Fall until the preaching of Enoch?"

Henry replied, "that he would be much obliged if his uncle would be the teacher, and be so good as not to question him."

"Well, then, my dear boy, I must tell you," replied Mr. Dalben, "in a few words, that the world was then in a state of violence and anarchy, without laws and without government, and probably without any established forms of worship; for, during its first thousand years, although the children of Seth had begun to call upon the name of the Lord, yet, when the sons of Seth had united themselves with the daughters of Cain, it is to be believed that all piety had ceased, and society had presented one universal scene of bloodshed and corruption. And now, my Henry, what is one of the chief clas-

sical illustrations of a society without rule or principle, or of the reign of violence?"

Henry was silent, but looked deeply attentive: on which Mr. Dalben replied, "The contentions of the elements are a type received by all writers of the ragings of an unruly multitude. We may therefore have no hesitation in receiving this as an accepted emblem. And now, let us turn to Scripture, and we shall find these words:—'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth; and the earth was without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep.' The earth was then in a state of chaos; fire, water, earth, and air, being tumbled together without form and order. And can we desire, my dear Henry, a more apt and forcible emblem of that state of society where rule and order were entirely wanting?"

"There is one thing, however, which I have omitted to tell you, that as the Jewish day begins at sunset, so the prophetic day begins in darkness—continues in darkness awhile, arrives at meridian glory, and then fades away. So in each of these days we shall find a period of gloom, succeeded by brightness. The light which was created by the divine Word—a light, the nature of which we

hardly understand, as it was not then embodied in the sun, or reflected by the moon, we believe to be typical of the preaching of Enoch, who was himself so splendid a light, that he was not permitted to taste of death.

“ We now proceed,” continued Mr. Dalben, “ to the second day of creation, which is supposed to be typical of the second millennium. The chief events of this day were the increasing depravity of the human race, and the flood ;—at which time Noah and his family, being raised above the mass of mankind, were lifted up as the clouds of heaven—being separated from the world through death. These events are figured by the separation of the waters through the influence of the spirit, or air, certain portions being raised above the rest ; as the holy men of God are lifted up above the multitude of the spiritually dead, in the same manner as the clouds are drawn up from the sea. We might spend days, my dear boy, rather than a few minutes, in examining and comparing this beautiful type with its still more glorious antitype.”

“ Please to go on, dear uncle,” said Henry ; “ I think I know the events of the third millennium, yet I would rather you would explain them.”

“ This millennium,” said Mr. Dalben, “ began with the dispersion of the various families ; for although the command to disperse had been given in the second millennium, yet history informs us that it had not taken place to any extent to the third millennium, at the commencement of which all the nations of the world were still gathered round the ancient seat of mankind, viz. Babel. The most remote country to which they had hitherto travelled was Egypt, of which we have an account—and the Holy Land, which was the place appointed for the seat of the church, was in possession of the children of Ham. During this millennium, these last people were expelled from this region, which being left dry from the dead waters, or multitudes of the spiritually dead, was left as a field blessed and prepared of the Lord for the trees of righteousness, which immediately issued up therein, taking root downwards and bearing fruit upwards. —These are types, my Henry, which you understand so well, that I need only repeat the verses which relate to these transactions in the account of creation, to make you thoroughly acquainted with them, in Gen. i. 9, 10, 11, 12.—‘ And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appear : and it was so. And God called

the dry land earth ; and the gathering together of the waters called he seas : . and God saw that it was good. And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth : and it was so. And the earth brought forth grass and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind : and God saw that it was good.' ”

“ Now pray, uncle, go on,” said Henry.

“ Before I proceed,” said Mr. Dalben, “ I must make you understand one thing, viz. that at that time when this millennium commenced, which was only a few centuries after the deluge, although mankind had multiplied more rapidly than any nation could now do, there were perhaps hardly as many living souls on earth as that city now before us contains at this time. It was therefore impossible that there could have been any great empires then existing. Men there were, indeed, having the titles of kings ; but these kings were little superior to the heads of some little village in the wilds of Africa now ; and we need only to read the account of the battle of kings to be assured of this fact. Hence those historians who tell us of a great empire existing in Assyria from the time of Nimrod, four hun-

dred years after the flood, are not deserving of the smallest belief. At the time of Abraham, all the earth, with the exception of some small portions of the East, of Egypt, and Asia Minor, was probably one vast wilderness, in which the voice of man was never heard—in which the wild beasts roamed at pleasure, and the eagle built her solitary nest. We have also reason to believe that the waters of the deluge had not yet passed away from many vast regions which are now submitted to the plough and harrow; and that the breaking forth of these waters from time to time through the channels of the mountains, occasioned many of those floods which are mentioned in history, and are confounded with the universal deluge. It was necessary that I should explain this to you, my dear boy, before I proceeded with my day."

"Now, uncle, will you go on to the fourth day," said Henry; "shall I repeat the verses about it to you? (Genesis i. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19.) 'And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years: and let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth: and it was so. And



God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the stars also. And God set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth, And to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness; and God saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.' ”

“ It is not until we enter the fourth millennium,” replied Mr. Dalben, “ that profane history becomes of any use to us in throwing light upon sacred history; and hitherto the historian has had no guide but Scripture. Hence his labour has been less.” Mr. Dalben was proceeding, when a voice, as if issuing from a valley on the right, was heard, repeating the name of “ Milner—Master Milner—Master Henry !”

“ What is that ?” said Mr. Dalben, looking about him.

“ They are calling me,” replied Henry, starting up—“ I am sure they are calling me.”

“ Listen, listen,” said Mr. Dalben. They stood awhile in deep attention—all was still—scarcely the murmur of a fly disturbed the perfect quiet.

“ It was fancy,” remarked Henry.

“ Hush !” said Mr. Dalben, “ it is there again,

and nearer still ; do you hear ?” Again the voice repeated ‘ Henry, Henry Milner,’ and another, a faint and low voice on the other side repeated ‘ Milner.’ “ That is the echo of the valley,” remarked Mr. Dalben, “ but some persons are surely calling. I hope nothing has happened.”

The next call was louder, and two voices were now apparent, the one calling, “ Master Henry, Master Milner”—the other adding, Henry, Henry, Henry Milner.”

“ Milner,” again repeated the echo. Henry was about to run down the bank, but Mr. Dalben arrested him, saying, “ Wait a moment, you know not which way to run.”

“ Henry, Henry Milner ! was now more distinctly heard, but the windings of the valley brought the sound so uncertainly, that it was difficult to ascertain its direction : it sometimes appearing to be from one side, and sometimes from another ; whilst the wood nymph seemed to take a delight in adding to the perplexity of Henry—changing her direction continually in measure, as those who called varied their places.

Henry’s head in the meantime turned round like a vane in an uncertain wind, till at length he began to laugh, for the voices which reached

him from all sides, were by no means indicative of any unpleasant feelings, but rather of such as young people experience who are anticipating some delightful rencontre; for the tones of the voice are often as descriptive of the feelings of the heart as the glances of the eye; therefore Henry, having no bodings of evil, bethought himself of adding perplexity to perplexity, by adding his own voice to the others; he therefore repeated his own name aloud, and oftener still than those who called, till echo seemed almost to lose her breath in endeavouring to keep up with the reiterated attacks upon her accustomed quiet. It might be asked, is this fair handmaid of Juno gifted with breath, for bones, and flesh, and sinews, and nerves, she has not, and her heart, if ancient story records the truth, has long been wasted away; but we will leave this important consideration for more learned persons than ourselves, having little leisure at present for such disquisitions.

And now, my young reader, think who of all persons you would most wish Henry Milner to see again. Some of you will say Marten, and others, little George Beresford. Well, I will tell you; it is not George whose voice has awakened the echo, but it is Marten's, for this fine young man had come thirty miles out of

his way to see his beloved Henry, and not finding him in the house, had arrived, under the convoy of Maurice, at the foot of the hill where his friend had been sitting with Mr. Dalben.

## CHAP. IX.

*Marten.*

“MARTEN ! Marten ! Marten !” exclaimed Henry, as he darted down the green slope, and threw himself into the extended arms of his friend, whilst Maurice chuckled with delight in the rear of the scene ; and Mr. Dalben, who was no less pleased to see the true and ardent expression of affection between these two fine young people, descended slowly down the bank, to be ready to give his welcome the moment the first ebullitions of joy had subsided.

The graceful bow made by Marten as he drew somewhat back from his friend, was the first notice which Henry received of the approach of Mr. Dalben.

“Marten ! uncle,” said Henry, turning, all beaming with joy, to his uncle. “Marten, Sir,” as if the wide world could contain but one Marten—and that was his own Marten.

"Mr. Marten, you are most welcome," said Mr. Dalben, extending his hand to the young man; "most truly rejoiced am I to see you; you are as well known to me, Sir, as if I had lived with you the last seven years. You are no stranger here; even Maurice's face is illuminated by your presence. But run forward, Maurice," continued Mr. Dalben, "tell Kitty to prepare every thing for Mr. Marten's accommodation; and let supper be got ready as soon as possible."

Mr. Dalben then took one offered arm of Marten, and Henry the other; and as they walked towards home, Marten accounted for his appearance by saying, "That having had a few weeks at his command, he had taken a short tour in Wales, and arriving the night before at Hereford, he had secured a place to Malvern, and walked from thence, after having visited the summits of the hills;"—adding, with a smile, "I found that I was no longer a stranger when I had entered your gates, Mr. Dalben, and announced my name at the kitchen door, (where I first presented myself, as being the nearest;) for I not only saw my old acquaintance, Lily, reposing in high enjoyment before the fire, but was smiled upon most gra-

ciously by the housekeeper, whom I well knew as the celebrated Mrs. Kitty, of sweet and savoury memory, (not having forgotten the sundry sausages and cakes which were wont to pass from her fair hand to our supper-board at Clent Green,) and moreover, I was more unequivocally and decidedly welcomed by our friend Maurice, who darted from some of his usual haunts at the sound of my name, and insisted on being my guide to where he supposed his masters might be, adding, ‘that Master Henry would be hugely glad to see me, having done nothing else but talk of me ever since he came home,’ (no very profitable subject, by-the-by, Milner, added the young man;) but be that as it may, I set out under his convoy, and I had the pleasure to find that he had not the least notion in the world, to use his own phrase, in what direction you had walked. This acknowledgment, however, did not escape him till we had scoured half the country within a mile of the point from which we had started; and then, when we were almost in despair, he proposed to try what might be done by lifting up our voices; and if we gained little else by this,” continued Marten, “we had the pleasure of awakening a remarkably fine echo; for after several fainter endea-

vours, the lady of the woods finished off by repeating your name, Henry, as plainly as if it had proceeded from your own lips."

Henry looked up at Marten to ascertain how far he had recognized his own voice in unison with the real echo; on which Marten added, "Do you think I don't know your voice, Milner? but I see you are just the same as ever. I can tell you, Mr. Dalben, that under that smooth and quiet exterior, our friend Henry is as ready for a piece of mischief as any young gentleman I have the honour of being acquainted with. It would have delighted him above all things, if I had mistaken his voice for that of echo; he would have let me gone prosing on for the next half hour in commendation of the echoes of your valleys, Mr. Dalben, and then he would have come down upon me with the acknowledgment of the true nature of the voice which uttered his name so clearly. I have often said, and said it to Wellings, and to all of the rest of that crew of blackguards at Clent Green, that if Milner had chosen to have set his wits at them, he would presently have vanquished them all together, with their own weapons."

"There are some weapons, Mr. Marten," replied Mr. Dalben, calmly, "which no gentleman can permit himself to use;" adding, "I am



sorry that any young men of that rank and description which permitted them to be members of a respectable public school, should merit the appellation you have bestowed upon your old companions ; but since it has been your misfortune, and Henry's also, to be thus intimately associated with such persons, think you not that, for your own respectability, it might not be as well to endeavour to forget that you have had such companions, and, at any rate, not precisely to——”

Here Mr. Dalben hesitated a little, as if at a loss how to proceed ; on which Marten replied, “ You are perfectly right, Sir, and I am wrong ; I ought not to use such appellations—I ought not to use the word blackguards—I thank you for the reproof.”

“ Really,” replied Mr. Dalben, “ I am ashamed of the liberty I have taken ; but I will be plain with you, Mr. Marten : I love the society of young people—I am more easy in general with them than with elder ones—I feel more at home with them—they are fresher from the hands of their Maker than we are, and when unsophisticated, that is, when they appear as they are, they are much easier to deal with ; but the very love I bear them makes it impossible for me to be insincere with them. If you

are what Henry has represented you to be, you shall ever be welcome to my house, for days, weeks, months, or years, as you please, to come and to go as may suit you; but I know that I shall never be able to keep myself from telling you my opinion when I see occasion. Yet I love politeness, nay, the utmost polish of manner which is consistent with Christian sincerity; and I trust, my dear Sir, that I never should depart from it in my dealings with any gentleman, much less with one to whom I feel myself so much indebted as I do to you."

"Indebted, Sir," repeated Marten; "in what possible way can you be indebted to me?"

"You were kind to Henry at Clent Green," replied Mr. Dalben; "Henry has repeatedly told me of your kindness."

"And did he not tell you, Sir," returned Marten, "that I was at one time cold, haughty, cruel to him?"

Henry looked up pleadingly at Marten, as if to intreat him not to open upon this subject. And Marten was sorry that he had said so much, when he perceived, by Mr. Dalben's manner, that his young friend had never uttered a word of any thing which had passed unpleasantly between them.

What the impression was at this discovery

in the breast of the young man, may be more easily conceived than described. Mr. Dalben, however, understood his feelings, and replied, "We are not going to bring forward old school tales, Mr. Marten—it is a thing in which I never encouraged Henry ; whatever little interruptions there may have been to your friendship whilst at Clent Green, of this I am assured, that your countenance and favour was extremely valuable to Henry at school, as it may be in future life. And if you are led to see that there has been any error in your conduct towards Henry, or any other of your young companions, may the conviction lead you to do that which is better in future. There are none of us, who, having the mind illuminated by the Holy Spirit, can look back on his past life, but as upon a tissue of error. I might use a stronger word, of sin ; and we have nothing to do but to leave that which is past, and press on to that which is to come, hoping to amend our ways—the Almighty assisting us. We must bear with each other, Mr. Marten—and you must bear with me, if I am too plain with you ; and may the Divine blessing descend on your friendship with our Henry."

Mr. Dalben then enlarged on his ideas of friendship, bringing forward some fine senti-

ments of Cicero upon the subject—and showing how it had reigned in the heart of our Lord, as testified in his regard for John, emphatically called the beloved. Neither did he forget the sweet examples of Jonathan and David; and so deeply interested was Marten in this discourse, that he found himself at the gate of Mr. Dalben's premises, before he thought he had walked a quarter of a mile. Whilst Mr. Dalben reposed a few minutes on his couch before supper, Henry took Marten into the room set apart for visitors, where they found his small trunk already arrived by the hand of a porter from Malvern: there the two friends again expressed their delight at meeting, and Henry begged Marten to stay as long as he possibly could.

Marten informed his friend, that circumstances had occurred which had shortened his stay at Clent Green, which was to have been till Christmas; that he had been matriculated in ——— College, Oxford, and that he should begin to reside there after the long vacation.

"Then you will stay with us till the end of the long vacation?"

"I had not intended it," replied Marten; "but if I could manage it, I should delight in so doing; for, oh! Henry," he added, "independent of the

pleasure I should have in being with you, the society of Mr. Dalben would be such a treat—such an advantage, as would compensate for a thousand disagreeablenesses, and there are none here. I have read, and heard of persons, whose conversation is an intellectual feast, but I have never happened to meet with such an one before. So perfect a gentleman as Mr. Dalben is, I never yet beheld; he has given me an entirely new view of the character. And your kindness, Henry—your noble conduct, in never speaking ill of me, though I well deserved it, greatly raises you, high as you were before, in my esteem. But I cannot make speeches,” he added, affecting a more careless air; “if I stay here I must write and send for my books, for I must study hard; I have been idling all the vacation, and I want to have my little go over.”

“Your little go,” said Henry, laughing, “what may that be?”

“You will know by-and-bye to your cost,” said Marten; “that is, to the cost of your nerves, though I trust not of your reputation. The little go is the first college examination of any importance; a disagreeable sort of thing if a man has any modesty; and I must confess, that I heartily wish mine was over; for

when a man has once passed this strait of the mighty ocean of his academical voyage, he feels himself more at ease in the prospect of the hell gate of the last examination."

"I shall understand all these things by-and-bye," remarked Henry; "perhaps sooner than I wish."

"It can do no harm," replied Marten, "to think of them in time, and be prepared for them. Much more, I am sure, is done by reading diligently and moderately for some years, allowing the mind to digest what it has read, than to sap and toil at the last till a man gets as dull as an alderman, who has been gorged with green fat."

Marten and Henry then descended into the study, where they found Mr. Dalben waiting for them at a table, which, through the care of Mrs. Kitty, had been furnished with a dish of veal cutlets, which same cutlets, smoking from the fire, offered a relishing feast for the hungry traveller. Marten's plate was also flanked with a small modicum of excellent port; and every thing was so neatly arranged, and Maurice's services were tendered with such hearty good will, that the young man felt himself quite at home in a few minutes; and when Mr. Dalben pressed him to stay where he was until the

termination of the vacation, he promised his venerable friend that he would do so if his father's answer to the letter he should send the next day should be favourable.

Whilst Marten and Henry were taking their supper, (for Mr. Dalben seldom partook of that meal,) the conversation turned upon Oxford, where Marten had lately spent some short time just before the vacation; and on Marten's mentioning the college into which he was entered, Mr. Dalben recollected that it was the same college to which Edgar Bonville belonged; asking him if he had happened to meet with the young man whilst at Oxford.

"Bonville!" replied Marten; "yes, I know him very well."

"And what is he? what do you think of him?" returned Mr. Dalben. "I have an interest in him, though I never saw him. My father married twice. I was the only child of his second wife, born in my father's old age. Edgar Bonville's grandmother was the daughter of my father's first wife by a former husband. She was many years older than myself, and though actually not related to me, I always called her sister. She had only one daughter, the present Mrs. Bonville, who married a man much older than herself. I did not know him, but he was

well spoken of. Mrs. Bonville has been a widow more than a year; Edgar is her only hope—much depends upon him. Mrs. Bonville's income is small, but there is a handsome family living, which her son may enter upon immediately on his ordination. I am not about to say any thing respecting the right or wrong of bringing up a boy to the church merely with the view to a family living. It is not possible to ascertain the true calling of a child at that early period in which his studies are commenced; and whatever his parents' plans for him may be, they never can do amiss in pressing upon him the importance of the Christian religion; but as things are with regard to Edgar, who calls himself my nephew, I am very anxious that he should be all we could wish."

Marten looked unutterable things—fidgetted in his seat, and replied, "I had no idea that Bonville was connected to you, Henry Milner."

"Not to me," replied Henry; "to Mr. Dalben."

"Are you not related to Mr. Dalben?" said Marten.

"Only by the law of love," returned Mr. Dalben. "But to return to young Bonville—have you nothing to say of him, Mr. Marten?"

"He is a genteel young man—no snob—quite



the gentleman," replied Marten ;—" a good-natured fellow too—very pleasant in company. But I had an idea that Bonville was a man of large expectations, and not one of us poor creatures, who are born under a three-halfpenny planet."

" What is that ?" asked Henry. " What is being born under a three-halfpenny planet."

" Under poor auspices," replied Marten. " Can't you understand ?"

" I do," said Henry ; " but I maintain that a three-halfpenny planet is not to be despised, inasmuch as three-halfpence are worth more than a penny, and many a penny has borne the head of a Cæsar ; and if you would count any one fortunate who is born under the auspices of a Cæsar, how much greater must you be, Marten, who were born, as you say, under auspices which are worth half as much more."

" Bravo, Master Milner !" said Marten, " you have not hit upon a sorry pun, but a sorry quibble ; seasoned, indeed, with just so much learning as would make it barely pass in the common hall."

" Well, but Mr. Marten," said Mr. Dalben, " do set my mind at ease ; tell me what poor Bonville is ; I am afraid for him.—What is he ? Does he read ? Is he extravagant ?"

“ Really, Sir,” replied Marten, “ I have not much to say of him ; I am not intimate with him. All I know is, that he has a vast fancy for driving tandems to Burford and Henley, and lounging in the High-street ; but I believe there is no great harm in him.”

“ You had an idea, Mr. Marten,” said Mr. Dalben, “ that Mr. Bonville was a man of large expectations. You had a reason for thinking so.”

“ Merely from the manner in which he throws his money about,” replied Marten ; “ and this I take from common report rather than from my own observation. He keeps a horse, and has many wine parties. I do not hear of him at the billiard-tables.”

“ The billiard-tables ! ” repeated Mr. Dalben, in high indignation. “ What can your superiors be about, that they should allow of billiard-tables in a university ? or tradesmen who are not restrained from giving unlimited credit ? But I have not the power of reforming these glaring abuses, of which I cannot even think with patience. I can only caution you, my young friend, as you value your peace, avoid the evils of long bills. Many and many is the promising youth, who has never through a long life been able to overcome the debts which he

incurred at Oxford. I have myself seen mothers and sisters enduring the severest privations, to save their sons from the shame and ruin of unpaid debts run up by vanity and weakness whilst residing at the university. Depend upon it, Mr. Marten, that there are few evils of life more perplexing and humiliating, more debasing to the character, more destructive of honour and usefulness, than those which proceed from negligence of our pecuniary affairs. Oh, my Henry Milner!" he added, "it would break my heart to think that you should ever expose yourself to the irritating varieties of persecutions which arise from debts and duns. If a man has common feeling, it appears to me that he would choose rather to sup on porridge, and breakfast on dry bread, than render himself liable to such an ignoble warfare, as is, I fear, constantly going on between many a young man at the university and the artful tradesman who has beguiled him to his ruin by dishonestly pressing his wares upon him."

In this place the conversation took another turn, and soon afterwards, the whole family retired to rest.

## CHAP. X.

*Busy Life.*

WHEN Marten had written and despatched his letter to his father, he fell at once into the habits of the family, withdrawing to his studies immediately after breakfast, and not appearing till one o'clock—these hours being given to what he called hard, dry reading. From that time he felt himself at liberty to associate with Mr. Dalben and Henry; and it is possible that the hours thus devoted were by no means the least valuable hours of his day.

Marten had acquired, as may have been perceived in the second volume of our history, some ideas which were quite contrary to those of Mr. Dalben. When Henry first knew him at school he had scarcely ever thought of religion; he had thought much of it since, but he still adhered to some extremely false notions.

Amongst these he had formed a certain hypothesis respecting that quality commonly called

virtue. Virtue, in the original language, is known to signify courage or fortitude ; whereas, in the English language, by this expression we understand something more than mere morality. Perhaps its meaning might be defined to be that state of mind in which moral habits are become a sort of second nature, yet being ever capable of receiving additional strength and excellency, so as to admit of every degree of comparison, viz. virtuous, more virtuous, and most virtuous. Now it was a theory of Marten's, that although man was by nature entirely depraved—for Marten was no disbeliever of the divine inspiration of Scripture, and was not able to controvert the divine sentence uttered in Gen. vi. 5, "And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually ;" yet he still supported the opinion that some human beings had been able to attain, by the force of habit, through the power of education, of example, or of self-exertion, to certain heights of virtue, which lifted them up very far above the ordinary mass of the ignoble vulgar. How far Marten admitted the interference of the Holy Spirit in lifting his virtuous hero to this magnificent position in society was not exactly to be defined, neither could he quite make it appear

what he intended; perhaps he did not know himself. But the result of his arguments were—for he had many arguments on the subject with Mr. Dalben—that it was possible that education, honourable principles, gentlemanly habits, intellectual advantages, &c., &c., might form a character which would be above the common errors and temptations which affect men of less virtuous habits.

“For instance,” said Marten, when alone one day with Mr. Dalben, “there is our Henry: few young people have had such peculiar advantages of education as he has had: he is of gentlemanly parentage, has a very superior mind, and many personal perfections. Ought we not to expect that he will exhibit many qualities which we could hardly hope from inferior persons? In short, do not we suppose that he will attain to heights of virtue such as I allude to?”

“Before I reply,” said Mr. Dalben, “I must beg you to inform me, my dear Sir, whether you intend to say, that Henry is to be expected to attain these heights of virtue, in consequence of a very superior education, (allowing, for argument’s sake, that his education has been so very superior,) acting upon remarkably fine natural qualities; or, in consequence of the

continued influences of the Holy Spirit descending upon his soul, creating a new heart within him, and strengthening and confirming him in all that is right? In short, is he to owe the virtuous conduct which we expect from him, to any of the things which education or habit may have given—education being allowed to have been exercised in his peculiar case, on a naturally fine mind, or to the continual supplies of grace, which I have taught him to look for, through faith in Christ, from God the Holy Spirit?”

Marten hesitated a little, and replied, “I do not deny the utter depravity of the human race.”

“Not in so many words,” replied Mr. Dalben, “but, my dear Marten, you refuse to acknowledge that entire weakness and corruption, by which all men are put upon a par by nature one with another. You at least attribute a certain strength to the characters of some individuals, which experience continually assures us they do not possess. Our strength, as men, I am convinced, consists in the knowledge of our weakness, and in knowing where we may find help in the hour of need; and that hour is now and ever. The very security of the redeemed—nay, of the angels and archangels,—and, if in

the heavenly hierarchy, there are any higher than the archangels,—consists in their dependence, their entire dependence, on their divine Creator.”

“Then, Sir,” replied Marten, reddening, “you would have no more confidence in me—in Henry Milner, under trials and temptations,—than you would in such a raff as young Wellings, or such a fool as Edgar Bonville. Of what use, Sir, then, is education, and good birth, and manly habits? Really, Sir, I cannot be of your opinion precisely;” and the young man looked as if he wished that any other person had dared thus decidedly to controvert his opinion, than the man, of all others, whom he most honoured.

“My notions, Mr. Marten,” replied Mr. Dalben, “are, I know, somewhat humiliating; but do not misunderstand me, or suppose that I place you on a par in my confidence with the persons you have mentioned. You could hardly have supposed that I should have offered my house to young Wellings, or have given him such opportunities as I give you of associating with Henry Milner. And as to Edgar Bonville, it was with reluctance that I consented to the plan of his spending the next long vacation in this house, although I was willing to run some



risks for his sake. Neither do I account virtuous habits, gentlemanly manners, and honourable feelings, (even though they were connected with the person of an absolute heathen,) as nothing worth. But when these are to be built upon as a basement, whereon to elevate those exalted pinnacles of virtue of which you speak, I must confess that, as a Christian, I not only question, but absolutely deny, the solidity of your foundation, and I declare, that if it were possible for my beloved Henry Milner to dare to encounter any temptation in his own strength, I should have as little confidence in his firmness as I should have in that of any member of that choice society of whom you speak as being formerly assembled at the seminary at Clent Green. Witness, Mr. Marten, the gross and dreadful offences which the saints of the Lord have been recorded to have committed (in the volumes of holy writ.) Remember how Noah, the preacher of righteousness, planted vines, and was drunk in his tent; how Moses, the meekest of men, forgot himself, and chided against God. Remember the deeply-planned and complicated offence of David against Uriah, and the reiterated denial of his Master, of which the apostle Peter was guilty! And where are we superior to Noah, Moses, David, and Peter, unless, as I

before said, our strength consists in the more close union with Christ our Lord, which renders the least in the kingdom of heaven greater than all those who went before the period of the descent of the Holy Ghost; for, it must be remembered, that when Peter denied his Master, the Holy Ghost had not yet descended upon him."

"Really, Sir," replied Marten, "these are new ideas to me; I must, I acknowledge, think rather differently of Henry Milner before I can suppose that he would be easily drawn into the low despicable ways of such snobs as Wellings, Perkins, and Roger Clayton."

Mr. Dalben did not take notice of these last words of Marten, for the young man had arisen, and was walking out of the room as he repeated the names of the three worthies above mentioned; but if Mr. Dalben was a little hurt by this act of unpoliteness and disrespect, all painful feelings were removed within the hour, by the return of the amiable youth, who, after having turned over his books for some time, without paying the smallest attention to their contents, re-appeared before Mr. Dalben to apologize for his rudeness, and that with an air so gentle and respectful, that the worthy old gentleman, as he extended his hand to him,

could not refrain from audibly pronouncing a blessing upon him. Nothing more was said at that time upon the subject of the argument which had passed between Marten and Mr. Dalben, although it is believed that each preserved his own opinion; and two or three days passed, at the end of which Marten began to be extremely anxious for an answer to his letter. At length, having been disappointed by the last night's Malvern post, it occurred to him, that, as his letter had been put into the Worcester post-office, and would consequently bear the Worcester post-mark, and as, in his haste, he had not particularly desired that the answer might be directed by Malvern, from which office Mr. Dalben always received his letters, there might now actually be a letter lying for him at Worcester. This idea, which was conceived at breakfast, determined him to set out that very morning for Worcester; and he begged Mr. Dalben's permission to take Henry as his companion. The two young men accordingly set forth, as soon as Henry had had his hour with his uncle; but they had not been gone twenty minutes before Mr. Dalben, calling Thomas to the window—asked him some unimportant question about his work, which, when Thomas had answered, the old man added,—“Maurice has been asking me, Sir, if

you would have no objection to his just running down to see the races? As Master Milner is gone, he thought you would not be displeased at his asking: but, Sir, if I may be so bold as to speak, I think such as he are best at home."

"What races?" asked Mr. Dalben.

Thomas opened his eyes, and looking at his master, said, "Why, sure, Sir, did not you know that it was Worcester races? I met Mr. Marten in the lane, and wished him good sport, and thought he was in fun when he did not seem to understand me. And I remember he answered, 'What's the races to us? We are going on business.' And Master Henry put in then, saying,—'I did not know of the races, Thomas, but we shall have nothing to do with them.'"

"Had I known this," replied Mr. Dalben, "I had rather they had not gone that way to-day; but, however, you will tell Maurice that the young gentlemen are not gone to the races, and that I do not approve of his going."

Whilst this was passing, Henry and Marten had walked so fast, that they were clear of the lanes which involved Mr. Dalben's mansion on all sides, and were come out upon the high road between Malvern and Worcester, where they

were soon made aware that something more than ordinary was going on, by the quantity of vehicles with which the road was strewed, not to say any thing of the multitudes of equestrians and pedestrians, of every rank and condition.

“Pshaw!” said Marten, “what a dust these people are making, and what fools they are, running after these idle diversions.”

“You do not approve of races, Marten, then,” said Henry.

“I do not approve of being thronged and crowded by blackguards in any place,” replied the other. “A horse, to be sure, is a noble animal; and it is certainly pleasing to see the spirit and exertion of these noble animals; and if one could see a race, a good race, in a proper and respectable way ——”

Marten was interrupted by three women walking abreast, and, to use a phrase common to persons of their rank, going linked together, who almost pushed him off the footpath, saying, by way of excuse, “that they were too late already, and could not stand to compliment.”

“Is there no way to cut across over the fields, Henry?” said the indignant Marten; “this is intolerable.”

“A few yards further is a stile,” replied

Henry, "where we may turn aside and keep in the fields as far as the bridge over the Teme ——"

"By your leave, Sir," said a brisk young man, at that moment elbowing himself in between Marten and Henry; "you are for the races, no doubt; you must be alive, or you will not get accommodations, for the town is uncommon full."

"Of fools," muttered Marten.

"Full of fools," returned the young man, looking over his shoulder, and still pacing on, "you are right, and when you are there, there will be two more than there was afore."

Henry laughed heartily at this, and replied, "Very true;" but Marten bid him hold his peace. The stile was just before them, and the young men, turning aside, found themselves in comparative quiet, among deep lanes, little coppices, and green and flowery uplands, leaving the picturesque village of Powick on their right hand, and the river Teme, that beautiful, clear, and rapid stream, so often spoken of before.

In these fair regions were many delightful haunts which Henry had visited in his early days, with his dear uncle; and young as he was, he felt that the time had already passed

in which he should ever visit them again in the same company. His uncle was not the hale, active man he had been in the days of Henry's infancy. The year the youth had spent at Clent Green seemed to have formed the first crisis of his existence; and all that had gone before that period seemed to him at a much greater distance than it really was: he fancied that he had been more holy and innocent then, than he had ever since been, and every idea connected with that time was sweet and interesting to him past description. These remembrances crowded so upon his mind, on his turning out of the road, that Marten more than once asked him what he was thinking of.

"Really," replied Henry, "I can hardly tell; but I was trying to remember things which my uncle used to talk to me about in these places, when I was a little child; and one thing I will tell you: do you see the river, the mill, and the bridge, at the end of that long green meadow at our feet? They call that meadow the Powick Ham, and beyond the bridge you see the ground rising in the direction of Worcester. You may also see a path winding up that rising ground, by the side of an orchard, and a fair, white house, standing in that orchard?"

“ I see it all,” said Marten.

“ Well,” replied Henry, “ the bridge and rising ground beyond, and the place of that orchard and white house, are the scenes of some famous things in history. It is said, that all the space between the bridge and the town of Worcester, was covered with the troops of the parliamentary army, and the royal forces under Prince Rupert; and that Prince Rupert stood awhile, fighting under a tree, just on the brow of the hill, in the corner of a garden, which we shall pass by. Think, Marten, what a dreadful noise and uproar must then have been on that rising ground which is now so still, and many no doubt lost their lives in that place; for a little farther on, where there is a gravel-pit, many human bones and skulls have lately been found. In Pitchcroft, where the race-course now is, it is said that this same Prince Rupert, with his brother, Prince Maurice, amused themselves with their soldiers, in shooting at the parliamentary leaders in effigy. So, Marten, you perceive that apes contended with apes in those days, as well as these. When I was a very little boy, my uncle told me these stories; and I think I have learnt more of my uncle whilst I have been walking about



with him, than at any other time. It was in that meadow below, that he explained to me the emblem of the butterfly: these places are like books to me, books which I turn over after many years, and which bring back old things almost forgotten. Don't you love to read over old books which you have delighted in when you were a child, Marten?"

"Ah! Henry," replied Marten, with a serious air which greatly became him; "I have not your simplicity—perhaps I may hardly ever have been said to have had it since I laid aside my coral and bells. How often I have envied that simplicity, no one can tell; what would I have given to have been able to have smiled as you did, without a tincture of contempt, or the smallest feeling of irritation, at the vulgar repartee of that low fellow in the high road. I will confess, Henry, that had I given way to my feelings, I should have rolled the fellow in the dust."

"And if it should so have happened," replied Henry, "that the fellow had pulled you down with him, in the midst of the road, you would have given way to your feelings to a fine purpose—only fancy, Marten——"

"I wish you would keep your fancies to

yourself, Henry," replied Marten; "I know that you are right, and I am wrong; then what is the use of wasting words?"

'A man convinced against his will,  
Is of the same opinion still.'"

Thus conversing, the young men passed on till they arrived at the bridge over the Teme, where they again found themselves amongst the mob of vulgars, as Marten emphatically called the people of every sort and description, who were hastening forwards to the town, and with the pedestrian part of this mob were preparing to turn up the path which Henry had pointed out from the heights on the opposite side of the river, in front of a public-house called the Yellow Lion, which seemed crowded at every entry and at every window, when they were overtaken by a hack chaise, which stopped just behind them—in order to allow opportunity for the post-boy to relieve a sort of dryness of the throat, with which persons of his peculiar calling are sometimes greatly afflicted. Whilst the post-boy was making his wants known to the jolly landlord, which he did by bringing his fingers round to the palm of his hand, so as to form a hollow within, and imitating the act of drinking as from this ca-

vity, the voice of one of the persons from within the carriage, which was no other than a hack from Ledbury, arrested the attention of Marten; the words spoken was a complaint of the insufferable heat, and a call for a glass of cold brandy and water.

Whilst the host, who had just relieved the wants of the post-boy, was bustling back to procure a supply for the gentleman, Marten, to the surprise of Henry, had advanced to the chaise, and was shaking hands with the person within, whom Henry, now for the first time looked upon with some sort of interest. He appeared to be a young man hardly yet of age, rather tall, but particularly slight, or rather, attenuated in his figure, at least—as far as Henry could see of that figure; his complexion was sallow, and his face of that peculiar form, which of all others is the least pleasing, inasmuch as it is the least of the human and the most of the mere animal—the forehead being broad, flat, and square, near the roots of the hair, and the lower part of the face particularly peaked—the eyes being somewhat sunk, the nose long, and the mouth wide: in short, such was the physiognomy of the young man with whom Marten was conversing, that he would have been, in *bonâ fide*, absolutely

ugly, had he not possessed remarkably good teeth, fine hair, and a good-humoured, though not intelligent smile.

The dress of this figure was fashionable in the extreme : he wore it is not known how many waistcoats, of various colours, and a gold chain, to which was suspended an eye-glass, set in gold ; on his head he had a wide-brimmed straw hat, lined with green, and his neckcloth, though tied with skill, shewed more of his throat than commonly appears.

There was little which passed between Marten and this youth, which was at all extraordinary in the ears of Henry, excepting that he thought Marten used the words, " My Lord," and " Your Lordship," once or twice ; a sort of address, which, if seriously used, Henry thought hardly accorded with the shabby set-out of the hack chaise. Not having observed that the person who sate on the other side of Marten's acquaintance was a valet or gentleman out of livery, of the most tonish and complete cut.

The conversation, however, at the door of the carriage was soon terminated ; the hack drove off towards Worcester, and Henry and his friend turned away, the former saying,—

" Marten, who may that person be ; did he not speak of being at Oxford ? "

“Did you ever hear of a boy called Appleby,” said Marten, “who left Clent Green half a year or more before you arrived there?”

“What, the person called Ape Appleby?” replied Henry.

“Ape Appleby!” repeated Marten, in high indignation; “and how came you to be acquainted with that extraordinary sample of Clent Green impertinence and folly?”

“Why,” returned Henry, “by having had the memorial of it always before me, for many hours every day, whilst I was at school.”

“Will you do me the favour,” returned Marten, “duly to construe this passage from the book of folly, for my edification.”

“Certainly,” replied Henry, “without the smallest reluctance. You remember, that before each form there was a row of desks?”

“I have not lost my memory,” returned Marten, in the same dry and dignified manner.

“Well,” replied Henry, “on that same desk, exactly before my seat, some wise person had carved a sort of a monkey, or baboon, with a pen-knife, and, with the same graving-tool, had written in indelible characters, these words—Ape Appleby.”

“The fools!” replied Marten.

It sometimes happened, that Henry’s risibi-

lity was violently excited by the high indignation which his friend Marten used to exhibit on the most unimportant occasions; but Mr. Dalben had always taught him, that every jest, (however otherwise harmless,) ceased to be a jest when it gave pain. Henry, therefore, perceiving that something had vexed his companion, although he could not understand what it might be, restrained his laughter; and being arrived at the summit of the eminence, above the orchard before spoken of, he showed Marten an old hawthorn, reduced to a stump, standing in a garden on his left hand, enclosed in a quick hedge. "There," said he, "there, under that tree stood Prince Rupert, whilst all the way from hence to Worcester, was covered with soldiers."

When the exploits of Prince Rupert had been duly discussed, Henry ventured again to put the question respecting the young gentleman in the chaise; and Marten informed him, "That he was that same Appleby who had been during his time at Clent Green; adding, "that his father, when his son was at Dr. Matthews's, was in comparatively low circumstances, though of a great family, and in the entail of an earldom; and this earldom," said Marten, "actually came to him a few months since, through the

unexpected deaths of no less than three persons—one by a fever, a second in a duel, and a third through some disease of infancy—in consequence of which, Appleby's father is now Earl of L——, and he himself is the Lord Viscount F——."

"And no longer"—Ape Appleby, Henry was about to say, but stopping himself short, added, "no longer Mr. Appleby."

"You would have done better to have finished your sentence, Milner," retorted Marten; "you were going to say Ape Appleby."

"When we find ourselves on the high-road towards what is wrong, is it not always well to turn back?" replied Henry. "I am always sorry whenever I have used nicknames; I know they are wrong; and I am sorry, Marten, that I rubbed up that foolish story of the ape; not because the—the—not because Mr. Appleby is now a lord, but because such things are not right, and should not be done."

"Really, Henry," replied Marten, brightening up again, "it is impossible to be angry with you for five minutes together; there is such a down-right straight-forward desire in you to do right, and you turn about so promptly and decidedly when you think that you have done wrong, that you would baffle the veriest cynic on the

face of the earth, and compel him to speak well of you. But come, come on—I see the crowd again at the end of this long field; let us hasten to the town, get the letter, and make the best of our way back again. Of course I shall keep clear of the races; and you, I make no doubt, have no manner of desire of seeing them.”

“I never heard my uncle say much about these sort of things,” replied Henry; “but I think, nay I am sure, that he would rather that we should not go on the course.”

“Well, then,” replied Marten, “we will merely go to the post-office, and return immediately.”

“Suppose, then,” said Henry, “we take the back way to the office—I think I can find that way—and return by the same direction.”

This was agreed upon.



## CHAP. XI.

*The Fall of Bajazet.*

WHEN our arch foe has a mind to do us an ill turn, his wit, which is no doubt much superior to ours, yea, even to that of the wisest of us, is never at a loss to fit the means to the end. Now it is certain that there is no description of person against whom our great enemy has a deeper grudge than against a fine young man who desires to do well. When such are striving to do well in their own strength, he, however, seldom despairs of having them for his own in the long run, although his infernal sagacity teaches him that he must sometimes go warily to work, and not show his cloven feet until he sees some little probability of success.

And now, my young reader, I must request you to leave Marten and Henry, for a short time, to pursue their way to the post-office—Henry being Marten's pilot through the more obscure windings and alleys of the city to the street in which the post-office is situated

—and accompany me to one of those two large inns which are situated at the entrance of the Foregate Street. There, in a convenient parlour, on the left hand of the entrance, was a cloth laid, and every thing prepared for a hot luncheon, a dinner, a *dejeunée à la fourchette*, or whatever else you may choose to call it; which said savory meal was to accommodate the delicate appetites of certain young gentlemen of our acquaintance, who had got together nobody knows how, or through what medium, unless we have recourse to the old adage—birds of a feather flock together. These worthies were no others than Mr. Clayton, Mr. Wellings, and the two younger Hargraves. And just at the moment which might be coincident with the passage of Marten and Henry over the bridge, the following conversation was taking place between these heroes.

“He’s a rum concern, if ever there was one,” said Mr. Clayton: “yet he’s a good fellow too, that he is. I sha’n’t forget that business of the chocolate—eh, Wellings, you know—the chocolate.”

“Pooh,” said Wellings.

“He brought us off there, Wellings, did not he? or we should have been roasted as dry as peas in an oven,” rejoined Mr. Clayton.

“What is that,” said Mrs. Hargrave’s dear Benjamin—“what is it?” snuffing at the same time as for a good story.

“I bar tales told out of school,” replied young Wellings. “But, I say, he’s as rum a concern as ever I knew, that he is; and you say that he proved himself such when he was at your house.”

“Yes,” said Benjamin; “as I was telling you, he swallowed the ale, though it was some of the old stout, for I got it myself out of the left-hand bin, you know, Sam.”

“Well—and he gulped it all down, you say,” replied Wellings.

“As sure as a gun,” returned Benjamin; “and it worked up into his head in a second. I saw him blink, and rub his eyes, and look quite funny. It was rare sport. But, as I was saying, he is now on the road; I saw him standing there, at the Yellow Lion, down at Powick Bridge, and another young man with him; a Mr.—Mr.—I forget his name, who is now at his uncle’s. Bell, that is my sister, says she saw this Mr.—at church last Sunday, a fine-looking sort of man—that is, as Bell says.”

“I wish,” replied Wellings, “we could get Milner in here, and try him again; I’ll come over him on the score of old acquaintance.”

"I say," replied Mr. Clayton, "that it's no manner of use to try him in that way, that is, if he was up to the trick before. He is a shy bird, you know, Wellings, and if he has felt the bird-lime once, he will not put his foot in the way of it again."

"I don't think he will," remarked Benjamin; "but, any how, let us try."

"It's no use," returned Mr. Clayton. "I'll lay any money that if he was to walk by at this very moment, there is not one amongst you that could tempt him into this here room."

"Done," said Wellings, "done. I'll bet you, Clayton, that we not only wheedle him into this room, but that we get him to go with us to the course."

"That's good, that's rare," replied Benjamin Hargrave. "I'll tell you—Mrs. Bonville, that is, Mr. Dalben's niece, told my mother in my presence, that her uncle was so queer, that he had forbidden Henry to enter into any sort of diversion, even so much as a rat-hunt. Now, it would be fine fun to pose the old put, by wheedling his darling to the races. I'll back you, Wellings—what shall it be?"

"A crown," replied Wellings; "a crown to be paid to Roger Clayton, if we don't get Henry

Milner into this room, and another crown if we don't get him on the course."

"Done," said Clayton.

"Done," said Wellings. "But stop," added the latter, "Clayton, you are not to play me foul, and put Milner on his guard."

"Would not I rather lose the ten shillings, Wellings, than lose the fun?" replied Mr. Clayton. "It would be worth twice as many shillings to see the little Methodist in the vulgar mob on the race-ground, for we will lead him a rare dance if we once get him towards Pitchcroft."

This knotty point was scarcely arranged when the waiter, opening the door, said, "Gentlemen, are there any here who were at Dr. Matthews's seminary—it might be a year or more gone by."

"To be sure there are, two of us," replied Mr. Wellings. "But who asks?"

"Then I am right," replied the waiter; "I thought so."

"Who asks?" returned Mr. Wellings; "do you hear, there, who asks?"

"My Lord F——, Sir," replied the waiter, bowing low in deference, to the very idea of his lordship's superlative dignity; adding, "My

Lord sends his compliments, and if you young gentlemen have no objection, he will do himself the honour of joining your party, as soon as his valet has arranged his hair."

"The honour is all on our side," returned Wellings; "and I beg you to tell my Lord that we shall be most highly favoured by his presence. And remember, waiter, if you have any affection for your own ears, that we must have our luncheon precisely at one, and it wants now only one quarter, here, by my watch."

"Sir," returned the waiter, "you may depend upon it that the sport will not commence much before three to-day."

"You may depend upon it, Sir," replied Mr. Wellings, "that if you do not make yourself scarce, and obey my orders, I shall make this pillow of this couch more familiar with your scone than may be altogether agreeable to your feelings."

The waiter had disappeared some time before this exordium of Mr. Wellings was quite completed; and the young men being shut up together again, Mr. Clayton exclaimed, "I say, Wellings—Wellings, I say, that there lord is no other than Ape Appleby, he that you carved on the desk in his similitude of a monkey. I

heard that his father was promoted. Eh, eh—only think of Ape Appleby being a lord !”

“ They should have made a baronet of him,” remarked Samuel Hargrave ; “ Sir Ape Appleby—how well that would have sounded !”

“ Can’t you hold your tongues,” said Mr. Wellings. “ Clayton, you are a fool. What did you start such folly for ? you must not speak of these things. Lord F—— is not only a nobleman, but a University man.”

This edifying discourse was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of his lordship, who, entering with all the reckless gaiety of youth in its highest mood, was received not only as an old school-fellow, but as one whose presence did honour to the company—Wellings being the only one who was able to support his usual effrontery for the first few minutes in a presence so august. For the first few minutes, I say, for there was every thing wanting in the manner of the young lord to impose a longer restraint ; and, in fact, before the lapse of ten minutes, all the party were become so easy with each other, that my Lord had undertaken to support Mr. Wellings in carrying into effect his plans against young Milner. My Lord having apprised Wellings and Clayton that the person

who was with Henry was no other than the Exquisite.

"Then," returned Mr. Wellings, "we must set our wits at Marten. I think, my Lord, if we can catch Marten, we shall be sure of Milner; but Marten is an abominably tough hand, I never could do any thing with him at Clent Green."

"Let me try," replied my Lord, smiling, "I think I know where to have him;" and, whispering to Wellings, he added, "Marten would have no objection to be seen in public with a man who will one day be an earl, or I have mistaken him."

Wellings laughed, and looked knowingly, admonishing the other young men to keep a sharp look out for the game—my Lord having even taken the trouble of sending for his valet (a person who in capacity of valet was bound to administer faithfully to his lord's whims) to direct him to look out for the two young gentlemen he had spoken to at the carriage-door, at an inn about two miles from the town, and bring them to him by any means he could best devise.

"That will do—that will do," said Wellings; but beware, don't tell him that we are with my Lord."

"Don't say I have any company with me,"



added my Lord; "swear that I am alone, and dull, and want society, and would prefer theirs to that of all the world—*vous comprenez*—away with you." And thus the valet was dismissed.

In the mean time, Marten and Henry had arrived at the post-office without meeting a person they knew, though they had fallen in with a dense crowd. Marten there found his letter, which was in every respect what he desired. He staid to read it in the office; and having imparted his own gladness to his companion by communicating its contents, the younger of the two proposed that they should make the best of their way home, by the same private streets by which they had arrived, and by which they had avoided all their acquaintance; although, as I before remarked, they had encountered in one part of their passage rather an unpleasant crowd.

"I don't quite like sculking through those by-paths among the blackguards," replied Marten, "as if we were ashamed to show our faces."

"We might meet somebody we know, if we took the public way," returned Henry, "and they might persuade us to go on the course."

"Do you think that we are such saps that we cannot say No?" asked Marten.

"I have found it a hard word to say before to-day," replied Henry.

"You are wishing to see the races, Milner," remarked Marten.

"Yes," said Henry, "I should like to see them."

"Then why not go?" asked the other.

"Because my uncle would not like it. He did not know that it was the race time," replied Henry; "we none of us knew it this morning."

"Then how do you know that he would not like you to see these races?"

"I do not suppose that he would be angry with me," returned Henry, "if you and I were to go quietly on the course, and see the races. I think he would not; and when one has lived with people a long time, one may always know what they like and what they dislike, without their telling it in so many words; but I know, yes, I am quite sure, that he would be much better pleased if we were to come straight home;—I know he would, Marten;"—and he looked up to his companion with a beseeching look, which Marten well understood.

"Well, foolish boy," replied Marten kindly, "you shall have your way, that is, I will return immediately with you, though I don't say

through the back streets. Whilst I am under the roof of your reverend guardian, I make it a principle of pleasing him in every thing, and I am sure that I shall never repent of so doing."

"If, then, you do wish to please my uncle," said Henry, "do let us return by the way we came. Let us make haste; in this way we shall avoid all our acquaintance, and then we shall not be tempted to break our resolution; for I feel just as if I might be tempted."

"Then you feel like a very weak person, Milner," replied Marten. "Have you no resolution?—no strength of mind?—What a poor creature you must be. I do not like these doctrines by which you put all men on a par as far as the power of resisting temptation goes. If I tell you that I am resolved not to go to these same stupid races, you ought to be satisfied, and permit me to get out of the town in any direction I choose."

So saying, he quitted the interior of the post-office, in one corner of which this rapid dialogue had taken place—for it was a very rapid one, and was soon concluded, although it has taken me some time to write it—and walked with somewhat more than his usual dignity, (and he was a young man of almost princely bearing,) directly

forward to that part of the street where was the hotel above mentioned ; and thus slipped, of his own free will and accord, into the net which had been laid for him, by persons who had not half his wit, and not one-tenth of his worth.

It seems that my Lord's valet had been in pursuit of them in the direction of the bridge, and had just re-appeared in the front of the hotel, when he espied the objects of his search advancing towards him.

Having recovered his features from the effect of the broad grin which the sight of his game had excited, he advanced to the young gentlemen with an exceedingly obsequious air, and delivered his message with an accuracy of tact which much knowledge of the world could only have given him.

"There now !" said Henry, scarcely able to restrain himself as he pursued Marten, who had shot off in the direction pointed out by the valet. "The very thing I expected ; I knew how it would be."

"Did you speak, Sir ?" asked the valet.

Henry made no answer ; indeed, there was no time, for he was almost compelled to run, in order to keep Marten in sight ; and in less than two minutes he found himself in the presence not only of the young nobleman, but of Wel-

lings, Clayton, and the two younger Hargraves.

But these heroes, with the exception of Mr. Clayton, who looked somewhat blank, feeling that he was already five shillings poorer than he had been an instant before—were all blandness and courtesy, and there was no end of the interchanges of polite and agreeable expressions on the occasion of this happy meeting.

“ Really, Mr. Marten, Mr. Milner, how unexpected !—Who could have thought ! old days again !—the last persons we could have hoped for !—the first persons we could have wished for ! You must sit down with us.—Waiter, two more covers—hurry the cook. Really, upon my word this is capital—fine—delightful,” &c. &c. But in this case we must have recourse to our old friend *et cetera*.

These compliments had hardly passed before the table was covered. My Lord took the head, and Mr. Wellings the bottom ; Mr. Marten and Mr. Milner were to sit by my Lord.

“ These are my guests, Mr. Wellings,” said the young nobleman.—“ Bring us a bottle of claret, waiter, your very best claret ; there is no wine sufferable in hot weather but claret.”

The weather was indeed very hot, and the young men were all thirsty ; but Henry remem-

bered the trick which had been played him at the Ferns, and he thought that the eye of Benjamin was directed towards him just at the moment that my Lord, having helped himself and Marten, was presenting him with a deep glass filled with the clear rosy liquor.

“ I drink water only, my Lord ;” he said ; “ I have no inclination for a swimming head and sleepy eyes. I can take nothing but water.”

“ Really, Henry,” said Marten, “ I think one glass of this cooling, refreshing beverage would not hurt you.”

“ Hurt him !” repeated my Lord !

“ Hurt him !” said Wellings ; “ it would do him all the good in the world.”

The two Hargraves were silent, however, knowing themselves to be suspected characters.

“ You are very kind,” replied Henry, “ but I cannot take any wine.”

Wellings would have pressed it, but Marten begged that no force might be put upon his friend, and the matter was dropped ; nevertheless, Marten and my Lord finished the bottle, though unassisted by Henry ; for the beverage was extremely grateful. The quantity was nothing to Lord F——, although he took far the greater half ; but the few glasses which Marten took, as his general habits were particularly

moderate, was quite sufficient to exhilarate, though by no means to intoxicate him. There was no time for sitting after the luncheon, or dinner, or whatever my reader may choose to denominate this meal. The young men, therefore, called for the reckoning, after which, and after my Lord had insisted on paying for Henry and Marten, the young nobleman said, "I am truly sorry, Mr. Marten, that I have no sort of carriage with me, in which I could possibly appear on the course—walk, therefore, we must, and you must favour me with your arm. We will get into the first booth, where I expect to find the Lady J—— and two or three more ladies of my acquaintance, to whom I shall have the greatest pleasure in the world in introducing you. You are not to refuse—so give me your arm, my good fellow."

"We must be off directly, Marten," said Henry, in some distress. Marten, I have something to say."

"Speak it out, my noble fellow, then," remarked Lord F——. "What is it?"

"I shall be in the field near Prince Rupert's tree," said Henry; "when you leave the course, I will wait for you thereabouts."

"Hear him, hear him!" cried Wellings, who by this time had drank and talked away his forced politeness. "We will see to that."

“ You had better come with us,” added Marten, in a sort of constrained and uneasy tone ; “ you had better come.”

“ To be sure—to be sure,” remarked the young nobleman, drawing Marten out of the room. Henry was running out after them, hardly knowing what he ought to do, or even what he wished to do, when Wellings and Benjamin Hargrave, inserting an arm in each of his, almost forced him after those of the party who were gone before.

Lord F——, though a weak young man, was by no means so low-bred and vulgar as those were who had attached themselves to Henry ; though engaged in a frolic, he conducted it in a gentlemanly manner, as did his partners in the jest, as long as he was present ; but the party were no sooner in the street, and my Lord and Marten at a small distance, before they began to display the spirit of which they were formed, by using language which would have suited a dog-kennel rather than the street of a polite city. Not that they carried on any connected conversation with each other, but rather dropped certain expressions from time to time which served, as well as longer sentences could possibly have done, to convey their thoughts on what they saw and heard around them to



each other's minds ; adding winks, nods, and gestures, by way of comment on any passages which might appear dark.

Henry felt himself excessively uneasy, as might be supposed, in this company, and tried once or twice to shake off their arms ; but they clung fast to him, and it would have been impossible for him to have extricated himself without coming to a downright hustle, which he could not think of in the public streets.

In the mean time, Marten looked back several times towards him, and seemed easy in finding that he was following him.

Henry had hoped that during his progress through the streets, he should have seen some one to whom he was known, and to whom he might appeal in his difficulty ; for he had resolved to make his best way home the moment his tormentors should let him loose. No auxiliary, however, appeared, and on coming near to the infirmary, he saw the whole of the race-ground extended before him, the course itself being encompassed on the side nearest him by a dense throng ; beyond which appeared stalls and booths, huge caravans, and stages for mountebanks and monkies. Added to the noise made by the throng, were (as it seemed to Henry's ears) the sounds of as many

instruments of music as played before the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up. But there was neither harmony nor melody in their tones, for they belonged to the different stages and shows; and if the musicians agreed in any thing, it seemed only in the efforts which they made to outscrape, outscreech, outblow and outdrum each other. But these were not the most ungrateful sounds which met Henry's ears; indeed, I am not quite sure if he were not rather pleased than otherwise with the scraping, screeching, and drumming; but the oaths and curses, the profane and indecorous language which he heard on all sides as he advanced through the half-drunken mob, did indeed fill him with horror, and excite a strong feeling of shame at the idea of making one in such a scene.

"I ought not to be here—I will get away if I can," were the words which he would have spoken had there been any one near who could have understood him; but Marten and Lord F—— had, it seems, taken another course, by which they had got into the race-ground without passing through this worst part of the throng; whereas, Wellings and Benjamin Hargrave had intentionally brought Henry into the very centre of it.

Those persons who would form a true estimate of what these sort of public amusements are, should enter them by such avenues as that which was chosen for the initiation of young Milner, and not in an elegant phaeton and four, from which the vulgar and profligate mob recede at the peril of their lives, thus inevitably withdrawing the coarser vices of these unholy assemblies from the delicate eye. Perhaps, however, (unintentionally though, it may be sure,) Mr. Wellings and Mr. Benjamin Hargrave were doing the best thing they possibly could for Henry, by showing him the ugly side at once of this picture of earthly pleasure; for certain it is, that he never in his life had experienced more real disgust. The young men were now arrived precisely in that place where, by going straight forwards, they must needs arrive at the race-ground, and, by turning to the left, come to the bridge.

Here Henry stood still, though surrounded by people, saying, "Now, good afternoon, Mr. Wellings; I go no farther this way," pointing to Pitchcroft.

"You don't, do you?" said Wellings; "we will see to that."

"Not an inch," replied Henry. "I am going home."

"You are going on the course," replied Wellings.

"I am not," returned Henry, shaking the hands of his companions from his arms with such force as almost set him free; but being seized again as suddenly, he grew angry, his face flushed, and his eye kindled, whilst he struggled violently to disengage himself, the mob gathering round at the same time, and crying shame on the two full-grown men who were thus handling a mere boy: for, to do Wellings and Benjamin Hargrave justice, they did not attempt to strike Henry, but merely to force him in the direction they would have had him go. At length, an old woman, who was selling some sort of liquor at a stall, bid them be quiet for a couple of cowards, and let the boy alone, using language quite appropriate to the scene and place. Had Mr. Clayton been present, Henry might have had a friend; for he had barred violence when he had made the bet, but had walked off with Samuel Hargrave in another direction. Henry, therefore, had no friend at hand amongst those with whom he had dined, and the scurrility of the old woman rather tended to inflame than to appease Wellings, when a stout young man, bursting through the mob, threatened Mr. Wellings that if he

did not let the lad alone, he would call the constables up to see fair play.

The threat had its effect. Mr. Wellings and Mr. Benjamin Hargrave immediately quitted their hold of their captive, saying, "There—go home and tell Nunkey;—but what sort of a man are you, that you can't take a joke?"

As Henry turned from them, he recognized the person who had taken his part as the same who had pushed between him and Marten in the morning;—a young country fellow in a new smockfrock.

"Did not I tell you, young master," said the countryman, "that when you and your friend came to this here town, that there would be two more fools in it than there was afore? Half my prophecy is come true, I see; for what did you come here at all for, if you did not intend to go on the course and see the sport?"

"You may well ask that," said Henry; "but I thank you for speaking a kind word for me."

"I must say," replied the youth, "that I was much taken with you in the morning, because you took my bit of a joke so pleasant like; and I am glad if I have been able to help you through your trouble."

Henry slipped a shilling into the hand of the

young man, and, making his way through the crowd, soon found himself on the Malvern side of the bridge; and such was the agitation of his mind, that he could hardly think himself safe till he had arrived at the place in which he had appointed to wait for Marten. There he sat on the brow of the hill, upon a stile, looking directly down upon the Vale of Teme, and over that fair valley to the distant heights of Malvern, in view of a variety of scenes, where he had spent hours of his happy early days in the company of his beloved uncle, longing for the return of those peaceful feelings which he then enjoyed, and inquiring whether he should ever enjoy such feelings again. "Yes!" he answered—"yes! I shall enjoy them in the millennium, when our Lord reigns visibly on earth. Then I shall be like a little child again, following my heavenly Father, and looking up to him as a lamb looks up to his shepherd."

In the mean time, Marten had accompanied Lord F—— to the chief stand; and, before the commencement of the first heat, had been introduced to several ladies. At length, seeing none of the rest of the party, he began to be restless and anxious, but was a little relieved by the appearance of Mr. Clayton and Mr. Samuel Hargrave; who informed him that

Milner was with Wellings and Benjamin Hargrave, and no doubt would appear in a very short time.

Marten however, after a time, saw Mr. Wellings and the junior Hargrave coming round the stand, but unaccompanied by Henry. Being much alarmed by this, he sprang from his seat, apologizing to the ladies, and met Wellings on the sort of ladder or staircase, which led to the upper part of the stand. There the young man, taking his station, and thus intercepting the passage of Wellings, he asked, with no small loftiness of manner, where Henry Milner had been left.

“How should I know, Mr. Marten?” replied Wellings, at the same time imperiously demanding permission to pass.

“No, Sir,” replied Marten, “you don’t pass till you tell me where you left Milner.”

“You are at liberty to go and see where he may be,” retorted Wellings; “in the mean time, I will trouble you to stand out of my way;” and he was advancing on the enemy, although at much disadvantage, inasmuch as Marten was above him, when his antagonist seized the breast of his coat, and, holding it firmly, said, “Where have you left Milner, Wellings? I am decided you do not pass till you have answered my question.”

I do not know what Mr. Wellings' answer was, but it inflamed Marten so much, that he shook the part of the coat which he had grasped, and used some expression so decisive, if not to say, violent, that Benjamin Hargrave, who was standing below, thought it time to interfere; and springing up immediately upon the step, burst the wood work, which giving way from the top, brought all the three young men with a loud crash upon the ground. In the fall, Marten struck the side of his face against a projecting point of the booth, although he did not so entirely lose his balance as to fall prostrate on the earth—in truth, he was on his feet so soon again as to be able to assist Mr. Hargrave and Mr. Wellings: and I am happy to say, that, as he raised Mr. Wellings, he paid so much respect to his own character, as to beg his old schoolfellow's pardon for any hasty expression he might have used.

Mr. Wellings could do no other than admit the apology; on which Marten again repeated his inquiry respecting Henry. "Remember," he said, "that I was entrusted with him, and if anything has happened to him, I shall blame myself."

"If you be inquiring for the little chap as was with you this morning, he is safe enough,"



replied a rough voice from behind the young men. "He went over the bridge towards his home; I suppose it might be an hour ago."

As Marten turned round to thank the speaker for the information, he recognized his friend of the morning; on which the young man added, "You did not relish my prediction respecting what the town was to gain, and the country to lose, when you and your friend quitted the one to come into the other; but to my mind, there never was a prophecy better made out."

"I could find in my heart," returned Marten, "to— to— but I have had enough of folly for one day at least." Then, turning to Wellings, he said, "Good bye, old schoolfellow! When we meet again, I hope we shall both be wiser! Forgive me, if I have been rude; account to Lord F—— for my sudden disappearance—and so adieu." With that he quitted the course, and made the best of his way to Prince Rupert's tree;—during the first part of his progress being in such a state of anger against himself, that he would gladly, had it been possible, have changed his feelings with the most miserable beggar he met by the way. But as the scene of his mistakes became more remote, and he entered upon the breezy heights between the city and the vale of Teme, his mind gradually recovered its tran-

quillity; and he was led to see, we trust divinely, that no great harm had happened after all; and that if the follies he had fallen into that day should have proved to have opened his mind, and make him feel the weakness of all resolutions made in his own strength, he might, perhaps, have reason to consider this as one of the happiest seasons of his life.

“Truly,” he exclaimed, “when I am inclined to speak again of mounting to the heights of virtue in my own strength, I hope that I shall always remember that the sublime and the ridiculous very often set up their tabernacle upon the same eminence.”

As Marten turned the brow of the hill, his anxieties were relieved by the appearance of his friend, seated upon a stile, and reading a small book, which he had luckily found in the corner of his pocket.

## CHAP. XII.

*Not to be read by any person who is not quite assured that he has a soul.*

HAVING traversed that long, high field, where first the breezes of Malvern are felt by one passing in that direction, from Worcester, Marten entered a narrow pathway, on the brow of the eminence, near Prince Rupert's tree, and there saw Henry before him, sitting on a stile, and deeply engaged with a small volume, which he had lately procured as a present for Maurice—being no other than that renowned collection of fairy tales, in which the history of the Blue Bird Prince may be found at length, and at large. Henry had anticipated the pleasure of hearing these read to him by the young Hibernian, whilst he was himself engaged in drawing. Notwithstanding which, this book came so opportunely to his hand, whilst waiting on the stile for Marten, that he drew it from his pocket

with the feelings of one who had found a treasure, and setting himself very conveniently on the broad ledge of the stile, he was presently lost to all the world in the contemplation of haunted castles, knights in armour, cruel step-dames, and enchanted princesses; in the mean time, not a solitary passenger disturbed him—not a step was heard near him—all those who had been scattered over the path almost from sun-rise, were gathered together in the city—and none of these were yet on their way back, with the exception of our friend Marten; but Henry was so lost in his book, that he did not heed the approaching step of his friend; hence, Marten had much leisure to observe the air of perfect peace which was shed over the whole person of Henry, as he sate on this stile, although he had but a partial view of his features.

When our own minds are in a state of strong excitement, it is often affecting to observe the calmness of another, and more so when that other has been subjected to nearly the same agitating circumstances by which we have been so seriously affected; it is no consolation on these occasions to discover that the events which have so thrown us off our balance, are altogether unworthy of producing such powerful effects. Such reflections do but increase

our mortification. If Marten felt that he had acted weakly, it was no consolation to him to think that he had been tempted so to do, by Wellings and Ape Appleby. This reflection only made him the more angry with himself; and he was actually provoked at the perfect tranquillity of his young companion; for the figure of Henry—unless where the breeze agitated the curls upon his brow, as he had taken off his hat, and placed it on the gate-post—was still as a marble statue on a monument.

“I have not kept you waiting long, Henry,” said Marten; “but what may you be studying so deeply there?”

“Oh! Marten,” replied Henry, springing from the stile, “is it you? but you look very hot; why have you come so fast? I did not expect you so soon. I had a book in my pocket, and should not have minded waiting till I had finished it.”

“I am glad you have been so well entertained,” replied Marten; “nevertheless, come on—let us get home before the mob can overtake us. But, Milner, why did you leave me?”

“I said I should not go upon the course, Marten,” replied Henry; “I told you so, don’t you remember it?—I told you where I would wait for you.”

"You did," returned Marten; "but make haste." Accordingly they passed briskly down the hill, nor did they speak again till they were arrived in the fields beyond the bridge. At length Marten said, "Henry, will you tell me how it is that you manage to keep out of scrapes; I never knew you get into any scrape ever since I had the pleasure of your acquaintance—do put me up to this secret of yours—it is one well worth knowing for a young man just beginning the world, and one that does not wish to be making a fool of himself whenever he enters into company."

"I hope," said Henry, in some alarm, "that you have not got into any scrape, Marten, since I left you?"

"*You* left me?" replied the other, laying a stress on the word *you*.

"Yes," repeated Henry, not understanding the emphatic enunciation of the pronoun. "I hope you have not met with any accident since I left you;" and the younger looked up to the elder with a sweet expression of innocent anxiety.

It was seldom that Marten, however irritated he might be, was not wholly disarmed by the beautiful simplicity of Henry's manner; and that anxious, unsuspecting look, was like a

beam of sun on a thin crust of ice. "Oh! Milner," he said, "would to God I could resemble—I could be like you!"

"Like me, Marten," replied Henry; "like me: why, Marten, in what particular could you possibly desire to resemble me."

"Simply," replied Marten, "in the consistency of your character. You make no pretensions, and yet you never make such a fool of yourself as I do;" and he immediately proceeded to relate to him what had passed on the course.

Henry could not restrain himself from smiling at the account of Marten's misfortune. But before he could say a word, Marten added, "Now, Milner, explain to me this mystery; tell me how you, who in many respects are more of a child than most of your age and appearance, how do you avoid making a blockhead of yourself on many occasions, in which I cannot succeed half so well, though undoubtedly I think myself"—and here the young gentleman thought proper to make a full stop, although the sentence, as my reader must have observed, was by no means complete.

"Although, no doubt," retorted Henry, "you are much wiser than I am: were not you going to say as much, Marten?"

“ I grant it,” he answered, “ I was indeed about to say as much ; and, in truth, I ought to be for granting the requisite *cæteris paribus*, which I am most willing to do. I am several years older, and know more of the world than you do ——”

“ But I do not allow,” returned Henry, “ that I never get into scrapes.”

“ Do you allow that you escaped with more honour to-day than I did, Milner?” returned Marten ; “ and also in the affair of the supper, in the attics at Clent Green, and once or twice more which I could mention.”

“ Well, perhaps,” said Henry, “ it may be so in these instances—but then ——”

“ In all instances, in which you and I have been equally tried, I have found,” returned Marten, “ that you have escaped snares into which I have fallen ; and yet you will acknowledge, and I must feel, that—that allowing for the difference of age—that ——”

“ That you are wiser than I am,” added Henry.

“ Exactly so,” replied Marten ; “ remember, that I put the difference of age into the scale.”

“ And, pray,” returned Henry, “ may not this very opinion of yours, that you are wiser than another, let that other be ever so much of



a fool, be the very thing that makes you fall into scrapes? Now, I will tell you, Marten: when we were at the post-office to-day, feeling myself to be what you call a sort of a fool, that is, one who cannot stand against temptation, I wanted to run out of the town as fast as I could ——”

“Whereas *I*,” replied Marten, “feeling myself to be a sort of a Solomon, must needs run my neck into the noose. Thank you, Milner, you have solved the problem; you have guided me over the *pontus asinus*, and set me down in the land of common sense. But tell me, Henry, who it was, or what it was, that opened this peculiar view of the human heart to you? How did you and this piece of wisdom happen to come into contact?”

“What wisdom?” said Henry.

“How came you to understand this which you have just stated to me, and which I now see so clearly, that I wonder I did not see it before,” replied Marten, “viz., that your strength under temptations in general—a strength which I have often wondered at—consists in the doubts you entertain of your own firmness, whilst my weakness is the result of my confidence?”

“Marten,” replied Henry, “I wish you would

talk to Mr. Dalben about these things, they are too deep for me. It is not because you think yourself strong, that you become weak ; or because I think myself weak, that I become strong. There is more in it than all that. Mr. Dalben will tell you, if you will ask him, why it is that strength is given to people who think themselves weak, and denied to those who think themselves strong. But do ask Mr. Dalben about these things ; he will explain them better than I can. But at any rate don't say that I can resist temptation : as surely as you say it, and as surely as I listen to it, you will find me to-morrow boxing with Tom Bliss, or doing some other outrageously foolish thing. Do you remember the flatterer in the Pilgrim's Progress, who went about with a net to throw over the pilgrims' heads ?"

" Really, Milner," returned Marten, " you are the most extraordinary compound of the child, and I will not say what, that I ever met with ; but as you wish it, I will have some conversation with Mr. Dalben on what we have been talking of ; but see you not the people running down the path by Prince Rupert's tree ? The sport is over, I suppose ; come on, or we shall be overtaken by the multitude."

The two young men then mended their pace,

and rejoined Mr. Dalben in his quiet study, just at the moment in which Mrs. Kitty was wheeling in (for her progress much resembled that of a go-cart upon wheels) with the hissing urn. And Marten and Henry suffered no other subject to be introduced until they had told all their adventures; which being concluded, Marten asked the opinion of Mr. Dalben respecting public amusements. .

“ My opinions are very shortly given respecting them, Mr. Marten,” replied Mr. Dalben; “ religious people cannot away with them, and worldly people cannot do without them; neither can they be assimilated to the tastes of pious persons, if they are to be agreeable to those who are not pious. Become right-minded in all essential matters, and you will be as unable to relish a horse-race, a fox-hunt, or a common stage-play, as a well-educated gentleman would be to enjoy an Abyssinian feast.”

“ You, then, disapprove of these things, Mr. Dalben,” replied Marten.

“ I never rail against them,” returned the old gentleman. “ Make a man a Christian, and he will think no more of any of them; he will have higher aims, and higher objects; his taste will be refined, and he will be incapable of relishing them. Much labour, my dear Mr. Marten,

is lost in hewing and hacking at the branches of folly, whilst the root is allowed to flourish in the ground."

"Then you don't think that I did very wrong in going to these races, Mr. Dalben?" said Marten.

"Why should you suppose so?" asked Mr. Dalben. "Did you ever find me a severe censor, Mr. Marten? What right have I to go beyond what is written?"

"But," remarked Henry, "I thought, uncle, that you did not like us to mix with bad company; and I assure you that amongst the crowd on the race-ground there is swearing and drunkenness, and very shocking things."

"Now," returned Mr. Dalben, "you have, indeed, brought the question within the scope of Scripture; and I can recollect several precepts which bear upon our point, as in Rom. xii. 2: "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God."

Thus they conversed till they had finished their repast. After which, Henry having withdrawn to hear Maurice read, Marten brought forward the same subject of discourse which he

had had with Henry during their walk, viz. how it should happen, as it had done in many instances, that his young friend should pass irreproachably through trials which his elders could not withstand. And the result of these inquiries of Marten's were, that Mr. Dalben was able to ascertain that the ideas of the young man with regard to religion were totally without order; and that although he had a knowledge of some particular points, and a high respect for religion in general, yet that confusion and darkness still reigned in his mind. He pointed this out to him, and asked his permission to endeavour to give some arrangement and consistency to his ideas.

Marten had been humbled by the events of the day, and he was therefore peculiarly fitted at the moment to learn as a child—for God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble. He therefore gave Mr. Dalben every encouragement to proceed in the way he thought best. Accordingly, Mr. Dalben began with speaking of the Divinity as of an infinite being, and of the divine attributes, to wit, holiness, justice, mercy, omnipotence, omniscience, and omnipresence; and proved to him, by reason, that if the Divinity is infinite, each attribute

must also be so, not only in its nature, but its exercise, so that all and each of these must have their perfect work.

“So far,” replied Marten, “I thoroughly comprehend, inasmuch as if we allow any one attribute to be imperfect, either in its nature or influences, we give up our axiom, to wit, that the Divinity is infinite.”

“So far well,” replied Mr. Dalben ; “and it then follows, by the same course of reasoning, that even those attributes which seem most adverse to each other must be reconciled, and made so to co-operate as to admit of the infinite exercise of each.”

“Certainly,” returned Marten ; “I cannot deny that this must be so, although I cannot see how justice and mercy can each have an universal influence.”

“It is not necessary,” replied Mr. Dalben “that you should see how these may operate and harmonize in the dealings of the Almighty with those beings which are beyond our sphere of observation ; but we may understand from revelation how this is effected in the dealings of the Almighty respecting ourselves ; and this, for the present, is quite sufficient for us.”

“Undoubtedly, Sir,” replied Marten ; “and yet you will permit me to ask you, if the Al-

mighty is such as you state him to be, and I have no question but that you are perfectly right, how did sin enter into creation?"

"I consider," replied Mr. Dalben, "that sin may be compared, as it frequently is in Scripture, to darkness; as righteousness, on the contrary, is to light; light being an actual existence, and darkness being only the absence of light; holiness or righteousness, for I am somewhat at a loss to find the exact word to oppose to sin, consisting in a participation of the divine nature, and sin being a simple deficiency or falling off from that divine participation."

"You are opening a new view of these things to me, Sir," replied Marten.

"A true one I trust, Mr. Marten," returned Mr. Dalben; "God forbid that I should darken counsel without knowledge."

"But pray go on, Sir," said Marten.

"Probably," replied Mr. Dalben, "the first grand lapse of created beings consisted in the admission of the very principle which you uttered but a few days since, when you spoke of the strength of virtuous resolution to be expected from a well-educated young man."—A smile passed over the features of Marten as Mr. Dalben spoke; it was suggested by the comparison which the old gentleman had so un-

wontedly drawn, but Mr. Dalben was too much engaged in his subject to observe it.—“We can fancy,” he continued, “we can imagine the great archangel Satan never having experienced as we have the weakness and dependence of his nature, glorying first in his imaginary strength—his intellectual powers as far above ours as ours excel those of a new-born babe—the vast capacity of his angelic mind, the swiftness and depth of his thoughts, the extent of his knowledge—which grasped, perhaps, the histories and conformation of a thousand worlds; and we can understand how, in the contemplation of these created excellencies, he might be gradually withdrawn from that spirit of entire dependence which ever must exist between the created and the Creator. And thus, perhaps, the first great branch separated itself from the tree of life, and became the prey of the devouring flames which shall burn for ever.”

“According to perfect justice,” replied Marten; “but where was the exercise of perfect mercy in allowing even one to fall, and fall for ever?”

“These are subjects decidedly above us, Mr. Marten,” replied Mr. Dalben; “yet permit



me to suggest one inquiry. Might it not be possible that it was necessary, for the greater good of the mass of created being—in short, for producing the utmost possible quantum of felicity, that some examples should be made? But I feel that these speculations are beyond us; we are assured that sin exists—that by nature we are separated from God, and that divine mercy has prepared the means of satisfying that divine justice, and of so uniting us to God, that neither our own folly, or the powers of hell, shall ever again be able to separate us from him—as in John x. 7: ‘My sheep, hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand.’ And also we have this verse in Rom. viii. 38, 39: ‘For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus.’

“Now, this restoration of man to the Father through the Son, and by the influences of the Spirit, is the great work of salvation, the object

aimed at through all the progress of this work from first to last, and the same process is pursued with each individual who is to be made partaker of these glorious benefits."

"Are you one of the redeemed? And I doubt it not, my son," said Mr. Dalben. "Omniscience foresaw it would be so, and omniscience decreed it long before you entered into being. Divine mercy provided the Redeemer, and divine justice acknowledged his sufficiency. But inasmuch as this doctrine has its opposers, I am bound, I feel, to give you chapter and verse in corroboration of it. St. Paul thus writes to the Ephesians: 'According as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love; having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will,' &c.—Eph. i. 4—5. And also in Romans: 'For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the first-born among many brethren.'—Rom. viii. 29. In the due course of time, the manhood was received into the Godhead in the person of our Lord, and he that is infinite in his union with the Father, (for the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, are one,) by his own infinite

merits and sufferings thrown into the opposite scale, so entirely overbalanced your finite offences, that your freedom was purchased, and being reconciled to the Father, you entered into being not under a sentence of condemnation, but an object of the divine favour, and one prepared for farther mercies.

“Yet was it needful for you that you should experience the anguish of sin, and be made to know the weakness of your nature, in order that the works of the Holy Spirit should have their full exercise in your person.

“Neither do predestination or justification affect us personally; I mean, as regarding our individual characters, until the Holy Spirit commences his work with us. Every saint who is now in glory was born in sin, and, as to his original nature, the child and heir of hell. Much, therefore, is necessary to be done for him, before he is personally fitted for the society of the sons of God; and this work is what God the Spirit has undertaken to accomplish for us.

- “And of these divine works, my dear Marten,” continued the old gentleman, “we have a beautiful emblem now before us.—Look at that tree before the window, which is bending down with the weight of its fruit. You see the beauty of its form, and the richness of its foliage—there is not a fairer plant in all the garden.”

“ I see it, Sir,” said Marten.

“ When I first came to this house—it may be now thirty or more years since—that fair tree was no other than a crab-stock—a healthy and flourishing stock indeed, and one which, in the spring, put forth multitudes of blossoms of a most delicate appearance ; but the fruit, Mr. Marten, the fruit was naught, as my old gardener used to say—fit only to be thrown to swine.

“ You understand the process by which this same stock became what it now is, namely, grafting, an art by which a fruitful branch is so curiously and artificially united with that which is unfruitful, that it becomes in a manner one with it ; although the old stock retains its original nature under the graft, proving thereby, that if it is able to produce fruits acceptable to those who water and cultivate it, it is only in consequence of that union which has been effected with the fruitful branch.

“ In like manner, as the gardener reduces the original stock to a mere stem, divesting it of all its shoots and branches before he introduces the fruitful branch ; so the Holy Spirit separates the individual, with whom he is about to commence his glorious work, from his old covenant head, and unites him to the new covenant head ;

namely, that head which in Scripture is emphatically called the branch. This spiritual union (to us a mystery) is what is called regeneration, or the passage from the old dead state into a new and spiritual state of being.

“In entering into this new state of being, the new-born soul receives a set of faculties whereby it is enabled to comprehend spiritual things, and to apprehend those divine instructions which it cannot admit by nature. ‘For the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.’—Rom. viii. 7.

“But whereas it takes a length of time before the tree which has been grafted, is able to bring forth fruits in perfection from the good stock; and whereas the branches which the old stock is continually throwing out, would, without the care of the gardener, utterly impede and destroy the fruitfulness of the engrafted branch, so the feelings of our old and corrupt nature too often utterly destroy the usefulness, and tarnish the honour of the child of God, rendering it necessary for his heavenly Father to exercise him with many sorrows, and, as it were, to encompass him with thorns, lopping his most flourishing branches, and disturbing his habitation.

“And thus the regenerate are taught to use those divine faculties with which they were endowed in the moment of regeneration, the Holy Spirit sanctifying unto them the exercises of adversity, and fitting them to enter into that glory which was prepared for them from the beginning.

“And now, my dear Marten, if I have succeeded in making these doctrines plain to you, you will perceive, that so far from our ever being able to obtain any thing like inherent or natural strength, wisdom, or what you term virtue, by which I understand a sort of sense of morality, which may be depended upon in times of trial, it appears that all which proceeds from ourselves is corrupt, and that if we at any time produce the fruits of good works, it can only be through our union with the branch.”

“Permit me, Sir,” said Marten, “to commit what you have said to paper, for your inspection and for my own consideration. I feel that all you have said is perfectly right, but the ideas are all so entirely new to me, that I fear I cannot take them in at once.”

Thus finished this interesting conversation.

## CHAP. XIII.

*A little for all Tastes.*

MARTEN being now established at Mr. Dalben's for some weeks, fell at once into the regular routine of the family; and how sweetly each day followed another can only be conceived by those persons who, having God for their guide, understand the harmonious interchange of labour and recreation—intellectual labour, and harmless, useful, and ingenious recreation. As the evenings became longer, more time was devoted to conversation; and then it was that Mr. Dalben finished his outline of history, having brought Marten to that point to which he had already led Henry on an occasion stated above.

This point was the fourth millennium of the earth typified by the fourth day of creation; the account of which is to the following effect:—

“And God said, Let there be lights in the

firmament of the heaven, to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years: and let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth: and it was so. And God made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the stars also. And God set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth, and to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness: and God saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning were the fourth day."

"According to our system of types," added Mr. Dalben, "the sun is the type of the God incarnate; the moon, of the forms and ordinances and ruling powers of the church; the stars, of dignities inferior to Christ, shining in the periods of darkness; the heavens, the seat of government; and the dry land, the place of the church, or the field prepared for divine cultivation. Answerable to this, we find, by comparing one history with another, that it was during this millennium that all the great monarchies of the earth arose;—not only all the principle ones spoken of by Daniel, but all the lesser ones mentioned in heathen



authors, with very few exceptions. At the end of this millennium our Lord also became incarnate, and all the great establishments for divine worship obtained their eminence and influence over mankind, being as moons shining in the seasons of spiritual darkness.

“We have little assistance either from Scripture or from heathen writers, to enable us to know much of the three first millenniums of the earth; but of the fourth we have innumerable accounts, not only from prophecy, which enlarges upon this portion of time, but from all the writers of Greece and Rome, and of the east; and if agreeable to my young auditors,” continued the old gentleman, “I shall take an occasion of reviewing this millennium after I have passed hastily over the fifth and sixth.

“The fifth millennium is typified by the works of the fifth day of creation. ‘And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven. And God created the great whale, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind: and God saw that it was good. And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful and multiply, and fill

the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth. And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.'

"This millennium commences immediately after the birth of our Lord, and concludes about the period of the Danish kings of England.

"The types which are used in the passage of Genesis above cited," continued Mr. Dalben, "are all what are called accepted, that is, they are well known, and can be proved from Scripture: the mighty ocean being the mass of the spiritually dead; the fowl, of spirits or spiritual rulers; the fish, of those among the heathen to whom spiritual life is imparted, or of such as are prepared to be drawn upon the dry land by the net of the spiritual Fisherman; and the whale, or leviathan, (for the word in Hebrew is similar, and hath the same import as that translated leviathan, in other places of Scripture,) is the western Antichrist; and these emblems, thus arranged by Omnipotence and Omniscience, prefigured the conversion of the Gentiles; the hitherto unknown predominance of an order of spiritual rulers extending their protecting wings over the field or church, and the existence of the great

western Antichrist arising from amid the Gentiles."

"Wonderful!" said Marten; "in some societies a new idea is a prodigy. But really, Sir, you suggest more than I am able to receive at once."

"I do not desire you to receive them—far from it," replied Mr. Dalben, "far from it. I do not ask implicit belief, I am only giving you ideas to work upon. Prove and try all I have said: that system which will not bear research may be ingenious, but is only the more to be rejected on account of its plausibility. I myself have no doubt but that many passages of Scripture, if not whole books, are written in a language of which the types are all taken entirely from the works of nature and of art; and that when the signification of these types are perfectly ascertained, the sacred volumes will unfold their wonders, and fill the mind with amazement at the darkness in which these things have hitherto been involved."

"May I beg you, Sir," said Marten, "to go on with your explanation of this wonderful chapter?"

"The sixth millennium is that," replied Mr. Dalben, "in which we live. It commenced

about the period of the Danish kings of England—it will end when perhaps least expected. It answers to the sixth day of creation, of which the description is as follows: ‘And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: and it was so. And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind: and God saw that it was good. And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.’ The figures used in this passage, not before considered by us, are beasts, cattle, and creeping things. The man himself, and the woman as one with the man, or included in the man. All these types are also accepted, beasts being types of nations, cattle of labourers in spiritual husbandry, the man of Christ, and the woman of the church, bound up in Christ, or being one with him. In this millennium we

are to look for the admission of nations into the visible church, and for a class of humble and laborious ministers; perhaps, also, for the renewal of the image of Christ in many members of the church; but as the latter part of this wonderful prophecy is not yet fulfilled, and the former part only in progress, I dare not say more, or attempt to explain that which time only can reveal.

“ But now to proceed to our seventh day, as described in the second chapter of Genesis, this passage which foreshows the time emphatically called the millennium; and really, my dear Marten, I can hardly think that you can have associated thus freely with our little friend on my right hand, without having heard of the reign of Christ on earth, which has ever been the most delightful subject of our discourse and contemplation since he has been able to discern his right hand from his left.”

Mr. Dalben and Marten having concluded their review of the outline of the seven days of creation, recurred again to the fourth day, which, as Mr. Dalben informed his pupil, included the whole of ancient heathen history, allowing ancient history to end with our Saviour, rather than with the fall of the Roman empire—a more natural division of time, and

one more conformable with Scripture ; and he pointed out to him for his examination the tenth chapter of Genesis, and several chapters of Daniel, showing him, that after Daniel had foretold the existence of the four great heathen empires, to wit, the Assyrian and Babylonian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman, he followed down the history of the western Anti-christ to the end, in his seventh chapter, and that of the eastern Anti-christian regions, to the termination of all things, in his eleventh and twelfth chapters ; adding, that many persons who have explained prophecy, have darkened counsel without knowledge, by confounding the geography of prophecy, and applying events which are decidedly fixed in the east, with things and persons belonging to the west. Mr. Dalben added much more on these subjects in this conversation, but inasmuch as we have many other matters to attend to, we must leave these for the present.

Henry thought that the time which Marten had to spend with him flew more rapidly than any period of his life had ever done ; but October came, and Marten must go. Henry received permission to walk with him to Malvern, and when he had seen him at the top of the coach, and seen the coach drive off, he turned away with

tearful eyes, and walking rapidly soon found himself removed from all observation. He had several miles to walk alone, and his heart was sad. "I wish the millennium were come," he thought, "and then there would be no parting from those we love." It was a cold morning, the wind was whistling, and every blast scattered fresh leaves upon the earth. In a narrow lane, not far from his own house, he met a boy carrying a frail, sewed up with string, and directed as if it had come by the coach. The boy said he was come from Powick, and was carrying the basket, which had arrived that morning, to a gentleman's house, which he supposed to be not very distant, though he did not rightly know it.

"Come on with me a little way," said Henry, "and we shall come to a gate, and then I will show you the house, about two miles distant; but you seem tired, that frail is heavy, and you are but a little concern."

"It is heavy, master," said the boy, "and I have been looking every where for a strong stick, that I might put over my shoulder, and so hang the basket on it, and I should go more easy like, then."

"Well," said Henry, "I will look for one for you;" and he turned into a little coppice hard by, and by chance, or perhaps something

better than chance, found a good stout one ready on the ground, much to his mind. He returned immediately to the lane, and having lopped off some branches with a strong knife, which he always carried about him, was just about to arrange the burthen on the back of the little boy, using that kind and gentle manner to which he had always been accustomed from an infant, and meditating the present of a Malvern cake which Marten had given him, when suddenly the head of a hound appeared at the turning of the lane—another, and another followed, and the next minute it seemed that the whole area of the lane was full of these creatures, who came on looking curiously and eagerly on the two boys.

“ Oh ! master,” said the younger ; “ Oh ! master, if there ba’an’t the hounds, and no huntsmen neither with them ; and if they should fly at us, we should be torn to bits as sure as we are here.”

“ Stand back,” said Henry, “ stand back ; they are between us and the stile, or we could get into the field : get behind me, little boy, and stand still—don’t cry out.” The little boy got behind Henry, and Henry stood quite still, so close to the hedge as only to allow room for the boy to get behind him, and thus he hoped that the



dogs would have passed; but he was mistaken, the leader came up close to Henry, snuffing and smelling in a most inauspicious manner, and the rest gathered round to the number of thirty or forty; yet, still, not one of them gave tongue or uttered a sound, and Henry still hoped they would have taken themselves off."

At length the foremost inserted his head between Henry and the little boy, and jumped up behind the latter, bringing his nose in contact with the basket, which was strapped round the boy's shoulders. Horrible was the yell which the creature uttered as he smelt the contents of the frail, and frightful the answering cries of the other dogs, and the commotion which instantly ensued in the pack.

"Throw the basket to them," said Henry; "slip it from your shoulders—it is only in that way we can save ourselves; but the little boy could not detach himself from it. Henry cut the straps with surprising quickness, and let it fall among the hounds, and then clambered up the bank and through the hedge, drawing the boy after him, who being disencumbered of his load was not slow in helping himself. He then stood in the gap, and drove back more than one of the yelping curs with the stick which he had procured for the little boy; in the mean time,

the whole pack of four-legged blood hunters were in one wild uproar, tearing the contents of the frail into a million of pieces, (for unfortunately, the basket had contained a hare and several partridges,) filling the whole neighbourhood with their savage yells, and making it appear that they were only half tamed, although they obey the voice of the whipper-in; but, providentially for Henry, the huntsman was not far off, he had stopped only one minute to speak to an acquaintance, and in no more time than that minute, what mischief might have been done! At the cry of the curs he came galloping up, and soon reduced the savages to order. He apologized to Master Milner for the accident, but Henry did not take his apology so courteously as he afterwards thought he might have done; but begging the huntsman to mind his savage crew a little better another time, he walked away with the boy, who was crying bitterly at the loss of his basket.

“ I shall go with you, my little boy,” he said, “ to the gentleman, and tell him the story, and I am sure he will not be angry; and I will give you the money for the carriage of it, that you may take it back to your master.”

Henry did as he promised: he went with the little boy to the gentleman, whom he knew, at

least by sight. The gentleman took up the matter more seriously than Henry expected, and said, "that he should request the master of the hounds to reprove his servant for his carelessness in losing sight of his dogs;" but he was extremely polite to Henry, and kind to the little boy, giving him half-a-crown to make up for all misfortunes, and thus ended this adventure; but before Henry parted from the boy, which he did in the lane where they had first met, he pointed out to him how thankful he ought to be for the mercies he had met with that morning.

"I shall remember you, master, whoever you be," replied the child, "as long as I live, and love the thought of you too; that I shall."

"But chiefly remember that God who sent me to help you, little boy," returned Henry, as he parted from him, "and then you will be a happy child."

From that day things went on with Henry for several months in so quiet a manner, and he was so well and contented, that I have hardly any thing to record respecting the whole period, excepting that after Christmas that year was a very long deep snow, followed by a frost, and Henry, with the help of Maurice, made a fortification of snow, which they attacked one day with snow-

balls, and built up the next ; and this fortification passed away all in one night, a very rapid thaw having taken place, which wholly undermined Henry's tower :

*Sic transit gloria mundi.*

About this time, Henry received a letter from little Beresford, informing him that he was at present at Brussels with his father ; that he attended an English classical master in that city, and that he was no longer called Dunce Beresford. He added, " that his father had promised to bring him to England after another twelve months,—and then, Master Henry,—then I hope to come to see you," added the child, " for papa says that he shall never forget your kindness to me, and he would rather I should be with you than with any other boy in the whole world." Major Beresford added a few lines to this letter, in which he confirmed all that his son had said.

And now, as the winter had been particularly severe, the spring which followed was more than usually delightful. Mr. Dalben, also, experienced so great a revival of health and strength, that he was enabled to accompany Henry in many of his walks, from the beginning of May till the summer was far advanced. And

how very pleasant were those walks; how forcibly did they remind Henry of his early childhood !

When old persons are lively and affectionate,—I do not mean lively as a kitten or a fawn, from the effect of mere animal spirits,—but, having all their wits in full exercise, they must certainly be more agreeable associates than those who have less knowledge and less experience. And of all the companions Henry had ever happened to meet with, none ever made himself so agreeable to him as Mr. Dalben. A walk with this excellent old gentleman, when the weather permitted him to take it leisurely, commonly embraced two objects; viz. a lesson on natural philosophy, and an application of that lesson to religious subjects. For instance, in pointing out the manner in which the dew of heaven is conducted from the roots through the delicate fibres of the trees and plants, causing them to put forth their buds and blossoms, and tender young leaves, and to fill the air with perfumes of the most exquisite odour, he would take occasion to enlarge upon the works of the Spirit, which, entering the heart of man, and pervading every faculty, causes the individual to produce the fruits of good works, and to break out in the song of praise, and the voice of adoration.

Again, in remarking the variety of birds which appear in the woods in this season, winging their way in the open heavens, filling the air with their songs, preparing their nests, and conveying the seeds and germs of the trees and plants from place to place, waging a perpetual war with the insects and worms, which are the enemies of the vegetable creation,—he pointed out the resemblance of these with the spiritual protectors and rulers of the church, whose business it is to scatter the spiritual seed, and to eradicate the secret enemies of the garden of God. He failed not, however, to point out, that as there are noxious birds, so there are, and ever have been, spiritual rulers who rather devour than scatter the good seed; and he hence took occasion to point out from Scripture what ought to be the character of the bishop or eye of the church; for it must be understood, that the word eye, or bird, is the same in Hebrew. Lessons given in this way are not easily forgotten; and if forgotten for a while, they are so associated with objects which are continually recurring, that they can hardly fail of presenting themselves again at one time or another.

The very situation where Mr. Dalben and Henry sat whilst the former gave this lesson to his adopted son, could not fail of being traced for ever on his memory.

It was on the point of a hill ; a hill, indeed, small in itself, but situated at a considerable eminence above the Vale of Teme. At its foot was a deep dingle, winding away into the valley, and covered with woods : a large bird was winging its way over these woods, in various circles ; sometimes arising towards the heavens, sometimes skimming closely over the summits of the trees ; and, at length, passing away in the very eye of the sun.

But I must conclude my chapter in this place ; for, although I would willingly follow Mr. Dalben and Henry in others of their rural walks, being a partaker of their studies, through all the lovely scenes in which they were pursued, whether by the banks of sparkling rills, or under hedges, fragrant with whitethorn, or in gardens gay with lilac and laburnum,—yet, being called to attend to other matters, I must necessarily omit many things of this nature, and bring my reader into scenes of more active and busy life.

## CHAP. XIV.

*Edgar Bonville.*

As May had passed, so also passed the greater part of June; and the long vacation being near at hand, a letter came from Mrs. Bonville, informing Mr. Dalben that Edgar had set his heart upon spending his vacation with him, and becoming acquainted with that most delightful young man, viz. Mr. Henry Milner; adding, with her usual flippancy, "I have been calculating Mr. Milner's age, and I think that he must now be about sixteen, or on the verge of it; it must, therefore, be no longer Master Henry, but Mr. Milner. I shall apprise my Edgar of this, and beg him to treat him with all the respect due to his advanced age." Mr. Dalben uttered a sort of groan as he folded up the letter, adding, "Well, so as the young man comes alone, it may do. At any rate, we must



endeavour to serve the poor boy ; perhaps we may be of some use to him, if we make it our object, with the Divine blessing, so to be."

Two days after the arrival of this letter, whilst Mr. Dalben and Henry were one morning engaged with their studies, the two younger Mr. Hargraves called. Although they had only asked for Edgar Bonville, they were ushered into the study, where, finding themselves in the presence of Mr. Dalben, they made a very short visit, leaving behind them the sweet assurance of another call as soon as Mr. Bonville should have made his appearance.

Mr. Dalben's politeness was put to a somewhat severe test on the occasion ; and as soon as they were gone, he broke out more vehemently than was customary with him:—" I had hoped," he said, " to have done young Bonville some service ; but if these persons are to be continually haunting my house whilst he is here, there is little hope. Edgar is to take his degree during the next term, and every moment is now precious to him ; but how will it be possible for him to study, if he is to be thus interrupted ? However, Henry Milner, in order to set this matter at rest, for once and for ever, remember that you make no engagements in which I cannot be a party."

" I thank you, uncle," replied Henry, " for

laying this command upon me ; it is so comfortable sometimes to be commanded."

Mr. Dalben smiled, for his irritable feelings were evaporated, and asked an explanation of Henry's remark.

" Why, uncle," replied Henry, " when one is afraid of being tempted to do what is wrong, to have a person in authority to say, ' I command you to keep out of the way of that temptation, or not to go to that place,' is so vastly pleasant ! I cannot bear being managed by a soft person."

" I am sure, Henry, you would not like a hard manager," replied Mr. Dalben ; " but there is much reason in your remark. A ruler, who, in material points, wants firmness, by no means conduces to the happiness of his subjects."

About three o'clock on the following day, a chaise and pair, well laden with baggage, drove to the door, and from thence issued a young man, dressed in the extreme of the fashion. Henry, who was sitting in his projecting window in the roof when this young gentleman stepped out of the carriage, thought of the nobleman whom he had met at Worcester, and also recollected the Clent Green cognomen of this same nobleman. It must be remembered, that birds are as well known by the colours of

their plumage, as by such of their qualifications as are less observable by the eye. Henry, however, hastened down to receive the visitor, whom he could not doubt was Mr. Bonville, and was met by him in the hall with an urbanity and graciousness of manners which at once banished from his mind every unkind feeling which might have harboured there in those times when he had been accustomed to associate Edgar Bonville in his mind with Wellings, Roger, and the young Hargraves; and as he followed him into the study, and witnessed his meeting with Mr. Dalben, he was more and more inclined to like him.

Edgar Bonville was more than commonly handsome, though, perhaps, his features were of rather too delicate and feminine a cast, and hardly indicated great strength of constitution. His eyes were of a dark and liquid blue, his brow open, his nose and mouth finely turned, and his hair so well set, that it could scarcely be tortured into an ungraceful form; and although his figure was disguised by the affectation of the most knowing attire, yet it was particularly elegant, though not robust. His manners, too, were remarkably pleasing; and though not possessing the dignity of Marten's, yet wanting that supercilious air which the latter knew so

well how to assume in society where he did not think it worth his while to make himself agreeable; but there was nothing of this in Edgar Bonville. His manner, on the contrary, seemed to be particularly warm, and he did not appear to despise the good opinion of the very lowest person with whom he might happen to enter into contact;—a sort of feeling, which he presently made evident by the manner in which he dismissed the postillion at the hall door, and recommended his sundry packages to the care of Mr. Dalben's servants.

Henry, having shown him to the room which Marten had occupied, returned to the study, and looked earnestly in his uncle's face, as if he desired to read therein his opinion respecting their visitor.

"A pleasing young man, Henry," said Mr. Dalben; "very pleasing. There is much of the *suaviter in modo* there, but I fear that the *fortiter in re* may be deficient; yet, on the whole, I am better pleased with him by far than I could have hoped. Poor fellow! I hope, Henry, that we may be able to benefit him."

"Why do you say, poor fellow! uncle?" asked Henry. "Do you mean any thing particular?"

"We shall see, Henry," replied Mr. Dalben;

“ we shall see. But do not lose sight of the object which induced me to receive this youth, viz. that we may do him good, and pray, my boy, that it may please God to support and assist you in conducting yourself aright in your intercourse with him.”

This discourse was interrupted by the reappearance of Edgar, who had availed himself of the interval, to change his dress, to arrange his hair, and to adorn his person, according to the last and most knowing mode established in the university.

Henry found it difficult to withdraw his eyes from so complete a figure; but Mr. Dalben took no manner of notice of this extraordinary display of fashion, but invited the young stranger to sit down to some excellent roast lamb which Mrs. Kitty had just set smoking on the board.

“ I hope, Mr. Bonville,” said the old gentleman, “ that you are prepared to accommodate yourself to a number of very obsolete habits. If you cannot breakfast very early, dine at three, sup at eight, and retire to rest at nine, I do not know what will become of you.”

Edgar professed that there was nothing in which he so much delighted as the simplicity of the country; talked of studying in the

beautiful harbour he had seen from his windows ; expatiated on the inspiration of rural sounds and rural scenery ; and declared, that he never thoroughly enjoyed a night's rest when he was not in bed before ten o'clock.

Mr. Dalben led him to speak of the examination which was to take place during the next term, when it was expected he was to take his degree, and pressed him to make the very best of the few months which were to intervene.

" It is my firm intention so to do," replied Edgar. " At what time do your servants rise, Mr. Dalben ? I shall beg them to knock at my door as they go down stairs ; though probably I need not give them the trouble, for I shall always be up as soon as it is light, and so obtain two or three hours for reading before breakfast."

" And between breakfast and one o'clock you may have four more hours, Edgar," said Mr. Dalben.

" And I must snatch two hours again after dinner," rejoined the young man ; " I am determined to read eight hours a day during the vacation."

" What books do you propose to take up ?" asked Mr. Dalben.

Edgar mentioned several ; indeed, more than Mr. Dalben would have thought advisable for a

young man of superior talents and industry ; he therefore stated to Mr. Bonville, that he thought it might be more to his credit to make himself master of as few books as the college rules would permit, and to reject, in the present crisis, all extraneous studies.

Edgar rather smiled at this advice, and spoke largely of his plans and prospects, bringing forward instances of young men, who, without seeming to labour, had carried away the honours from the veriest plodders in the university; and betraying sentiments, by which he made it evident that he was utterly unacquainted with the powers or deficiencies of his own mind.

Having dined, Mr. Dalben proposed a walk, and was much pleased with the polite and kind attentions paid to him by young Bonville, who would have lifted the gates from their very hinges, had it been possible, to have saved his venerable relation the trouble of climbing over them, when they were fastened. Mr. Dalben was of the old court and school of manners, and was always fond of a polite deportment. He accordingly took occasion to commend this obliging and agreeable quality in his young visitor, and to express his disapprobation of the dry, ungracious, and sarcastic style of manners too prevalent among the young

people of the present age ; pointing out whence this sort of manner proceeded, viz. from that contempt of authorities which is becoming daily more prevalent as the period of the general dissolution of present things becomes more near ; and then proceeded to remark, that Christian feelings, and the prevalence of love and charity in the heart of man, are the only true and solid basis of real courtesy.

Edgar seemed to take up these ideas with so much quickness, and such apparent pleasure, that Mr. Dalben ventured to go a step further on the subject of religion, and to point out how God the Spirit assists those who are under his divine influence, to repel from their minds in a great measure all uncharitable and unkindly feelings, and to admit in their stead those which are tender, gentle, and forgiving ; and then, by way of quietly ascertaining the depth of his young friend's knowledge of divine subjects, he asked him, what books of divinity he had been in the habit of studying.

Edgar seemed rather embarrassed at the question, and evaded a direct answer, but replied, that it was his intention to get up all the historical books of Scripture during the long vacation.

“ I shall have great pleasure in assisting you



in that branch of study, Edgar," said Mr. Dalben, "or indeed in any other in which I can be supposed to be capable. But although I can assist Henry as yet, I ought not to be expected to be in a condition to help a young man in his classical studies who is to take his degree in a few months; but with the Bible I am more at home, and there you may fully command me. In what part of Scripture history do you suppose yourself to be most deficient, Mr. Bonville? for as our time is short, it might perhaps be best to work hardest where we are most weak."

Edgar, to use a rustic expression, hummed and hawed for a minute or more, and then requested a repetition of the question; which being granted, "I cannot say exactly," he said, "where I may be most deficient; perhaps it may be in the history of the descendants of Seth—perhaps I may not be quite so well acquainted with that portion of history as of that of the other branches of the family of our great father."

Mr. Dalben coughed, and Edgar went on.

"What has made me think of this is, that one of the men in my rooms, the day before I left Oxford, was telling another man, that as there were two sorts of men in the world, the

good and the bad, he thought it very likely that the bad were all come from Cain, and the good from Seth; and this makes me wish to understand the history of Seth's children. There were several men in the room at the time, and one laid the other a dozen of wine that he was wrong; but the matter was not settled that night, because I could not find my Bible, and I do not know how it ended. I came away the next day."

"And pray, my good young friend," replied Mr. Dalben, "how long is it since you have lost your Bible? I fear it is a very long time. What are mothers about, that they do not endeavour, through all the long years of the childhood of their sons, to prevent the possibility of such awful ignorance? But let me prevail in this point, if I fail in every other—let us read the Bible together. Know you not that we are all sinners alike?—all black as Cain by nature; that there is none good, no, not one; and, more than this, that we are all descendants of Seth, the whole rebellious race of Cain having perished in the flood?"

Mr. Bonville made no answer to this, but soon afterwards began to question Mr. Dalben on the subject of botany, requesting him to

give him some instructions in that branch of science.

“Pray, Mr. Bonville, do you understand this phrase?” asked Mr. Dalben. “Do you know the lesson included under these two emphatic words, *Hoc age*? Now, my good young gentleman, what is your present object? Is it an important one, or is it not?”

Edgar shrugged up his shoulders, but made no answer.

“Come to me, Mr. Bonville,” added Mr. Dalben, “after you have taken your degree, and I will teach you Hebrew and botany, and every thing else within my reach; but let me entreat you, my dear nephew, to keep your eye now fixed on the one great object.”

“I mean it, Sir; I intend it,” returned Edgar. “I mean to read like a dragon: I shall be up every morning at four o’clock. If you come to my room at six to-morrow, Milner, you will find me in my dressing-gown and slippers, deep in Sophocles. Will you come and read with me?”

“I bar that,” said Mr. Dalben; “students should be alone.”

In conversation much to this effect the evening was finished, and the young man retired

early to rest, in order, as he said, that he might be up the more early to his studies.

Mr. Dalben and Henry met at the usual hour in the study the next morning; having had family worship, they made the tea, and waited a short time for Edgar. At length Henry was sent up to knock at his door, and found him just awake.

"I shall be with you in a moment," exclaimed the young man. "Eight o'clock did you say, Milner? Do you know, my good fellow, that I was tempted last night to open a new publication, which I bought on my way through Cheltenham yesterday, and it drew me on; I sate out the candle, and finished one of the three volumes. Its title is, 'the Sorrows of Lavinia;' and I promise you it cuts up sentimentalities, and those sort of things, admirably well. There is the character of an old Don in it, which I would swear was taken from the head of our college.—But I will be down immediately."

Mr. Bonville's immediately was a very tardy sort of adverb, moving its many syllables with a heavy pace; but at length the youth appeared in a sort of easy, yet studied morning dress: his hair being gracefully arranged, his cravat tied with careful negligence, or careless carefulness, as a pupil of the Euphuist

school might have said. He had a short frock-coat, a full plaited shirt, and a light waistcoat—an eye-glass being suspended from his neck by a blue ribbon. Mr. Dalben rallied him, though with kindness and politeness, on his tardy appearance, and begged that the business of the breakfast might be no longer delayed; “for,” added the old gentleman, “I must, my dear Edgar, trespass on you for one hour every day after breakfast. I am a very positive sort of old fellow, when I set my mind on any thing. Happily, (I hope Henry will acknowledge,) I have not a vast many whims; but when I do take a fancy, there is no getting it out of my head; and my present caprice is this, that I must trespass on your time for one hour every day immediately after breakfast. Indulge me in this, and you shall command me the rest of the twenty-four hours.”

Mr. Edgar Bonville was any thing but an unpolite and unaccommodating character; on the contrary, he was too bending and too pliant: he, therefore, made no manner of objection to this request; and Mr. Dalben, having given general orders that no visitor should ever be admitted during the first hour after breakfast, began that day to give Edgar regular instruction on all subjects bearing reference to Scripture. He

had, indeed, made up his mind to find the young man extremely ignorant, but a darkness so dense and so profound he had not expected from one who, upon an average, had attended divine worship once a week from the third or fourth year of his age. He, however, from the dread of giving pain, concealed his deep sense of his pupil's ignorance; nevertheless, he began his instructions from the very commencement of all things, and laboured indefatigably through the whole vacation; though the excessive ignorance and darkness above mentioned were not the worst enemies he had to contend with. He could have borne these, especially as Edgar was too polite to express actual disgust at his lessons, but the extreme restlessness of the young man, especially during the first few lessons, were a torture so great to the nerves of Mr. Dalben, that nothing but the most determined resolution on the part of the pious old gentleman could have enabled him to have endured it.

To describe the various modes by which Edgar irritated the nerves of Mr. Dalben on these occasions would be almost impossible; sometimes he would suddenly shoot out his feet against the legs of the table, and give it a violent shock; again, he would suddenly start

from his book, as if stung by a wasp ; then his eyes would be out of the window and up to the clouds, as if he had an interest in the hay-making which was going forward in the neighbourhood ; then he would look at his watch, run his fingers through his hair, blow his nose, wink, hem, cough, settle himself in his chair, fall back again, and then erect himself as stiff as a marble statue ; and all these changes were effected by rapid and jerking motions, each in their different ways equally indicative of unconquerable lassitude. The first lesson, however, was by far the most unpleasant, as it regarded these disagreeable circumstances. After a while, the determined composure and seriousness of Mr. Dalben (the pious old gentleman being, no doubt, assisted from above) wrought a soothing influence on the mind of the young man ; and before the vacation was half over, Edgar expressed more interest in these studies than Mr. Dalben could have hoped he would have done in so short a time. We shall see hereafter what was the reward bestowed by a gracious God on this worthy man for his persevering kindness.

And now I would willingly flatter myself that Edgar's ignorance of Scripture was a singular instance, not to be paralleled in the University of

Oxford, inasmuch as I cannot suppose but that a thorough acquaintance with the sacred writings must be considered as a sort of *sine qua non* in the education of a Christian gentleman in one of the first Protestant universities in the whole world.

But to return to our hero of the blue ribbon—the first weary hour being over, and the day delightfully fine, he proposed to have his books conveyed to Henry's harbour, and for this purpose he employed Maurice, who returning to the house, told Henry that "the young Master was seated in the very deepest corner of that shady place, with a sight of large books open before him, and a pen and ink and paper, and that he was not to be disturbed on no account till exactly half an hour before dinner; and then he means to come in, Master Milner, to change his dress, for he says, says he," continued Maurice, "that he must not sit down to dinner in his dishoville—please, Sir, what does he mean by that?"

"Go away now, Maurice," replied Henry, "and don't interrupt me, and I will take care to call Mr. Bonville half an hour before dinner." Accordingly, Henry, having resolved not to interrupt Edgar's studies, waited till the appointed hour, and then repaired to the harbour. This same



rural retreat had been so artfully contrived that its porch of eglantine, then in full leaf and beauty, concealed the interior chamber from all intrusive eyes ; Henry, therefore, could not see whether Edgar was within until he had passed the porch ; but being come to the entrance of the inner recess, he found no Edgar there : the table, however, was covered with papers and books, huge volumes of old classics and dictionaries being heaped up in the centre like the ruins of Babel, and lying, no doubt, in the same order in which Maurice had left them ; whilst, on that side of the table where Edgar had been sitting, or rather reclining on a couch of moss which Henry had prepared for his uncle, were unfinished copies of verses, rude sketches equally unfinished, and the third volume of Lavinia, lying open near the end, the second volume being not far distant—but where was Edgar ? Henry ran back to the house to look for him, and up to his room, and back to the arbour, and round the garden, calling Mr. Bonville as he ran ; at length, however, finding a little gate open at the bottom of the garden, he thought he might have passed in that direction, and running down a field beyond the fence, which sloped towards the brook so often mentioned before, he sprang over it, resolving to take a

view of the country on the opposite bank, with the chance of catching a glimpse of the person he sought on one side or another. Being arrived at the summit of this little promontory, he looked around and around in vain, and was just on the point of returning to the house, when a few sweet notes of a flute or flageolet were borne to his ear by the soft summer breeze: these having died away before he could ascertain the direction from whence they came, he stood still awhile, till again the same instrument, sweetly expressing the air of the old song, "A Gramarchree," arose distinctly from the dingle below. Swift as an eagle pouncing on her prey, Henry descended into the dale, and being arrived at a place deep in the shade—where the brook, in its way to the river, formed a sort of green swamp, replete with many a treasure to a bótanical eye—he looked up and saw the young student on the ledge of a rocky eminence which hung over the dale, leaning gracefully against the scathed trunk of an old oak, and producing from a flute those sweet sounds which had attracted Henry into the valley.

"So ho! Mr. Bonville," exclaimed Henry, looking up; "so these are your severe studies—the sorrows of Lavinia, and the Shepherd's

Pipe. I suppose I must not speak of any thing so vulgar and common-place as dinner to one so refined as you are—the scent of flowers, or at most, the fruits of the tree, afford nourishment enough for you, no doubt, with a draught from some sparkling fountain.”

Edgar instantly put his flute into his pocket, and taking up a small fragment of rock, threatened, good-humouredly, to roll it down on Henry, in return for his impertinence; but Henry, retreating from under the ledge, repeated the words, “Deep studies, Mr. Bonville, very deep studies—take care—do not injure your brain by excessive application. All work and no play, you know, makes Jack a dull boy.”

By this time, Edgar had sprung down the cliff and joined Henry; and the latter, seeing how very good-humouredly he took his jests, said, “Do, dear Edgar, do not waste your time—do work hard this long vacation—pray work hard, at least, for some hours every day—pray do!”

“You are a good fellow, Milner,” replied Edgar. “Well, I will work, I promise you; but I am rather tired with my journey to-day—to-morrow I shall be quite fresh.”

“*To-morrow!*” repeated Henry, “let me re-

collect the lines which Marten used to say at school :

“ Let that be done which Mat. doth say.  
Yea, quoth my Lord, but not to-day.’ ”

## CHAP. XV.

*An Invasion of the Enemy.*

MR. DALBEN had scarcely risen from breakfast the following morning, when Maurice came in with staring eyes and uplifted hands, exclaiming, "Oh, Master, Sir! they be coming; I seed them myself, as I was in the field over the lane!"

"Who?—what?" answered the old gentleman, all in tremors.

"The young squires, Sir; I seed them myself. There they were galloping, and the dogs along, and Miss, and all of them."

"Sure, Maurice, you are as big a fool as ever broke bread," said Mrs. Kitty, stepping in behind the little Irishman.

"Did not master say that nobody was to come till an hour after breakfast?" returned Maurice, sharply. "Why am I a fool, then?"

“To come to frighten master in this way,” retorted Mrs. Kitty.

“But it is the young gentlemen from the Ferns, Sir, riding up the lane. What be I to say to them?” rejoined Maurice.

“Mr. Bonville,” said Mr. Dalben, “it will not suit you to be deprived of your hours of study. Your mother has intrusted you to my charge. These gentlemen are calling on you. Kitty, you must tell them that we are engaged.”

Edgar looked embarrassed, but Mr. Dalben was determined; and Mrs. Kitty had scarcely shut the door before a thundering rap announced the visitors. The hall door was, however, soon shut upon them, and Mrs. Kitty, returning, said,—“Sir, the young gentlemen give their compliments, and they are sorry that Mr. Bonville is engaged, but they are riding on with Miss to Powick, and they will call as they come back; and they hope to have the pleasure of Mr. Bonville’s and Mr. Milner’s company to dinner to-day.

“Very well, Kitty,” answered Mr. Dalben. And when she was withdrawn, the old gentleman stated, in a very serious manner, to Edgar, the necessity of guarding against every encroachment on his time during the present vacation.

“The crisis to which you are now approaching, Edgar,” he said, “is, perhaps, the most important of your whole life; and to come to the trial which awaits you, with a calm, sedate, and serious mind, is of more consequence than I can describe. Let me intreat you, as a friend, as a paternal friend, not to shut your eyes to the difficulties which await you. I have my fears, strong fears, that you are not so well prepared in your classical studies as you ought to be; and the very consciousness that it may be so in the time of trial, will affect you more than you can now conceive. Now that the trial is at a comparative distance, think, my son, think of all that depends on your passing your examination with credit; think what shame you will entail on yourself, your mother, and all connected with you, if you fail in the trial. What a blight will be cast on all your prospects in life, if religion has, as yet, but a slight influence upon you: yet, at least, let worldly prudence have its sway. Edgar, I have known you only a few days, but I have seen enough in you to make me ardently desire to avert the evil which I dread. Permit me to write to Mr. Hargrave, and state my wishes that you should be left entirely to yourself during this vacation. I speak as a friend, and as a father. Have I your permission to do what I propose?”

"You have, Sir," replied Edgar; "and I thank you: but I wish, Mr. Dalben, that this abominable examination was over. I have no inclination for the church, and I have told my mother so a thousand times; but she pleads my father's dying injunctions, that I should be brought up to the church, and some promise, too, that I myself made to my father; so, I suppose it must be so."

"We are not now going over that ground again, Edgar," said Mr. Dalben; "your mother and yourself are to be the judges of this matter. Our present object is, to prepare you for the day of trial which awaits you."

"The day of judgment," rejoined Edgar.

"Well, let it be so," returned Mr. Dalben; "and let this vastly inferior trial be the type or emblem of that last day, when the secrets of all men shall be brought to light; and, by what you feel in the contemplation of the type, may you learn to meditate on the infinite importance of the antitype, and hence endeavour to be prepared for that last day, in which the examination which is to pass under the eye of Omniscience, shall be succeeded by the appointment of a degree among the hierarchies of heaven, or an eternal exclusion from the society of the blessed."

Edgar shuddered and looked serious; and



again, as if ashamed of his seriousness, he attempted a jest, saying, "If good works are to be shown up at the last examination, I fear more of our best scholars will be then plucked than they now think for."

"Come, Mr. Bonville," said Mr. Dalben gravely, "this is my hour. Will you take your place in the window? Kitty will prevent all interruptions. And since we have accidentally touched upon a very important doctrine, let us follow it up. Henry Milner, what I am about to say, will interest you; you shall therefore join our party, and we will seriously consider the sort of college allusion which Mr. Bonville has chosen to bring forward to elucidate an awful doctrine."

"As you are to be an Oxonian, Henry, I have no objection to point out to you that the cant phrase of plucking in our universities, is perfectly correct in its analogy to the types and emblems, as applied by Scripture. Most animals have by nature some sort of covering supplied or produced by their own body. Man, as an animal, is, in this respect, less provided than birds and beasts. His hair, indeed, is a beautiful crown, but he especially needs an imputed covering; and it is the work of the Holy Ghost to teach him where to obtain that covering, and how to

make it his own; but, as I said before, many animals have a natural covering—wool and hair, and fur and scales, and feathers. Sheering, fleecing, and plucking, are therefore a very appropriate emblem of depriving any creature of his peculiar honours;—and, taking birds as the type of spiritual or intellectual beings, depriving them of their feathers describes very appropriately the process which an unhappy youth endures when robbed of his fame, and rejected by his *Alma Mater*.”

“Oh!” exclaimed Edgar, “it makes me shudder with cold, like a plucked goose, even to think of it.”

“It is better to think of it beforehand, Edgar,” said Mr. Dalben, “than to endure the chance of suffering it; but before I dismiss the subject, you must permit me to add, that, from this process, which we call plucking, and which consists in depriving a man who, in examination, is found unworthy not only of all the credit he expected to obtain, but of all which he enjoyed before, we may understand somewhat of that which all human beings, whose works are imperfect, must endure at the last, when brought before the tribunal of omnipotence, omniscience, and perfect holiness; for none can escape the

power of omnipotence;—none can deceive the all-searching eye of omniscience; and even the angels are not pure in the sight of perfect holiness; and yet, Mr. Bonville, to use your college phrase, we are all bound, it seems, from scripture, to show up our works in the last great day; and, to carry on your analogy, if these our works are not perfect, we are certain to be rejected——”

“That is, plucked,” said Edgar, somewhat lightly.

“Well, if you please, plucked,” returned Mr. Dalben; “or, to use the words of scripture, ‘from him that hath not, shall be taken even that which he hath.’”

“At that rate,” remarked Edgar, “we are all in a poor way; for surely, Mr. Dalben, you do not think that there is any person whose works are quite perfect.”

“And yet,” replied Mr. Dalben, “I do hope and trust to present works faultless, and without spot, before the throne of my God.”

Mr. Bonville smiled, and said, “I know you to be a good man, Mr. Dalben, and that you have been very charitable, and given away a vast deal of money, and lived a very innocent life; but,—you must excuse me,—I can hardly

think it even of you, that you have never done any thing wrong. There is no man on earth I could think that of."

"Really," said Mr. Dalben, smiling, "you must have a strange opinion of mankind; and that you should suppose that I ever do wrong, is a sort of presumption that I should hardly have expected from you; but, seriously speaking, I can assure you, that as far as I am myself concerned, I venture to assert, that I never once, through all my life, performed one faultless action, or spent one hour of innocence, unless it might be in the days of infancy. I therefore solemnly declare, that I shall not presume to present one action of my own before the tribunal of justice, lest it should be weighed in the balance and found wanting. No, I desire to cast away all my own righteousness as filthy rags; and yet I hope to present works which are faultless, and without blemish, before the throne of God; that is, I trust that through my union with Christ, his righteousness may be imputed to me, and his works made mine; and being provided with these, I shall stand without fear in the presence of Omniscience."

Mr. Dalben was not quite sure that Edgar understood him; however, he felt that he had associated some ideas with his college phrases,

which would not fail to present themselves again to his mind when these phrases recurred ; and being satisfied with this, he dismissed Henry, and commenced his regular course of biblical instruction with Edgar, carrying him successfully through the hour.

This hour was hardly concluded, however, when Thomas, appearing without the window, which was open, said, “ Sir, they be coming again—at any rate, two of them blades, galloping as if old gooseberry was behind them, and I reckon he a’ant far off them, at any rate. They will be here in a trice—I seed their heads over the hedge there, at the turning. ‘They does not think small beer of themselves by the manner of them, or I am more mistaken in them than I commonly be in such chaps.”

“ Very well, Thomas,” said Mr. Dalben, “ that is enough—you may go ; and do you, Edgar, leave them to my management,” added the old gentleman, with some authority of manner. “ If you retire to your room, you will not encounter them.”

“ But, perhaps,” returned Edgar, “ I might ——”

“ As you please, Mr. Bonville,” replied Mr. Dalben.

"You think I had better avoid them?" said Edgar.

"Certainly," returned the old gentleman.

"Here they be—here they be!" exclaimed Thomas, "fly for your life, young gentleman;"—and Edgar instantly made off.

The next minute, Benjamin and Samuel Hargrave walked into the study, all accoutred for riding, in light jackets and boots, with whips in their hands; whilst their boyish features expressed a sort of insolent defiance, which was hardly kept within bounds by the calm dignity and extreme politeness of Mr. Dalben.

Samuel was the speaker on the occasion, for Benjamin preserved a sullen silence. "Fine weather, Sir," said Samuel—"is Mr. Bonville to be seen? We called an hour ago."

"You did us great honour," replied Mr. Dalben; "pray be seated, gentlemen. How is the good lady, your mother? and is your father gaining health?" To these inquiries Samuel made very short replies; but inquired again for Mr. Bonville.

Mr. Dalben answered him with plainness and candour, stating the situation of Mr. Bonville, as it regarded the examination in prospect. Whilst Mr. Dalben spoke, Samuel opened and compressed his lips several times, as if in doubt

what to reply,—interchanging glances at the same time with his brother, and then exclaimed, “ Hang it !—confound it !—by Jupiter ! ”—and there he stopped. Mr. Dalben awaited calmly for the end of the sentence, but it did not arrive. In the mean time, Benjamin was striking his own boots with his whip, and reprimanding the dogs, who were snuffing about the room, and making themselves as agreeable, in their own doggish ways, as their masters were in those more peculiar to the lords of the creation.

During this pause Mr. Dalben drew his ink-stand towards him, and arranged his paper, signifying that he was about to write to their elder brother to state the case to him, and to thank him and Mrs. Hargrave for their very polite invitation to Mr. Bonville and Henry Milner.

“ So you don’t mean to let them accept the invitation ? ” said Benjamin, speaking for the first time. Mr. Dalben wrote on, and took no notice of this abrupt question, and having concluded his note, he had the satisfaction to see his visitors walk off with it.

At the outer gate these heroes found Maurice, holding their horses ; they instantly recognized the young weazle-hunter, and Mr. Benjamin, addressing him in the most familiar manner, said,

“What, are you here still, young scatterbrains? we reckoned that you would have been turned out months ago, as being of too gay a turn of mind for old graveairs there, within. How do you manage to get on here, you young hypocrite, with the old ——?”—and here he stopped.

“With whom?” said Maurice, sulkily.

“With old positive,” returned Benjamin.

“Do you mean master,” asked Maurice. “Say you mean master, and I’ll just go in and tell him what sort of gentlemen ye be—though I should not say gentlemen neither.”

“Pshaw!” returned Samuel, winking at Benjamin; “do you suppose for one moment, that we should call that excellent gentleman, Mr. Dalben, old positive or old graveairs, or old fool, or old bore—such a polite, agreeable, old gentleman as he is?”

“Then I suppose you was meaning the housekeeper?” answered the Irish boy.

“Aye to be sure—aye to be sure,” returned Samuel, “who else should I mean?”

Maurice’s countenance brightened up. “Aye,” he said, “winking with a peculiar turn of the head towards those parts of the premises in which Mrs. Kitty presided, “’tis as much as ever I can do to put up with her, sometimes;



but, any how, she is better by half than she was, when master was abroad; and then, Master Milner comes in between me and she, whenever he hears us at words together, and so we gets on better than you could think for; and I am obliged to you, gentlemen, for troubling yourselves about me. I did not reckon that you knew all about it, much less that you would take the trouble to inquire how such a one as I got on in the world."

"Not inquire about you!" replied Samuel; "let me recollect, they call you ——"

"Maurice O'Grady, Sir," replied the boy, bowing low.

"Ah! yes," said Samuel, "that is the name, and a good name it is. Mr. Maurice O'Grady, here is half-a-crown for you, and let me tell you, you are your father's own son."

"Did you know father, Sir?" asked Maurice, smiling and looking anxiously at Samuel.

"Do I know you?" replied Samuel; "how, then, should I not know your father?"

"Ah! that's very true, Sir," returned Maurice, "very true ——"

But the young men had gallopped away, leaving Maurice very much pleased, on three accounts; the first of which was, that he had

heard Mrs. Kitty called hard names ; the second, that he had got a silver half-crown ; and the third, that his name had been called a very good name.

It seldom happened, on occasions in which Maurice was particularly pleased with himself, that he did not contrive to get into a quarrel with some one or other of his fellow-servants ; and his pleasure at this time being three-fold, it would have been more than extraordinary if it had not terminated in a more than extraordinary killishanney.

It happened that Mrs. Kitty was engaged in shelling beans, being seated at a dresser before the window, when Maurice came whistling from the gate into the kitchen. " Take the brush, Maurice," said the housekeeper, " and sweep up them bean-shells, and carry them out to the pigs."

" May be I have not time," replied Maurice.

" May be you have not time !" repeated the housekeeper ; " where did you learn that language ? Is it from those swaggering blades that are just gone ?"

" Mrs. Kitty," returned Maurice, " what do you call names for ? I don't see but those gentlemen are as much gentlemen as Master Milner, or Mr. Bonville, or any other gentleman ;

and I don't see why you are to call them swaggering blades."

Mrs. Kitty, fired at the comparison, and rising hastily, scattered the remainder of the husks from her lap. At the same time snatching up the cullender full of beans, with the intention of throwing these last into a saucepan, already placed on the fire for the purpose: yet with that sort of air which would have led a bystander to suppose that she was more than half inclined to shower the beans upon the head of Maurice.

Maurice, however, had so much of the spirit of his father's land remaining in him, that he would have deemed it an indignity—a tarnish on his honour, to turn away anger by a soft answer, or to shrink from under the mill-dam of passion, when he saw it was about to break down; he therefore followed Mrs. Kitty to the fire-place—taking care to keep close within the reach of her hand—repeating his communications of the Mr. Hargraves; and in order to irritate her further, displaying the half-crown, which he had held all this time in his hand.

"And what did they give you that for?" said the housekeeper, as she covered the saucepan, with as loud a clatter as she could contrive to produce. "What did they give you that for?"

to buy squibs, and crackers, and gunpowder with, I suppose? for I am sure you will put it to no better purpose."

"I was thinking," replied Maurice, "to have given it to Master Milner, to put it into my bag; but now you mention it, Mrs. Kitty ——"

"What have I mentioned," retorted Kitty.

"Nothing at all," replied Maurice, "of any consequence, only that you authorized me to spend my half-crown in squibs and crackers. Thank you for your good counsel; I shall be sure to follow it, Mrs. Kitty; there is nothing that I prize more than good counsel;"—and stepping backwards, he made his way out of the kitchen, leaving the good housekeeper almost choking with passion.

Mrs. Kitty's passions, though violent, were soon over, and she thought no more of what had passed; but not so Maurice. By her injudicious hint she had put an idea into his head, which he could not get rid of by any means; he could think of nothing, and dream of nothing, but of squibs, crackers, Roman candles, and rockets—such as he had once beheld when taken by Thomas, during the absence of Mr. Dalben, to see some fireworks in Worcester—and now that he had two and sixpence of his own, his imagination was literally all in a blaze

and all his ideas in the sky. But how to convert this same silver into squibs, troubled him much, until he thought of the butcher's boy, who, having received the half-crown one Saturday, put a parcel of the desired articles into Maurice's hand on the next seventh day of the week.

Now it happened that there was a large cupboard in the kitchen, the upper part of which had been for years past in the occupation of Mrs. Kitty; and contained her private stores of tea, sugar, unmended stockings, worsted, phials, needles, pins, old shoes, &c.—a sort of *sanctum sanctorum*, into which no prying eyes or daring fingers ever presumed to insinuate themselves. And under this was another smaller repository, which was allotted to Maurice, when advanced to the dignity of foot-boy. To say what this contained, would be even more difficult than to enumerate the heterogeneous treasures appertaining to Mrs. Kitty. Suffice it, however, to remark, that when Maurice shifted the small parcel given him by the butcher's boy into a corner of this hiding-place, the contents of the whole cupboard could not, even then, have been valued at a higher price than half-a-crown, inasmuch as the urchin of the panniers had feloniously abstracted a Roman

candlestick, worth fourpence, from the packet; and if we were to value the remainder of Maurice's treasures against the Roman candlestick, we might, perhaps, be guilty of over-rating their value; but, having safely deposited our squibs and crackers in this hiding-place, we will leave them there for a future occasion, having little doubt but that (although the corner in which they lay was sufficiently obscure) time and chance would bring them to light. And here we might indulge ourselves by a very erudite and judicious, serious and appropriate, discussion on the tendency of those things which are done in the dark, to come forth into light, when least expected so to do; but, inasmuch as we are not now particularly inclined to pursue the subject, we will go back to other matters. Edgar Bonville, having run up to his room, remained there in such a state of indecision respecting the Hargraves, who had been his school-fellows at Dr. Crotchet's, that he was more than half inclined to come down and meet them in the shrubbery, when they should be dismissed by Mr. Dalben. Not that he was not fully convinced that Mr. Dalben was perfectly right in securing his time to him during that important vacation; but then, as he thought,

I cannot be always at my books ; I shall read till I am as dull as an owl, and a perfect sap. I am as sick as death of these precious studies already ; and after having been tied to them for three months to come, my brains will be as hard stuffed as a turkey's craw." The youth then yawned, finishing his gape with a groan ; then stretched, then gaped again, then walked to the glass, and fixed a small bit of court plaister on an almost invisible pimple—then looked out of the window, and finally settled down to finish Lavinia, which deep and erudite work kept him quiet till the coasts were clear, and he might safely venture below.

Mr. Dalben was not one who would ever do any thing by halves. He did not suspect, but he was assured of Edgar's idleness, though he by no means felt convinced that his capacity was naturally under par. This idea had, indeed, at first occurred to him ; but he was more and more convinced, as he saw more of the young man, that nature had not done a step-dame's part by him in this particular ; neither had it seemed that his father had wholly neglected him ; yet Mr. Dalben feared for him, from his extremely desultory habits, and from the effects of the foolish idea which his silly

mother had so sedulously inculcated, viz. that he must accommodate to the world in order to get on in life.

When a vessel is inclined to make too much lee-way, a skilful mariner would naturally exert himself to keep her upright in a contrary direction. There are some few young persons of austere and unsocial character, who are disposed to fly in the face of the world, and render themselves unnecessarily disagreeable in society; but, generally speaking, it is more requisite (setting religion out of the question) to guard young people against the influence of the world, than to strengthen that influence, especially in the case of one like young Bonville, whose exterior was more than commonly pleasing, and who possessed those sort of talents which would make him peculiarly acceptable in gay society; for he had a fine ear for music, a graceful carriage, and a talent for the pencil.

But we were speaking of Mr. Dalben, and of that feeling by which he never could do that by halves which he had undertaken to do at all. He therefore, when the Hargraves were gone, sent for Edgar, and established him in the closet within his study, continually entreating him not to leave his books; and keeping such an eye upon him, that he was compelled, in a



certain measure, to bring something to pass. But, alas ! when that which should have been the work of many years, is to be crowded into a few months, the same effect cannot be produced, even on the strongest mind, that a more gradual acquirement of ideas would produce.

In the language of Scripture, the stomach is the type of the mind; and the more we consider this emblem, the more does its correctness appear. If, then, the stomach is the type of the mind, the aliment which is received therein is the emblem of the ideas admitted into the mind; and the senses are the channels by which all these ideas are received;—that is, all ideas which are natural, and not those which are divinely introduced, and which cannot be said exactly to be the objects of sense. But if the members are to receive their nourishment from the stomach, the nutriment which is to be therein admitted, must be good in quality, and no more in quantity than the stomach can digest. Therefore it ensues, that a certain time must be allowed for this process of digestion; and that any attempt to increase the nutriment which is to pass to the members, beyond a certain point, must only excite loathing and disease. In like manner, every attempt to force the mind beyond its power, instead of

strengthening the intellectual man, will but too often produce a debility and weakness of intellect, and even in many cases total imbecility.

Those who are most skilful in the management of the young mind are therefore particularly careful not to load the intellectual stomach, or to present more or stronger ideas than it can digest and convert to nutriment. Hence the system of cramming never can produce the same effect of strengthening and invigorating the mind, as that of a more slow and regular process, by which the ideas become, as it were, a part of the man, and mingled, as it might be, with the mode of his existence. But I will not enlarge on this subject, but will simply add a caution to my young reader. If your intellects have not been enriched by a long course of nutritive instruction, lose no time, but endeavour immediately to supply its needs. Do not trust to cramming at the last, or think it possible that one who has been half-starved from his infancy should become plump and comely by dining for three days at an alderman's table.

I shall conclude this chapter with the copy of a letter which Edgar received from his mother,

when he had been at Mr. Dalben's about three weeks :

“ Brighton, July, ——

“ MY DEAR EDGAR,

“ I rejoice to hear that you are so happy at Mr. Dalben's. My uncle—by-the-bye, I hope you call him uncle—though you are not his nephew further than by courtesy ; for you know he has no relations, and has a pretty fortune entirely in his own power. He is a worthy man indeed, but as you must have perceived, somewhat singular, and you must endeavour to please him. And it is kind of him to overlook your studies—but I am hurt at that affair of the Hargraves. Mrs. Hargrave is a very old friend of mine—you should have called upon her ; but if Mr. Dalben was determined, what could you do ? However, I cannot bear that you should seem odd. You know, Edgar, that we must conform to the world. By-the-bye, my uncle will make quite a fool of that pet of his, and I never saw a boy of his age who knew so little of life. I was quite ashamed of him that day at the Hargraves—quite ashamed of him ; but I told you all about it.

“ I expect my friend Lady L—— and the young Lady Applebys to be at Malvern in

August; and I do trust that Mr. Dalben will not object to your calling on them. Lady Maria Appleby is engaged to one of the great banker's sons—I just now forget his name. I am very bad at remembering the names of commoners; but Lady Charlotte is still to be had, and the Applebys have each twenty thousand pounds, independent of their parents. Why should not one commoner do as well as another? You understand me, Edgar. Lady Charlotte Bonville—how well it would sound.

“ But, my dear boy, you will attend to your studies—I am sure you will. Think how much depends upon it. I am as poor as a church mouse. I find this a very expensive place—for you know one must live like other people; but if you get your degree, and are ordained, we shall do vastly well—it is a good eight hundred pounds a-year, Dr. Crotchet tells me, and a charming house, and it will be hard if you cannot get a charming wife with some thousands, and I can live with you awhile, and let my jointure run up to liquidate debts; and then, when it is clear, we shall be on our four wheels again. So pray mind your books, my dear boy; say every thing that is proper for me to Mr. Dalben, but be sure burn my letter.

Don't learn any of Henry Milner's odd ways.

“ Your ever affectionate mother,  
“ ESTIPHANIA BONVILLE.”

After having read this letter, of which he heeded not a single syllable, with the exception of what referred to Lady L—— and her daughters, Edgar tore a turning-down which contained the signature and the last sentence of the epistle, to keep a place in his dictionary, burning the rest of the letter in a candle which had been lighted for sealing a note—thus doing, as he supposed, his mother's bidding. The next day, after Edgar had duly said all that was proper and pretty from his mother to Mr. Dalben, and his protégé, Henry found the slip of paper in the dictionary, and before he was aware that it was part of a letter, read these words: “ Don't learn any of Henry Milner's odd ways.

“ Your ever affectionate mother,  
“ ESTIPHANIA BONVILLE.”

“ And this,” said he, in high indignation, “ from that flattering woman. I shall know how to believe her another time.” His anger, however, soon passed away, and before he saw Edgar again, the circumstance had almost slipped from his memory.

## CHAP. XVI.

*Speaking of things of more importance than  
may first appear.*

Who is more to be pitied than a young man who has a silly mother, unless it may be an old man who has a silly wife. To be sure, a man is not accountable for the folly of his mother, inasmuch as he is not supposed to have chosen that mother; but then, if he has any feeling or principle, to be obliged to submit to the authority of folly, how exceedingly painful! And Edgar Bonville had feeling—he loved his mother, and in consequence, her influence was the more injurious.

He was beginning to be very happy with Mr. Dalben, when the silly letter mentioned in the last chapter arrived. He had heard nothing of the world for three weeks; the studies, to which he had been in a manner compelled, had rendered his hours of leisure comparatively sweet, and his mind was opening upon religious sub-

jects. He could even talk of the millennium with Henry, and see the promises of that happy period in the various and beautiful works of nature. His mind was naturally elegant; neither did he want some degree of an imaginative quality. Mr. Dalben had precluded his writing sonnets during the hours established for heavier duties. Hence he had been stopped short in a series of sonnets addressed to some imaginary Dulcinea, with which he had been occupied for some time; but he brought down one morning a little copy of verses, in which he had described the glory of the earth in the latter days, in a style which pleased Mr. Dalben very much, from the purity, elegance, and piety of the expressions. Mr. Dalben, indeed, feared that these expressions of piety were little more than *façon de parler*; for he who writes in the character of a Christian must needs exalt, in his hero, the object of religion; that is, if he would write consistently; and he must use scripture language, and avail himself of scripture emblems. However, Mr. Dalben made no remark by which he might run the risk of quenching the smoking flax; nay, on the whole, he was much pleased with this effort of Edgar's muse, and his hopes of making something of the young man arose in proportion.

But when the letter came from Mrs. Bonville, her son fell immediately into his former restless habits; and that very day, when walking with Henry, he asked him how he could endure so monotonous a life as he led at Mr. Dalben's, year after year.

"Endure!" replied Henry; "why, I am very happy. What do I want?"

"But you never see any company," returned Edgar; "your ideas are never revolutionized."

"What then?" replied Henry. "If they are already pleasantly arranged, why should I wish them to be revolutionized, as you say?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Edgar, "as my mother says, *toujours la même chose* is an abominable thing; and the young man gaped and stretched himself—and gaped again and shook himself, and finished off with a sort of groan, and then stood still, looking vacantly on the view before him, with his arms folded, and his features fixed as if life itself were come to a dead stand.

"Well," said Henry; "well, and what next?"

Edgar turned round, and stood fixed again with his face towards another point of the compass, but made no reply.

"What shall I do for you?" said Henry,



laughing. "What shall I do to stir up your ideas?—But I have thought of something; I will make you a gymnastic pole—you know what a gymnastic pole is, Edgar—and you shall stretch yourself upon it."

"Pshaw!" said Edgar, peevishly, "what would be the good of that?"

"I will certainly do it," returned Henry; "I have been thinking of it some time, and when my pole is made, if you want a change of ideas you will have nothing to do but to hang with your head downwards on the pole, and they will be transmogrified entirely when you stand on your legs again; or, if you like it better," continued Henry, "you may hang yourself on my pole, and then all your troubles for want of company, at any rate, will be at an end."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Edgar.

"Not much," returned Henry.

"Do you ever go to Malvern?" asked Edgar.

"Often," replied Henry. "When I was a little boy, my uncle made me acquainted with every part of those lovely hills. What a number of delightful walks I have had on those breezy heights!"

“What do you reckon the best season for Malvern?” returned Edgar.

“When it is neither very hot nor very cold,” replied Henry.

“What! in the spring and autumn?” replied the other; “September, perhaps. Is Malvern in season about September, Milner, do you think?”

“In season!” replied Henry, laughing; “I do not know that it is more in season at one time of the year than another.”

“What!” rejoined Edgar; “I thought it was only for warm weather.”

“That Malvern is only for warm weather!” replied Henry. “I have heard of hills melting away in warm weather, but I never heard of their existing only in summer.”

“What a regular fool you are, Milner,” retorted Edgar, pettishly; “I am certain that you understand me, though you pretend not to do so. I say, when are Malvern wells best filled?”

“When there is most water in them, I suppose,” returned Henry, smiling, and drawing up his shoulders as if he feared a blow from his companion. Neither had he put himself on the defensive in vain, for Edgar seized him by the shoulders, and gave him a hearty shaking,

though more in play than anger; and then beginning to square (to use an expression of Mr. Clayton's) the enemy took to his heels, and running round him several times, evaded his thrusts on every side, whilst he filled the valley with his laughter.

"They say that you have no mirth about you, Henry, but that you are a dull, stupid, methodistical fellow," said Edgar.

"And have some odd ways," returned Henry, archly. "Mind you do not learn any of them, Mr. Bonville—mind you do not."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Edgar.

"Nothing," replied Henry, "but a mere caution. Do take care that you do not resemble me."

The young men then walked quietly on, and entered into more serious discourse. Edgar spoke of the privileges which Henry had enjoyed from infancy; of being separated from the world, and led in that way in which he should walk to the end of life. "Since I have resided here," he added, "I have sometimes been led more than half to suspect that this world, respecting which my mother talks so much, is but a sorry friend after all, and that little is to be

got by courting it. Now, Henry, I should like to know what my mother has ever gained by straining every nerve, emptying her purse, and exhausting her credit, merely to please a parcel of fine folks, who would rather have her room than her company; and, indeed, I am not quite sure if the great do not like those best who care least about them, and go on in their own quiet way, wanting nothing from them. Well, I see that you are right to be contented where you are, and to keep from company, which only perplexes the mind, and makes it unfit for study.—Well, I will stay quietly here during the vacation, and I trust those people will not come to Malvern, and then I shall have no temptation to go out.”

“What people?” asked Henry.

“The Earl of L—— and Lord F——, and the Lady Applebys,” replied Edgar.

“Are they coming?” asked Henry.

“Do you know them?” returned Edgar. “My mother tells me they are a charming family. Lady L—— is her most intimate friend.”

“I know Lord F——: he was at Clent Green, though not with me. He was not forgotten, however, when I was there,” said Henry.

“My mother tells me he is an uncommonly fine young man.—Is it so, Milner?” asked Ed-

gar; "for I know her partiality to any thing noble."

"He was a very fine young man when I saw him," replied Henry, "and may be so at the present moment, for any thing I know to the contrary."

"You have more in your head than meets the ear," said Mr. Bonville.

"What makes a fine bird," answered Henry, "but fine feathers?"

"Don't talk of birds, Milner," returned Edgar, "it is a tender subject."

"Well, then," replied Henry, "when Lord F—— is smartly dressed, he may be called a fine young man; but I doubt whether he would deserve the appellation if he wore a waggoner's frock."

"You mean to say, I suppose, that the dress of Lord F—— is the handsomest part about him," returned Edgar.

"He may be a very good fellow," replied Henry, "but there is nothing very superlative in his appearance.—But, Mr. Bonville, I do not like to make remarks upon people—I know it is wrong—very wrong. But you must not expect much, I think, in Lord F——: he will not do you any good just at present, Edgar. You have a very happy prospect before you. There is

nothing I should like so much as to be a clergyman in a country place, and preach in my church, and work in my garden, and teach the labourers to read the book of nature, and find the promises of future glory in opening buds and running streams."

"Why, Henry," said Edgar, "you are getting quite poetical and pathetic."

"No," returned Henry, "I leave poetry to you, Edgar; and yet I have often thought that the things belonging to the reign of our Lord on earth, and to all that he has done for us and promised to do for us; and his love, and his glory, and his wonderful promises, sound like poetry when they are talked of even by such a one as I am. They are so beautiful, and the emblems of them are so curiously chosen from the fairest things in nature, that one can hardly speak of them at all without being what you call poetical. My uncle tells of a vulgar, low old man, whom he knew when a child, who, on being turned to God, and becoming very fond of his Bible, became, after a while, quite elegant in his discourse, and uttered some of the sweetest ideas which can be conceived; for my uncle says the spirit of the world is coarse and vulgar compared with that of Christianity; and that even many of the pretended refine-

ments of worldly people are borrowed from the Christian religion, and put on as a cloak to hide real deformity."

After this conversation, several more weeks passed quietly away, during which Edgar was receiving many ideas respecting religion, which in due time produced their desired effect, as we shall see in the sequel. But Mr. Dalben found from day to day that there was more and more to set right with regard to the principles of the young man; that is, if he could be said to have possessed any settled principles of any description.

The following old couplet might have suited Edgar Bonville when he first came to Mr. Dalben's, quite as as well as it may be supposed to have done its original subject :

"Your morals are bad," said Dick to his son :

"'Tis false," said the other, "because I have none."

Mrs. Bonville, indeed, had always boasted of her son's good morals, on the strength of a certain natural sweetness of disposition which he possessed, and of that graciousness and urbanity which was remarkable in his manners ; but the fact was, as Mr. Dalben soon discovered,

that he had scarcely one correct principle. His mind was full of those vulgar errors which worldly persons generally entertain,—we use the word vulgar in its classical acceptation,—and if he preserved decorum in his outward conduct, it was rather the effect of that same sweetness of disposition spoken of above, than of any better feeling.

We might enumerate some of these vulgar errors for the satisfaction of our readers, though we cannot suppose that such will ever be entertained by any young gentleman who may honour this volume by his perusal.

At first, Mr. Bonville held it as a matter of belief that every person might be saved by the religion which he professed, be it the worship of Baal, Dagon, or Astarte, that of the Crescent or the Cross, (for he classed all these together,) provided he was sincere in his faith, and inasmuch as he did not exclude good works: he also believed that a moral man, having no creed whatever, was also equally sure of everlasting happiness. These were his religious tenets; and his moral principles were equally liberal and undefined. He held the revenge of an affront even unto death, as being quite necessary to the character of a gentleman. He had no very clear notions of there being any



turpitude in such double dealings as may promote a man's advancement in the world, provided such double dealings did not smell too much of the shop, or indicate too much of the spirit of the common tradesman. Then as to truth, his ideas respecting that point were extremely lax; and there were even some transactions in life in which he conceived it perfectly fair to deceive, as far as he possibly could: the nature of these transactions may be supposed. With regard to money matters, his plan was to get as much of the pecuniæ as he could lay his hands on, without entirely forfeiting his character; and hence he would boast among his associates of having come over his mother for such and such sums, and would triumph with a companion who boasted that his father or uncle bled freely. Yet with all this, there were some pleasing points in the character of Edgar. He was not as yet wholly hardened—he did not yet love sin for the sake of sin, and he could love and admire holiness when displayed before him in its beauty and excellence, (imperfect beauty indeed, and only comparative excellence,) as in the characters of Mr. Dalben and Henry Milner; and these better points were instantly seen by Mr. Dalben, and seized by him as a skilful groom would seize the bridle of a spirited and

rampant steed; and had any observant person been present, he would not have failed to have admired the skill and address with which this excellent man endeavoured to correct one and another of the false principles of his pupil; and, as it were, to redeem his mind from the swamps and marshes of error with which it was infested, and to fix therein a firm and solid basis for those divine truths which it was his earnest desire to establish. In this work there was not wanting a severe exercise of patience, but it was very seldom that Mr. Dalben was exposed to any thing like rudeness; on the contrary, he had rather to regret too much facility in the character of his pupil, who would allow himself to be convinced too soon, rather than, like our friend Marten, carry on an argument long after he was himself convinced of its fallacy.

But days passed on, as I before said, and the two first of the four Worcestershire harvests were got in, and the season for gathering the hops was arrived; in consequence of which multitudes of persons from the neighbouring manufacturing districts poured into the country, having been previously engaged by the farmers to assist them to gather in their hops. Fashionable families repair in the summer to our sea-bathing and watering-places, and no doubt our

London citizens have much enjoyment in their excursions to Margate, Ramsgate, Brighton, &c. But what are the enjoyments of these, to those of the Kidderminster weavers and Dudley iron manufacturers on the joyful occasion of the hop-picking, when, in the finest season of the year, they find it their interest to migrate in large bodies from their dark and sooty domiciles, into the more pure, fresh, and verdant scenes of rural life—where they are fed at the expense of their masters, and may have the additional satisfaction of robbing every orchard near which they pass, and displaying the finery of their wives and daughters in the village churches before the wondering eyes of all the servant-maids in the parish. If these persons bring with them much of their manufacturing morals and manners, and are too often the pests of the villages into which they enter, yet it is much to be feared that they do not find much of that rural simplicity in our farm-houses and cottages, which have afforded so many subjects for the panegyrics of our bards for generations past, because unregenerate man is every where corrupt; and if vices abound in towered cities, we believe that they are only less abundant in scenes of retirement, because there are fewer persons to act viciously.

On the Sunday previous to the commencement of the hop-harvest, droves of people passed along the lane in front of Mr. Dalben's house. It was impossible not to be amused with the various groups, although the language which was uttered was often far from agreeable; and Thomas and Lion were obliged to be on the alert all day, to protect Mr. Dalben's pears, apples, and plums, from the marauders which surrounded them.

Each party had one or more horses with it, and sometimes two or three women were mounted on the back of the same beast—girls and women, and the lesser boys—laughing and singing, and calling to those who were lagging behind. These parties were so frequent during the morning and afternoon, that it was dangerous to leave the house, or rather the garden; but late in the evening, when it was supposed they were all passed, Maurice came running to Henry, to say that there was a poor family going by, and that the woman seemed ready to faint, having carried an infant a long way.

Henry immediately ran out, and saw an interesting group of very decent persons sitting under the hedge; there was the father, holding a child of two years of age; a mother, with an infant, and three or four larger children. The

poor woman seemed indeed ready to faint, and the man asked humbly for a little beer for his wife.

“Would she like tea better?” asked Henry.

“Indeed, indeed, I should, master,” replied the poor creature; “but I could not have asked such a favour.”

“Sit where you are,” said Henry, “and you shall have it in a minute—have you far to go?”

“Only to one farmer James’s,” replied the poor man.

“What, Squire Hargrave’s bailiff?” remarked Thomas, who had joined the party in the lane; “then you have three good miles to walk.”

“As many hundred miles to me, just now,” said the poor woman; “and to the children, nearly as much.”

“You should not travel on a Sunday,” remarked Thomas; “there never comes no good of working on the Lord’s day.”

“We knows it,” replied the man; “but we could not help it; we is not our own masters.”

In a few minutes Henry appeared again, carrying a huge pitcher of tea, a mug, and various thick slices of bread-and-butter, and enjoyed no small delight in seeing the poor family refreshing themselves. I shall not repeat all the blessings they poured upon him, nor the de-

light the little children expressed when he gave each of them a penny book.

“ If that a’ant pretty,” said the man, when he had passed on a little way down the lane with his wife. “ If that a’ant the very kindest young gentleman that ever I clapped my eyes on, my name is not John Brady.”

“ He came upon us like the angel in the desert,” replied the wife ; “ I shall never forget him, if I live to be a hundred ; but God is good, who sends relief in the time of trouble. And now, mind me, children, give your father them books, and let them be put by for our winter evenings. They must be kept as long as you live, in remembrance of that dear young gentleman.” And thus ended that adventure. Neither did Henry speak of it to any one who had not witnessed it ; for when people talk much of their charities, it is a sign that they are rare things with them.

## CHAP. XVII.

*The Worcestershire Beacon.*

A VARIETY of events took place the day following the Sunday above mentioned, or rather notices of events; for a letter from Mrs. Bonville, sent by the hand of a footman in livery, announced the arrival of the Earl of L——, at Malvern, inclosed in a note from Lady L——, expressing a wish to see Edgar at Malvern, and by another messenger came another note from Mr. Hargrave, saying, “That he expected Dr. and Mrs. Matthews, who were passing on to Cheltenham, to dine with him the next Thursday, begging that Mr. Milner might meet them, his old master having expressed a wish to that effect.”

Mr. Dalben thought it would be unkind to decline this invitation for Henry; and as Edgar was also invited, it was agreed that on the

Thursday morning, the young men should go to Malvern, when Edgar should call on the Earl's family, and from thence they should return by Mr. Hargrave's, which was full one mile nearer to Malvern than Mr. Dalben's.

Accordingly, on the Thursday morning, the two young men set out, Henry being pleased with the prospect of seeing his old master, although he would rather have met him any where else than at the Hargraves. But the day was fine, the country in its highest beauty, and all was gay and cheerful around him.

As he walked with Edgar, where often he had walked with his uncle in the days of his early youth, a thousand old remembrances returned to his mind ; and there was not a clump of trees, a cottage, a rivulet, a meadow, or a down, which did not afford him some subject of discourse.

" There, in that shadowy spot, we found the first *caltha palustris* I ever saw, Edgar," he said ; " I have it now in my *hortus siccus*, with the date under it."

" Prodigious !" exclaimed Edgar.

" Well—but it really was a memorable event to me," replied Henry, " and I will tell you wherefore ;—my uncle took that occasion to ex-



plain to me the nature of colours, when I was admiring the bright yellow of the *caltha palustris*, and to show me that all colours are produced from three—red, blue, and yellow ; and that other colours are only mixtures of these three. And then he explained to me how the rainbow, which you know is the type of the Trinity, is composed of these three colours——”

“ I know no such thing,” returned Edgar ; “ how do you make it out ? ”

“ I will tell you in my uncle’s words,” said Henry, “ if you would like me to do it. He first told me, that the rainbow was composed of light and rain, or mist, acting on each other. Now, light, said my uncle, is used as an emblem in scripture, of the ever blessed God—‘ God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.’ (1 John i. 8.) There are verses without end in scripture, to prove that light is an emblem of God the Father. The third person of the blessed Trinity is typified by the rain or mist, signifying the influences of the Holy Spirit, to which there are many references in scripture ; but the most striking is in Hosea. ‘ Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord : his going forth is prepared as the morning ; and he shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and

former rain unto the earth.' (Hosea vi. 3.) The second person, even our most blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, we are also to find here. The rainbow is a surety that God will no more destroy the earth by a flood, so Jesus Christ is given as a surety of the better covenant, which ensures the forgiveness of sin to every believer. This verse we find in Hebrews: 'But now hath he obtained a more excellent ministry, by how much also he is the mediator of a better covenant, which was established upon better promises.' " (Heb. viii. 6.)

"Pretty enough," replied Edgar; "but, Henry, do you mean to accompany me to Lord L——'s?"

"No," returned Henry; "I must not make any acquaintance, because of my uncle's health, and because—to speak the truth—I do not want any more than I have; and so, whilst you are there, I shall walk quietly up to St. Anne's well, and there wait for you; for you intend, I suppose, to go up the hill. We shall have abundance of time, as Mr. Hargrave does not dine till five o'clock."

This being settled, the two young men proceeded to Malvern, which is indeed one of the most beautiful villages in England—being thus described by the quaint Drayton:—

“ Which manly Malvern sees from farthest off  
the sheere,  
On the Vigornian waste, where northward look-  
ing neere,  
On Corswood casts his eye, and on his home-  
born chase  
Then constantly beholds, with an unusual pace,  
Team with her tribute, come unto the Cambrian  
Queene.”

When in a line with the Foley Arms, where the Earl's family then resided, Henry left Edgar, and, turning towards the hill, began to ascend slowly to St. Anne's well. Being arrived at the well-house, he saw a party of elegantly dressed persons just quitting the well. The party consisted of an elderly, and two younger ladies. Henry sate down on a seat conveniently placed before the house, and amused himself by looking at this party. The young ladies were talking in shrill, yet lisping accents, and as he caught a glimpse of their faces, it was impossible for him to mistake the Appleby physiognomy, though, upon the whole, he thought it appeared less agreeable in the ladies than it had done even in their brother: “ If these are Edgar Bonville's paragons, (for Edgar had been very emphatic concerning the reported beauties of

these high ladies,) his taste and mine are not exactly the same," thought Henry. But whilst he was meditating upon this important subject, he, (as well as the ladies,) were assailed on all sides by a multitude of donkey-drivers, all shouting in their ears, and recommending each his own peculiar donkey. "Please, sir—do, sir—please to try my donkey—mine, sir, if you please—Miss, this donkey will suit you best—pray take mine, ma'am—good sir, I spoke first, don't listen to what she says—woman, stand back—boy, get out of my way—the best donkey alive, sir," &c. &c. And all this was accompanied with such shoving, pushing, scuffling, and contending, that the ladies of quality were glad to take shelter in the well-house, and to make their bargains from the windows. Whilst Henry, springing upon the bank, gave evidence that he was very able to mount the celebrated Worcestershire beacon, without the assistance of a single hoof of them all. Being thus exalted in a place of security, he had leisure to consider what was passing in the area below him. He saw the great ladies mounted one by one on the side-saddle, and passing away up the mountain-path in a line, each having her attendant, armed with his baton of office; by which same staff of office, or rather by the use made of this same

staff of office, Henry was reminded of the title of one of good old Baxter's books, this title being no other than this, viz., "A Shove for a slow-footed Christian." But Henry had scarcely lost sight of this fair bevy of noble ladies, and their palfreys, before a new stir among the donkey people drew his attention in another direction, and he saw a young gentleman and lady ascending the hill from the village. By reason of his exalted station, the features of these persons were hid from him by their hats—for the lady wore an exceedingly large skimming-dish sort of a head-dress, set forth with huge bows of broad ribbon, each bow standing as far apart in proportion from the other towards the extremities, as the sails of a windmill. The gentleman's figure, as the euphonist would have said, was only remarkable for having nothing remarkable in it, being in every respect entirely common-place. The hat, coat, waistcoat, and whole contour of the person, being exactly like the hat, coat, waistcoat, contour, and deportment of a thousand other young men, to be seen in a thousand other places every day in the year.

Added to the windsail above described on the lady's head, she wore immense full sleeves, which caused her back to assume an Herculean appearance of strength and expanse ; her petti-

coats, also, were short and full ; and her figure was finished off by a pair of silk stockings, with coloured clocks.

These persons had hardly arisen on the horizon of the donkey people, before the whole party, quadrupeds and all, rushed down upon them, encompassing them on all sides, and assailing them in every imaginable tone, (although we do not deny that the Worcestershire scream predominated decidedly above every other cadence,) endeavouring to force their services upon the lady. But they had not now to deal, as a few minutes before, with delicate quality damsels, who were ready to faint under the pressure of a scene, which we may suppose so grating to the nerves of fashion. The lady of the windmill-hat was not one who was liable to die of a rose in 'aromatic grief ; on the contrary, she was fully able to contend with the vulgar mob ; and accordingly, she pushed one and another out of her path, without turning aside a single step, and merely raising her elbows on each side ; at the same time bidding the boys and women to stand off, and not to be troubling her with their impertinence.

“ No impertinence, my lady,” said a long lank, sly-looking youth—following her beyond the thickest of the crowd ; “ no imper-

tinence. We only wishes to serve your ladyship?"

"None of your jaw, Sir," said the young gentleman, raising his cane at the donkey-boy; "none of your impudence. My sister can walk as well as you, Sir, and wants none of your foundered quadrupeds to help her on. Stand by, Sir, or I shall endeavour to ascertain whether your back is as tough as that of your beast!"

"You will, master?" replied the boy, still keeping in the path.

"Come along, Frank!" said the female voice. "Can't you be quiet? You will have all these blackguards——"

Henry heard no more, for the lady and gentleman had pushed by the boy, and passed behind the house.

"It must be Wellings," thought Henry; "I am sure it is Wellings' air;—and the lady called him Frank. Frank is his name."

Wellings and his sister,—for Henry was not mistaken in the hero of the bull,—had hardly passed away, before Edgar Bonville, accompanied by Lord F——, appeared in view, coming up the hill. Henry joined these immediately; and, being politely recognized by the young nobleman, they proceeded together up the hill.

“ I hope we shall not meet Wellings,” thought Henry ; “ but, at any rate, I will not tell Lord F—— that he is on the hill, otherwise he will be seeking him out, and that need not be.”

And now, my amiable reader, will you permit me to convey you, in fancy at least, up the thymey acclivities of the Worcestershire beacon? I intreat, also, that you will not presume to draw any comparison between my muse and those long-eared quadrupeds which are often used in the attainment of these breezy and beautiful heights, lest she should turn upon you, and declare that she found your wits the heaviest burthen it ever was her fortune to bear upon her back.

Henry, however, passed on, sometimes in a line, sometimes in advance, and sometimes behind his two companions. He could not help inquiring in his own mind, what sudden and strange metamorphosis had passed on his friend Bonville? As they had walked together through the green lanes by which they had neared the village of Malvern, Edgar had uttered many sentiments so congenial with his own feelings and ways of thinking, that, with the exception of his beloved Marten, he had thought him the pleasantest young companion he had ever met with. But now, whilst walking arm-in-arm



with a nobleman, he uttered nothing but folly ; talked of race-horses, tandems, cravats, the shape of a hat, the cut of a coat, the last new play, &c. &c. ; gave the elders of the university queer nick-names, used slang terms, and, what was worse than all, did not decidedly reprove Lord F—— when he used, as he often did, profane expressions and fashionable oaths.

In the mean time, Henry's eyes were busy on all sides, to ascertain the direction in which Wellings and his sister had passed, in order, if possible, as he was supposed to be the guide, to lead his companions another way ; but this was not to be. On turning the corner of a terrace, which hangs over the village, Mr. Wellings and his sister appeared about one hundred yards before them ; and at the moment they came in sight, the sister was raising her arm, with the intention, it was evident, of letting her hand descend on her brother's shoulders in no very amicable sort ; a motion which was the more remarkable from the magnitude given her arm by the modish sleeve.

Lord F—— exclaimed, on seeing the attitude of the lady, saying, “ Madam has chosen rather an exposed situation for the chastisement of the worthy man ; but she has considered her position like a good soldier. Another such a

thrust would have thrown him down the precipice."

"They are only at play," remarked Edgar.

"Pretty dears!" returned Lord F——; "little harmless innocents! But the young man looks back. Is it Wellings I see? Mr. Milner, is Wellings at Malvern?"

Henry pretended not to hear the question; and Lord F—— added, "Surely Frank Wellings cannot have stolen a march upon us?—he is two years my junior."

In the mean time, Wellings and his sister had stood still, as if the young man had half recognized Lord F—— and Henry Milner; and as these last continued to walk forwards, they were presently so near, that the sort of relationship between the lady and gentleman could be no longer doubted,—for Miss Wellings's physiognomy was the very counterpart of her brother's—the lady having the same breadth of face, the same decided glow in the cheeks, the same want of distinctness of feature, and the same large, light, grey eyes.

"Frank Wellings's sister, I see," remarked Lord F—— in a low tone, "or rather Frank himself over again, in a coif and pinnars. Very good,—a pretty young lady,—and, to all appearance, as elegant as her brother. Bonville

—I say,—how would it horrify the Countess to see me walking arm-in-arm with this specimen of gentility ! The old lady has affronted me this morning, and this shall be my revenge. She is on the hill with my sisters ;—you shall see. Come on, Bonville !”

So saying, he advanced to Mr. Wellings, expressed infinite pleasure at seeing him, and begged to be introduced to his sister.

Henry immediately slunk back, and would have persuaded Edgar to have walked with him in another direction ; but Edgar was in the train of nobility, and if he felt the attractive influence to be irresistible, he had no need to be at a loss for other and wiser examples to keep him in countenance. Henry, therefore, being unable to persuade Edgar, fell behind the rest ; and the next minute, looking before him, he saw Miss Wellings hanging on the arm of the young nobleman, whilst Wellings and Edgar followed in close conversation, having waved the form of a particular introduction.

Henry had not often felt himself more inclined to be thoroughly out of humour than he was on this occasion. “There, now,” he said to himself, that “Wellings will be talking over poor Edgar ; and if he gets but the smallest hint of Dr. Matthews being expected to-day, he

will be for accompanying us to the Hargraves, and we shall not get rid of him all the evening."

The party had now attained the summit of the hill, and were come upon a smooth ledge, which extends along the top of the Worcestershire beacon for a considerable way. Here they were met by Lady L—— and her daughters, who, stopping to address Lord F——, the dutiful son took occasion to introduce Miss Wellings to his mother, as the sister of a very dear friend. Henry was near the party when this introduction took place: he saw the newly-made ladies of quality bridle and look embarrassed, and he heard Miss Wellings say to the Countess, "Are you not gratified, my Lady, with this charming prospect? For my own part, my Lady, I know nothing in the world equal to Malvern,—and that's what I always say." What further passed, Henry did not hear; for Lady L—— and her daughters turned abruptly to descend the hill, whilst his own party walked on.

As the air was refreshing, though there was a strong glare, when arrived at the point of the hill which looks down on the Abbey, the young people all sat down, and began to converse. For a long time, the subjects were light and desultory, till at length Lord F——, asking Wellings after his old school-fellow, Edward

Mansfield, Mr. Wellings replied,—“Oh! poor Mansfield; he is become a queer fellow. Do you know that before I left Clent Green, which I did last Christmas, there was quite a set of them; and there was no making any thing of them.” And he whispered something in Lord F——’s ear, whereat the other laughed heartily.

“Do you know what Frank is saying?” said Miss Wellings, addressing Henry for the first time, though in a manner which indicated that she knew perfectly well who he was, and was acquainted with many things relating to him. “He is telling my Lord that you made Mansfield and Marten, and two or three more of them at Clent Green, downright methodists.”

“I am glad to hear it, ma’am,” replied Henry.

“La! now,” exclaimed the young lady, “only think of that!”

In the meantime, Lord F—— and Wellings had continued to whisper and laugh, till at length Lord F——, turning to Edgar Bonville, said, “Do you know, Edgar, that Wellings tells me that Mansfield is resolved to turn parson.”

“I wish he could turn parson for me,” replied Edgar, lightly.

“What, are you for the church, Sir?” asked Mr. Wellings.

"To my sorrow I am," replied Edgar.

"Then," exclaimed Lord F——, "you have my compassion. To be obliged to tell the same dark dull story over and over again to a pack of country bores, or, in failure of so doing, to have your gown stripped over your ears—what a fate for a fine young fellow, like yourself, Bonville!"

"Dark story,"—repeated Edgar,—“I fear I should make a dark story of it, Lord F——; but I do not doubt the truth of the Christian religion.”

A beaming glance from the eye of Henry,—a glance which said, stand to it, Edgar,—at that moment confirmed the irresolute youth, and he added, “I am no infidel, Lord F——.”

“What! do you mean to assert, Bonville,” replied the young Lord, “that you believe all the perplexed and contradictory stories which proceed from our pulpits? Do you believe that being a sinner fits a man for salvation, and that good works will rather go against a man in the next world than the contrary? A pleasant doctrine, by-the-by, for you and I, Wellings.”

“Yes,” returned the other, “if we could believe it. It would be mighty comfortable, as the old women say.”

“But, Bonville,” added my Lord, with a

significant side glance at Wellings, "I wish to know, for my own edification, what you make out of that perplexing, contradictory doctrine respecting the nature of the Divinity?"

Lord F—— was proceeding, when Mr. Wellings, stopping him short, said, "Hush! my Lord, hush! not another word, or we shall have my sister upon us. It was but now that she made me feel the weight of her hand for some offence of the same nature as that which you are about to commit."

"And I'll tell you what, Frank," said Miss Wellings, "if I did raise my hand to you, it was no more than you deserved; for though I am not so starched as some people, I never can bear to hear you talk as you do, and take such liberties with scripture, and with things which other people count sacred."

Lord F—— turned abruptly to the lady, and, smiling in her face, said, "Really, Miss Wellings, if your brother does take such liberties as you speak of, he deserves the utmost rigour of your resentment; and I especially admire the manner which you have chosen for advocating the good cause."

"Now, my Lord, you are quizzing me," replied Miss Wellings; "but I am sure you

think I am right in not listening to Frank's nonsense. I almost fear that he is a downright infidel."

"Oh, shocking!" exclaimed the young nobleman. "Do you hear, Wellings, what your sister suspects you to be?" And then, turning to the lady,—“I shall not associate with him, Miss Wellings,” he added, “if there is the smallest suspicion of his being a character of that description. For my part, I have the highest respect for religion, although I confess (to the shame of my dulness) that I do not comprehend some of its doctrines. Hence, I was about to ask Mr. Bonville's opinion on one question; and I should be most happy to have yours, Miss Wellings. I confess that I do not comprehend the nature of the object of the Christian worship.”

“La!” replied Miss Wellings; “why, a’ant you a Christian, Lord F——?”

“A sincere, a devout Christian,” returned the other; “at least, I earnestly desire to be such. But I am still perplexed on this point, viz. the nature of the God of the Christians; in fact, I do not understand the doctrine of the Trinity,—owing, perhaps, to the manner in which it is stated by some of our divines.



Neither can I comprehend how a God could become a man, and yet be a God."

"I fear," replied Wellings, with affected seriousness, "that no one in this place is divine sufficient to solve your difficulty, my Lord. You have fairly carried my poor sister into the land of puzzlement; and Milner there has his eyes in the clouds.—What are you thinking of, Milner?"

"I was trying to look at the sun," replied Henry.

"Henry," returned Wellings, "you will blind yourself, man.—Why, your eyes water as if they had been held over a smoking coal."

"But the sun looks so," replied Henry: "it looks so. Do look at it."

All the parties instantly lifted up their eyes to the blazing star, which was pouring its beams with its full meridian power on the whole glorious landscape, but immediately withdrew them as not being able to endure the glare; whilst Wellings, mocking Henry, repeated his words, "But the sun looks so—it looks so.—Do look at it." Adding, "What a fool you are, Milner! What a regular thorough-bred idiot!—Didst never see the sun before, child?—was't born and bred in a coal-mine, lad?" And the whole party

joined in the laugh, till Lord F——, recollecting himself, and apologizing to Henry, said—  
“Excuse me, Mr. Milner.—Come, Wellings, no more of this.”

“I am not in the least offended,” returned Henry, “but I cannot think why looking at the sun should hurt one’s eyes so much.”

“Pshaw, Milner!” said Edgar, “don’t make a fool of yourself—you interrupt conversation. Lord F—— was saying, that the nature of the divinity, and particularly the doctrine of the Trinity, had always puzzled him. I wish I could remember what Mr. Dalben was saying to me on that very subject a day or two since; I think he told me, that the doctrine was not contrary to reason, but above reason.”

“Above reason!” repeated Lord F——; “then I cannot understand how we can be required to receive a religion, the object of which is above our reason. I must confess, that it is necessary for me to understand my religion before I can receive it, or walk by its light.”

“I must know what the object of my worship is, before I can render it my adoration.”

“What do you think the sun is?” said Henry. “Is it a solid body emitting rays of light, or is it a ball of fire?”

“There again!” cried Wellings; “there again

—there hur goes, as Jack Reese would say.—You remember Jack Reese, Lord F——; he was a funny fellow—a rare funny fellow—there hur goes—started again—up in the clouds!—Why, Milner, have you taken leave of your senses?—Come, descend—out of the sky.—What a goose you are!”

“I think,” said Miss Wellings, “we have mistaken one of the donkeys for Master Milner, and brought him up the hill with us.—Eh! Master Milner?”

“Very good, Miss Wellings—very good,” exclaimed Lord F——.

“Do hold your peace, Henry,” whispered Edgar. “Don’t make such a numscull of yourself before these people.”

“But th’esun,” replied Henry aloud.

“Surely,” said Miss Wellings, “you do not see any thing in the sun that portends a storm, Master Milner; if you do, I beg you will inform us. I would not be on the hill in a storm for a thousand worlds, after what happened here only a few years since.”

“No, ma’am,” replied Henry, “the sun, as far as I can see it, looks as it always does.”

“Then let us hear no more of this stuff,” returned Mr. Wellings;—“I thought you prided yourself on your manners, Milner, and I see no

manners in constantly interrupting profitable discourse with such confounded nonsense."

"Easy man—easy," said Lord F—— to Wellings; "don't put yourself in a passion with an old schoolfellow."

The conversation was then brought back into the channel from which Henry had diverted it; and Lord F——, particularly addressing Edgar Bonville, declared in such soft, specious, insinuating and courtly language, as entirely wrapped up his meaning from his friend Wellings's honest sister, that he would never worship a God whose nature he did not thoroughly comprehend, and never walk by a light, however specious, which shed itself only upon his own path, and did not reveal the secrets of infinite space and eternity;—in fact, that he would not be saved, unless he could thoroughly comprehend all the wheels and movements of the mighty engine by which his salvation was to be accomplished, and understand the divine dealings with every creature which it had pleased Omnipotence to bring into existence.

The young man ran off this harangue with so much fluency and such command of words, and so much graciousness and ease of manner, that, as I before said, Miss Wellings was not the least aware of the serpent which couched

beneath these flowers of rhetoric. Neither was Edgar entirely up to the tendency of his discourse ; yet he thought that the young nobleman was wrong, and was thinking how he might best reply to him, when Henry got up, and whilst settling his hat on his head, was asked by Edgar what he was about ?

“ Are you tired of being here, young stargazer ?” said Wellings.

“ I am going home,” replied Henry.

“ Going home ! what for ?” asked Edgar.

“ To go to bed,” replied Henry.

“ What now,” exclaimed Wellings ; “ are you sick, man ?”

“ Never was better in my life,” returned Henry.

“ Affronted, then ?” asked Wellings.

“ No, not at all ; why should I ?” replied Henry. “ But I am going home, to go to bed.”

“ Stop, stop !” exclaimed Edgar, seizing his friend’s arm ; “ there is something in this which I do not understand.—What are you about ? What do you talk of going to bed for ?”

“ Only that I may be there till candle-light,” answered Henry. “ I see I have been living in error all my life ; I am resolved to do better henceforward—let me go.”

“ You shall not go till you have explained yourself,” said Edgar.

Wellings and Lord F——, with the young lady, gathered eagerly round him.

“What do you all look grave for?” said Henry. “I am only convinced, I say, that I have been doing wrong all my life. Here have I been walking about by the light of the sun ever since I could use my feet—and using that light to help myself in a thousand ways; and yet to this moment I do not know what the nature of the sun is, nor so much as what worlds it shines upon, or even how strong its beams descend upon the moon. Now I do know something more of the nature of a tallow candle; therefore henceforward, I will serve myself by the light of a candle, and walk no more by daylight, unless any of you gentlemen can assist me in explaining the true nature of the sun.” Then shaking himself from the hands of Edgar, he added, “Mr. Bonville, I shall leave a note for you at the Malvern turnpike on the Worcester road, from which you may hear further of me;” and immediately bounded down the steep with a degree of activity which rendered it dangerous for any one to follow him.

It would not be very easy to describe the looks of Wellings and Lord F—— at the moment in which Henry Milner left them. Neither of them attempted to speak; but Miss

Wellings, who but half comprehended Henry's aim, could not refrain from laughing aloud at the stare of perplexity and confusion which her brother fixed upon the young nobleman. "What, Frank," she said, "has the little fool, as you pleased to call him just now, posed you both?—Excuse me, my Lord, but I cannot help laughing at Frank, he looks so stupid with wonder."

"And well he may," replied Lord F——; "who would have expected such a turn upon us? though it is all a quibble, and does not bear upon the argument.—But look at Bonville, he is laughing in his sleeve.—By-the-bye, Miss Wellings, can you inform me what makes the gentlemen in these days so much less afraid of the ladies than they were (it is said) in the time of our grandmothers?"

"Really, my Lord, I cannot tell," she replied.

"Why," replied Lord F——, "because they see how much easier it now is to creep up a lady's sleeve than it was formerly."

Thus the giddy young man endeavoured to laugh away his sense of shame, and to forget the serious lesson which Henry had given him, in the expression of new, but, as it happened, more harmless follies.

## CHAP. XVIII.

*One good turn deserves another.*

Two hours were hardly passed when Edgar Bonville and Mr. Wellings arriving at the turnpike, found a note addressed to Edgar from Henry, appointing to meet him in the valley of the Calthra Palustris.

“Just like Milner that,” said Wellings, as Mr. Bonville handed the letter to him; “he never does any thing like other people. He will be a queer fish when he is a man—a regular quiz. I doubt not but that we shall find him lying under the shade of some elm or oak, composing sonnets to his uncle’s wig; though, by-the-bye, old square-toes wears his own grey hair, if I remember him right.” And then Wellings, with a full mouth and strong emphasis, commenced:

“Tityre, tu patuli recubans sub tegmine fagi.  
Sylvestrem tenui musam meditaris avena.

But I am confounded angry with him, never-



theless, to make us look like fools, as he did just now. Do you know he made the young Lord blush the very first time he ever was known to blush in his life—and my sister present too. Do you know, Mr. Bonville, though she is a wild girl enough, she is always angry when I say any thing which cuts up the Bible. This very morning she gave me such a whack on the shoulders upon the hill, just for saying something of the sort, that she had nigh tilted me over the path; and it was just to spite her that I set F—— off. I knew he would go finely when once set on his wheels, and that made it the more provoking of Milner to play us off as he did. But I will be even with him, and I have thought how.”

“Don’t depend on me to help you,” replied Edgar. “Milner and I belong to one clan, and I shall stand by him—you may depend upon it.”

“Wheugh! wheugh!” exclaimed Wellings, finishing off with a whistle; adding, “I am glad you have told me as much—right glad; it’s half the battle to know the enemy; but, after all, Milner is a fine lad, and I think I will be merciful. I will pardon—forgive—overlook—absolve, or, as the doctor says, exonerate. Yes, I will exonerate; but Henry will be as mad as a bear be-

reaved of her young, when he sees me with you, Bonville. I did not tell him that I had an invitation to meet old *propria quæ Maribus*. I thought I would prepare him an agreeable surprise."

But Henry was not so much surprised at seeing Wellings as might have been expected, for he was certain that he would insert himself into this school-meeting, as he chose to call it, either by hook or by crook; either through the aid of a hookum obtained through the medium of his friend Benjamin, or by sporting a face without that aid. He was, therefore, prepared to see him; and when he came forward to meet the young gentlemen at the stile which opened into the field of the *Calthra Palustris*, he did not so much as say, "What, are you there, Wellings?" But, joining the party, walked on to show the way, entering very little into any discourse which might be passing within his hearing.

Thus the young gentlemen proceeded together, but did not arrive at the Ferns till within a quarter of an hour of the dinner hour.

Having rendered their persons as fit for a drawing-room as they could be supposed to do in the space of a few minutes, they were ushered into a large upper room, furnished in

a very handsome old-fashioned style, where the company were already assembled. These consisted of the ladies and gentlemen of the family, amongst whom was the *pater familiæ*, whom Henry had never seen but once before, as he was become merely a cypher in his household, and seldom appeared, being, as was before said, reduced to almost a second childhood by repeated attacks of palsy. This day, however, happening to be one of his best days, he had been wheeled in his chair into the drawing-room, to see his old friend, Dr. Matthews; for Dr. Matthews, Dr. Crocket, and Mr. Hargrave, having all been at Westminster at the same time, and being of the same standing, had been intimate friends. Mr. Hargrave had, however, married earlier in life than his friends, and had always been supposed to have been under that sort of influence which prevailed over the fortunes of Socrates; and no doubt, as the poor old gentleman sat in his easy-chair, a keen observer might have remarked without difficulty that eye of deference which was cast from time to time towards his help-meet; whilst she, on her part, had prepared for herself not one ruler, but as many as five in the persons of her three sons and her two daughters; and thus the order of things

was entirely reversed in this well-arranged family, of which the eldest son was no doubt by far the most rational and respectable member, and one who would have done honour to a good education, had he been so fortunate as to have been blessed with one. In the centre of the ladies sate Dr. Matthews, who was endeavouring to lay aside the pedagogue as much as lay in him so to do, and in consequence, did not quote Latin more than three times during a discourse which lasted a full quarter of an hour. A little beyond the sphere of the doctor sate Benjamin and Samuel, who both, in their attempts to look perfectly at their ease, seemed to have discovered that their legs and arms were somewhat inconvenient appendages to their persons; for the one had his legs as far thrown out from the rest of his body, as could be possibly contrived; and the other had one arm laid over the back of a sofa, and the other across that of Miss Priscilla Matthews's chair.

The eldest Miss Matthews was seated on the sofa above mentioned, in deep discourse with a clergyman from the neighbourhood of Ledbury, who, having been one of the Doctor's first pupils, had been invited to meet his old preceptor; and Mrs. Matthews, who had increased rapidly in circumference since Henry had last seen her,

was deposited in the other corner of the sofa, having as little expression in her countenance, as one of the down pillows which supported her back. In a corner of the room, like a pelican in the wilderness, alone and unnoticed, yet apparently as well pleased with herself as any person present, sate Mrs. Judy Meakin, of notable memory, in her pea-green satin, and having a fan in her hand, with which she from time to time agitated the air, and communicated a sort of tremulous motion to a wreath of pink roses with which she had garnished her head-dress.

The entrance of Wellings, Bonville, and Milner, imparted new vivacity to this circle, which being such as I have described, was beginning to be somewhat flat and vapourish. Mr. Wellings was a prime favourite of Miss Priscy's, and Henry was as much her aversion; and perhaps to some minds it is quite as enlivening to meet one we cordially hate, as one we truly love.

As the young men advanced, the Doctor got up, exclaiming,

“ Fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthem.”

Miss Priscilla sprang from her chair, and meeting Mr. Wellings more than half way, made him understand, without any prudish cir-

cumlocutions, that she was monstrous glad to see him. Mrs. Matthews actually turned her head towards the party just arrived, and Mrs. Judy fanned till every wiry stalk and stem of her roses stood bolt upright. "And I am truly glad—and this is an unlooked-for pleasure—and how much Milner is grown—and we feared you would not come—and what made you so late?—and how are you, Mrs. Meakin?—and I rejoice to see you looking so well—and how goes on Herodotus?—and Wellings, I hope you will not crack your brain with study—and dear Bell, pray ring for dinner—and Miss Priscy is as gay as ever," &c. &c. All these things were said, and much more to the same purposes, but who said them, and who asked questions, and who answered, and who did not answer, is more than it is in my power to tell; but this I know, that nothing like silence was restored till our old friend, Master Joe, the footboy, announced the dinner, at which time Dr. Matthews, stepping forward, presented his arm to Mrs. Hargrave—the young 'squire followed with Mrs. Matthews; then proceeded Miss Matthews, with Mr. Jenkin Fry, the young divine above-mentioned; then came Wellings, with Miss Priscilla; and Edgar, with Miss Hargrave.

“If this is the fashion,” thought Henry, “why should not I follow it, and do a kind thing too, for I see those two Hargraves are holding back, and looking insolent;” and being inspired with this thought, he stepped up to Mrs. Meakin, and bowing courteously to her, said, “If you do not think me too young, ma’am, will you accept of my arm to go down to dinner?” It is a painful thing for old age to endure open scorn from young people, and it is hard for a person ever to be reminded, even in their holiday days, of their dependent state. It therefore excited more gratitude in the breast of Mrs. Judy, than the occasion seemed to call for—to be thus rescued from total neglect, and that by undoubtedly the flower of the whole party—and in consequence, the old lady went smiling down the great stairs, opening out with many anecdotes respecting Clent Green, which, however unimportant in themselves, were not without their interest for Henry.

“If you stay here another day, will you come and see me to-morrow, Mrs. Meakin?” said Henry. “I have a great many things to show you. I am sure my uncle will be glad to see you; and though we have no lady to meet you, yet the housekeeper would provide for your comfort.”

“ I should like it of all things,” replied Mrs. Judy, “ but we must be off to-morrow.”

The dinner passed as other great dinners do, and Henry observed nothing remarkable, but that there seemed to have been instituted a sort of sudden and violent intimacy between Miss Priscilla, Miss Bell, and Mr. Wellings, which intimacy evidenced itself by whispers and bursts of laughter, and now and then a sort of sly look towards himself; and during the second course, it became evident that the joke, whatever it was, had extended itself through Miss Priscilla, who sate between Mr. Wellings and Samuel Hargrave, to the two younger Hargraves. Samuel having, after a long whisper of Miss Priscilla's, said aloud, “ I understand—yes—it will do—I will see to it”—and then the whisper passed on to Benjamin, who chuckled the more decidedly in measure, as he admitted the jest it contained into his pericranium, saying, “ When the cloth is removed, I will.” Accordingly, when it was actually withdrawn, he went out and returned with a knowing and satisfied air, and again a short whisper went round from himself as far as Miss Bell Hargrave, and there stopped; for above Miss Bell, with the exception of Edgar, were all the graver and more dignified members of the party, most of whom had



been occupied in the discussion of things of a more weighty nature than nods, and winks, and whispers.

It might be about a quarter of an hour after the desert had been set upon the table, that the young people proposed a walk. The proposal came from Miss Priscilla. The motion was immediately approved and seconded by all the juniors of the party, with the exception of Miss Matthews, Miss Hargrave, and her elder brother; and the young ladies having withdrawn for a few moments to put on their bonnets, they speedily joined the gentlemen in the hall, and thence proceeded on their ramble. In the mean time the rest of the ladies had withdrawn, and Dr. Matthews, Mr. Jenkin Fry, and Mr. Hargrave, were left over the bottle; but the decanters had scarcely made one circle of the table, before the above-named gentlemen were joined by Lord F——, who had ridden over expressly to see his old master.

Mr. Hargrave had met Lord F—— at Worcester races, where his brothers had also become acquainted with him, through the medium of Mr. Wellings; he therefore gave the young nobleman a hearty reception, and regretted that he had not come to dinner; and the conversa-

tion then fell, as might be supposed, on subjects which had particular reference to Clent Green, and those connected with it.

Many of Dr. Matthews's quondam and present pupils were talked over; and Lord F—— asked his former preceptor what he thought of young Milner, adding, “that he was more puzzled with the character of that boy, than with that of any one he had ever happened to meet with.”

“And with reason,” replied Dr. Matthews, his words seeming to fill his mouth, and to find difficulty to make their escape—like the pent up winds of Virgil. *Æneid*, i. 86, 87.

“*Ac venti velut agmine facto  
Qua data porta, ruunt et terras turbine perflant.*”

“And with reason, my Lord, for Henry Milner is a singular character—a peculiar character—a character not easily comprehended—a babe in appearance—beautiful as a babe—fair and fresh as a babe, though now budding into manhood; for I speak of him rather as I saw him first than as I see him now; as he stood before me in the circle of my boys, when he first entered my school-room—when my eye then fell first upon him; for although I had seen him the evening

before, I had not considered him—I had not physiognomyzed him, my Lord; that is, I had not looked upon him with the eye of observation—I had seen, and not seen him—my mind had been otherwise occupied; but when, (I repeat,) when I saw him in the circle of my boys, and my eye fell upon him for the first time, I thought him, yes, my Lord, I considered him as a nothing-at-all—a mere woman—a very woman—I mean as to intellect a woman—in short, a boy of an inferior capacity, and one who had been totally spoiled, ruined, undone, by a home education. But I had reason, my Lord—I had reason not only to change my opinion immediately, but, as it were, to change it continually, during the whole of his sojourn under my roof. Not that I retract my first assertion, that he is a very singular boy—a most peculiar boy; but as Simpson, my usher, says, (Lord F——, you remember Simpson, honest Simpson,) half a dozen such boys in a school would have rendered his services almost unnecessary, that is, would have spared him half, nay, more than half of his labours; but then, my Lord, then there are inconveniences arising from the introduction of characters of this kind into a school, and I have found them, Lord F——, I have discovered them—to my great annoyance, I have ascertained them.”

“Of what sort are these inconveniences, may I ask?” said Mr. Hargrave.

“Milner is imbued, I will not say infected,” replied Dr. Matthews, “with some extraordinary notions respecting religion. I respect, I honour, I admire, a religious boy,” rejoined the Doctor; “one who is sincerely religious and virtuous, without cant and profession. Now, there is no cant in Milner; Simpson assures me, that there is no nonsense of that description in the boy; and yet he has been the means—yes, Henry Milner has been the means, the agent, the first mover, in introducing more, much more, vastly more of that sort of thing, in my seminary, my establishment—than I thoroughly like—than I entirely approve—than I can venture to sanction—than is wholly conformable to, agreeable with my modes of thinking.”

“And pray, Sir,” said Mr. Jenkin Fry, “may I presume to ask, what are the sort of errors which have been thus introduced into your establishment?”

“I do not pronounce them errors, or heresies, Mr. Fry,” replied the Doctor; “I am far from saying that my young gentlemen are infected by heretical, or even erroneous doctrines. Let it not be supposed that I have ever made such

an assertion, Jenkin; but so far I venture to assert, uphold, and maintain, that there are some doctrines founded on eternal truth, which ought not to be brought forward for the consideration of boys: for what is Edward Mansfield but a boy—an infant—a mere babe; and yet, Mr. Fry, I tell you, I assure you, and you may believe my assurance, that he told Mr. Simpson no longer ago than last Sunday, that he only wished our Rector would revise his articles, and preach the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. And why was this—why was this, Mr. Fry? Why was this, but because the preacher asserted in his discourse, that a man might be at one time a child of God, and yet finally fall into a state of perdition?”

“Well, Sir,” said Mr. Fry, “and was not your minister right, and your pupil wrong?”

“I have my doubts thereupon,” replied the Doctor. “It is a knotty point, Mr. Fry; it may bear a good deal of discussion. Our articles undoubtedly bear Edward Mansfield through, but these matters are not intended for young and unsound minds; and I can only say, that they should not have been brought forward in my establishment. And now, Sir, you may understand the inconveniences which I have stated myself to have experienced from the ad-

mission of this very singular, this very remarkable boy into my establishment; for Simpson traces all this to young Milner, and to his manner of expressing himself to his companions; not that young Milner held forth on these subjects. Had he done so, no one would have hearkened to him, for school-boys will not endure a preacher, a lecturer, a reformer among their members; but they are often taken with character,—they detect inconsistency with the eye of the eagle looking for his prey. They feast, they glory in inconsistencies; they triumph in the inconsistencies of their superiors; I say they glory and delight in them; whilst they honour every one who is true to his principles, and undaunted in his assertion of them.”

Here, as the conversation took another turn, and as we have had sufficient, no doubt, of the good Doctor's long words and frequent repetitions, we will follow our young party in their walk. Miss Bell Hargrave had established herself as their guide, and had led them along certain shady lanes, with multitudes of which that part of the country is intersected, till she had brought them on the border of an extensive hop-yard, where our friends, the hop-pickers, were carrying on their merry business. I shall mention the manner in which the gathering of

hops is effected, for the edification of such of my readers as may never have been beyond the sound of Bow bell.

The hop is a tender, beautiful, and wiry plant, which, entwining itself round a pole of considerable height, placed for the purpose, presents a most beautiful appearance, inso-much, that a field filled with hops in their most perfect state, infinitely surpasses in beauty that to which it is most similar, viz. a vineyard in season. When the hop is ripe, the stem is cut from the root and laid with the pole over a sort of crib, into which the people, standing round, gather the blossoms; and from this crib the hop is transferred to the sack in which it is conveyed to the market. We have given some specimens of the sort of persons who are engaged in the work of robbing the pole of its borrowed glories. And I also would wish to apprise my reader that he ought to avoid any rash personal inquiries into the mysteries of the hop-field, unless he has no objection to a closer intimacy with these rural mysteries than may quite accord with his ideas of comfort and convenience; but, inasmuch as the field near to which our young friends were passing, belonged to a tenant of Mr. Hargrave, the elegant assembly of ladies and gentlemen from

Dudley and Stourbridge, who were standing round the crib, in the corner of the field, permitted them to pass unmolested, and were even so polite as to preserve a perfect silence till they were all gone by. They did not, however, proceed much beyond this field; for Miss Bell complained of fatigue, and was glad of the offer of Edgar Bonville's arm, who, having got Miss Priscilla on his other arm, went on in the front of the party, as they turned back towards the Ferns, exulting over Wellings on having appropriated to himself all the beauty and elegance in the company.

In the meantime, Wellings and the two Hargraves fell behind the ladies, and Henry brought up the rear, having been delayed a little to look for a species of orchis, which Miss Bell had told him was to be found in a small field, somewhat beyond where she had walked.

Henry, however, looked in vain for the orchis, and had just jumped back into the lane over a stile, close upon which was a hollow tree, when he felt some one pull his coat: he turned round and looked about him, but, to his surprise, saw no one near him. Wellings and the two Hargraves were before him in the lane. Another pull assured him that what he had first felt was not the effect of imagination; and, looking down, he saw a little boy ensconced



in the hollow tree. A second look convinced him that this boy was no other than the same whom he had so effectually assisted in the affair of the pack of hounds.

“ Master ! master ! ” he said, “ run for your life ; they wants to crib you. I heard um talk on’t, and, seeing you in the field, I hid me here to tell you, for Tom Bliss——”

The step of Wellings approaching, caused the little boy to shrink into his tree, whilst Henry, who had but half understood what he had communicated, stood irresolute, neither moving one way or another. But the next minute, being assured that if Wellings came nearer, he would discover the boy in the tree, and, knowing his savage disposition, he stepped forward to meet him ; and in those few steps, came in a line with the hop-field.

At the same moment a posse of boys, men, and even great girls and young women, came out of the field, and, setting up loud shouts and laughter, like so many Bacchanals and Bacchantes, began to race and pursue the young gentlemen in the lane, who ran and shouted, screamed and yelled, affecting fright, and adding, as much as in them lay, to the general confusion, though all but Henry knew perfectly well that not a finger would be laid upon any of them.

In the meantime, whilst sundry mock encounters were going on in different parts of the lane, Tom Bliss, who was the right-hand man of Samuel Hargrave, and who had had his cue, was pursuing his object in a masterly manner, and not only bringing down his forces, consisting of four colliers and a nailer, in front of Henry, but, being also provided with a party consisting of women, to intercept his flight—which party appeared to Henry in two divisions, the one in the field which he had just quitted, and the other further on in the lane, at the moment he turned round to make his escape.

And now there seemed no hope for poor Milner; the enemy was closing upon him on all sides, and a virago of a woman was just about to lay her hands upon him, when the little boy sprang from the hollow tree, and, not having that respect for the fair sex which an elder boy might have had, he fastened upon her, with tooth and nail, till she fairly cried out for mercy; but no longer in the accents of riotous mirth, but in that of real pain.

The cry of pain, like the taste of blood, seemed now to inspire the enemy to more ferocious measures; and, being assured of support from their masters, Tom Bliss and his abettors were about to seize Henry with the

view of rolling him well in the crib, when a strong man, springing over the hedge, followed by two or three sturdy boys, exclaimed, "Touch that young gentleman at your peril! I strike the first man to the ground that lays a hand on him! Be off with you, you blackguards! I am ashamed of you, and more ashamed of those that set you to work. Away with you, or you shall rue the job as long as you live!"

Tom Bliss was the first to slink away on hearing this; and in less than three minutes, the field had received the whole mob again. Mr. Wellings and the two Hargraves had slunk away, and Henry was left with his champion in the lane.

Does my reader doubt who this champion is! If he has such doubts, I am sorry for him, as it must argue no small want of penetration. Henry, however, recognized him immediately; and, after thanking him most sincerely for his timely aid under such very disagreeable circumstances, he invited him to come with his family to tea the next Sunday; an invitation which the good man did not forget, and which was ever kept in his memory by a large Bible with clasps, which Mr. Dalben permitted Henry to give him. As to the little boy, the hero of the hollow tree, Henry,

learning that he had left his place at the Red Lion, and was living with his father, a poor cottager in the neighbourhood, he promised to try to get him a service, and was able to succeed before the winter; and the place which he procured was one in which he was doing very well when last I heard of him.

When Henry had parted with the man, who accompanied him beyond the precincts of the hop-field, he hesitated a moment whether he should return to the Ferns, or go home, for he was weary of these practical jests so often repeated; but, upon reflection, he resolved to return to Mr. Hargrave's, and take no manner of notice of what had passed, and not even to seem to suspect that the affront had been planned.

Thus concluded this day of events; and Henry was by no means sorry to find himself once again at his peaceful home.

## CHAP. XIX.

*Mr. Nash.*

DURING the next morning at breakfast, Henry stated to his uncle and Edgar Bonville his strong suspicions, that the attack made upon him by the hop-pickers had been concerted at dinner, at the period when the whispers were passing so rapidly from one person to another. Mr. Dalben and Edgar entirely accorded with Henry's surmises, and were both so justly displeased, that they agreed in saying, that the slighter their intercourse was with the Hargraves in future, the better they should be satisfied. This matter being dismissed, Edgar, who had been wholly disappointed in the noble young ladies, whose beauty and elegance had been so highly extolled by his mother, settled down again very quietly in his usual routine for several days; neither was there any break during all that

time in their accustomed quiet habits. At length, however, a visitor arrived, as little thought of as expected at that period; who was this but Mr. Nash, though not as formerly in his blue gig, but on an old quiet mare, with a couple of saddle-bags, being accoutered in a pair of huge boot-hose, a coat which had once been black, but had faded into a sort of brown, and a very bushy wig. It was at a distance of it might be forty yards that Henry and Edgar first espied the old gentleman coming along the lane from the direction of Worcester; and before Henry recognized him, Edgar had exclaimed, "Marvellous! prodigious! a sight to be seen! Who, in the name of all that is extraordinary, is this singular fish?"

Henry did not answer, for the lineaments of his old friend were at the moment recollected by him, and in the next instant he was shaking him heartily by the hand, whilst the old gentleman blessed him, saying, "that it was worth while to come forty miles to see his dear rosy face."

"Mr. Nash, Edgar Bonville," said Henry. "Mr. Nash!" as if another Mr. Nash could never be; and young Bonville, seeing how pleased his friend was, thought he must be pleased also, and accordingly the two friends,

taking each side of the old mare, ushered the old gentleman into the court, where Thomas first, and then Mrs. Kitty, made him understand that his company was as acceptable to the domestics as to the masters of the family ; for Mr. Nash, (being, perhaps, one of the last of that old-fashioned race of ecclesiastics who, living in their kitchens, had, perhaps, more to give to the poor than many of their successors who reside in their ceiled parlours,) was always accustomed to smoke a pipe up the chimney in the kitchen every night after Mr. Dalben was gone to bed, whilst Mrs. Kitty prepared him a toast and ale, and perhaps a bit of toasted cheese ; and on these occasions, he would always insist that the servants should occupy their usual seats, and even partake with him. And whereas other visitors would address the good woman by her simple Christian name, Mr. Nash always called her Mrs. Kitty, or the housekeeper, or my good madam,—of which last appellation Mrs. Kitty thought much, as well she might ; for it was a grand and sounding title. It was, therefore, as I before said, a great pleasure to the servants to see Mr. Nash's face again. And Thomas busied himself about the mare, as if she had been another Bucephalus, and had

been accustomed to bear the hero of the world upon her back. From the offices, where Mr. Nash doffed his boot-hose, his hat, and a large blue handkerchief, which he always wore when on a journey, he passed into the study, and pleasant was the greeting between the elegant and retired Mr. Dalben and the worthy old country clergyman; for Mr. Nash lived in a very retired part of Staffordshire, in great comfort, in a thatched parsonage-house, having two kitchens and no parlour, on an income which was something less than one hundred pounds a-year. This good man was a native of some village on the Teme, and had known Mr. Dalben from a boy; and hence it had been his pleasure, whenever he could muster sufficient to pay his travelling expenses, to migrate southward, and take up his abode for a short time at Mr. Dalben's, with the double purpose of seeing his friends and visiting the haunts of his youth. These southern migrations might be calculated, on an average, to have taken place every seven years since the good man had been an inhabitant of Staffordshire. And although it is not yet seven years since this his last migration, it is not supposed that he will appear again. However, we



will not anticipate that which may happen, but rejoice with Henry Milner in his present pleasure; for, unpolished as was this old man, yet he possessed all that benignity and sweetness of manner which proceed from piety and simplicity; and hence he made himself very agreeable wherever he happened to show himself. And he had not been long at Mr. Dalben's before he proposed that the young gentlemen should accompany him in a ramble, which should last for two days, in which he intended to visit Southstone's Rock and Clifton upon Teme, and so to return by the far-famed Valley of Stanford to the Hundred House, and so to Worcester.

Henry's eyes perfectly danced in the anticipation of this delightful project; and it was agreed that Mr. Nash should take his mare, and that he that was weary should get up whilst the others walked.

"But," said Edgar, "need we take the saddle-bags? For, as to all the rest of the plan, I am perfectly satisfied; but I will have no saddle-bags."

"Right," said Henry, "lest the people should mistake you, when mounted, for a bagman, and me for a butcher's boy. You and I, Bonville, ought never to be caught with bags

and parcels and baskets about us: we have not enough of the gentleman in our appearance to permit us to dispense with these considerations."

"No! but," replied Edgar, somewhat pettishly, "you know that one would not like to be taken for a snob."

"I was mistaken for a grazier as I passed through Preston one market-day," remarked Mr. Nash, simply; "and I am sure the hostess was disappointed when she found I was only a poor parson."

This matter was settled by a renunciation of Mr. Nash's favourite saddle-bags; and the party set out the very next day after the scheme had been proposed.

There is, perhaps, not on the whole face of our fair and fortunate island, a more glorious region than that through which Mr. Nash led his young companions during their short expedition to revisit the scenes of his infancy in the neighbourhood of Worcester. There is a deep valley, terminated at one end by the Malvern, and at the other by the Clee Hills, forming, in its depth, a channel for the little rapid mountain-stream so renowned in these annals. This valley has not its equal in some particulars, perhaps, throughout our island; and it is not known, even to the towns in its nearest neigh-

bourhood: it is not sought and admired, unrivalled as it is, by persons who will go half the country over to peep at far inferior beauties. Nay, too many of its own inhabitants look on it with dispassioned eye; and the bard who once so sweetly sang its praises, sleeps now in its bosom, remembered only by a very few, who soon must prepare to pass also away from the memory of the living.

It was early in the morning that Mr. Nash and the young men quitted Mr. Dalben's; and, leaving Worcester on their right, they arrived at a little inn on a broad common, where they breakfasted to their heart's content, and much to the amusement of Mr. Nash, who insisted that the hostess would have a bad bargain of them if they paid her only the usual charge.

From hence they went on, and, as they descended towards the village of Martley, where the bells were celebrating some rural festival, the hills on the left bank of the fair valley above spoken of began to near them. And now, as they proceeded, the whole scene began to take a mountainous appearance; for, although the hills in this neighbourhood are not high, as measured from the sea, they have a boldness, an abruptness, a peculiar conformation, which cannot but bring the scenery of the Alps to the

memory of every one who has once visited Switzerland. Neither are these heights bare and barren, but clad with woods, rich with orchards, fragrant with innumerable flowers; for it is a region of flowers, and abundant in fresh fountains and sparkling cascades.

“Oh, my loved home!” exclaimed Mr. Nash, growing quite pathetic at the sight of the valleys in which he had followed his father, who had been curate of the village of Clifton, not far removed from where they then were,—  
“Oh, my beloved home! What poor lost creatures should we be, had we not the assurance that eternity would restore all that of which time will necessarily deprive us! He that lives longest, loses most, Master Milner; that is, of things temporal: and he that goes soonest, that is, if he is found of his Redeemer, obtains as much of things eternal, as he that lives the longest, and labours most. You are surprised at what I say, Mr. Bonville, but Henry understands me. Don’t you, my master?”

“I do,” replied Henry; “and if my opinion were worth asking, I would say, I quite agree with you. If a man could live to the age of Methuselah, and could be as wise as Solomon, and holy as Enoch, he could do no works wor-

thy to be accepted of God. Then, where would he be better off than the little babe who is born to-day and dies to-morrow? Neither of them have any thing of their own to boast of; and if they are to be rich in eternity, it will only be in that sort of riches which is to be bestowed upon them through their Redeemer."

"Well, replied Edgar, "I know this is Mr. Dalben's doctrine, and true doctrine, no doubt, but it is a dangerous one nevertheless, and should not be held out to the multitude; for, according to this doctrine, I may commit all manner of sins, and yet be as high in heaven as the first of saints."

"How do you know you will ever be in heaven at all, if you commit all these sins you speak of, my master?" said Mr. Nash, who, it should be understood was all this time jogging along on his quiet mare between the young gentlemen.

"Why, according to you, it is faith, and not works which save a person," replied Edgar.

"True," replied Mr. Nash; "but how do you know that you have faith, if you do not produce works? Works follow faith, as sure as seed produces its kind."

"I do not quite see that," said Edgar.

“The Devil believes and trembles; but I never heard of any good works which were produced by the old gentleman.”

“He believes so far,” returned Mr. Nash, “as I believe in you; that is, I know that you exist, and are a human being, and that therefore I should not like to be a white loaf on a table before you when you are in a hungry mood. But common belief is quite a different thing to the sort of belief you speak of. Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Without faith, it is impossible to please God; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him,’ (Rom. xi. 16.) By faith, the believer is separated from his original or earthly head, and united with his spiritual one; and inasmuch as he could do no good thing in his natural state, he as certainly will produce the fruits of good works in that spiritual state into which he is admitted through faith.”

“Really,” said Edgar, “these things are above me;”—for the young man, who was not without pride, had no mind to be taught by one in worsted boot-hose, however he might think it worth his while to listen to a gentleman so very superior as Mr. Dalben.

“Well, then,” replied Mr. Nash, “suppose we postpone the discussion to another opportunity; and as argument is apt to make an old man dry, I wish you would pluck me two or three of those fine red-streaks which hang over the hedge—just there, at the turn of the road.”

Edgar looked round, and seeing a branch laden with fruit of a very tempting aspect, though somewhat small, “By your leave, Mr. Appletree,” he said, and springing up the bank, and gathering half-a-dozen or more of these fruits of the Hesperides, he presented two to Mr. Nash, gave one to Henry, and crammed the half of another into his own mouth, exclaiming the next moment, at the same time ejecting the fruit from his mouth—“Hang, drown, burn—verjuice itself—bitter and sour—and every thing that is abominable.—Do you call these red-streaks, Mr. Nash?”

“It is a red-streak, I know,” replied Mr. Nash, quietly. “I know the orchard—I knew it as a boy. This is not the first time I have robbed it by many. I was horsewhipped once for it by the farmer himself, who caught me in a tree there, up in the boughs, as snug, as I thought, as an owl in an ivy-bush; and I maintain that the tree itself, let the fruit be what it will, is a red-streak.”

“And do you call these abominable compounds of verjuice and gall, red-streaks, Mr. Nash?” said Edgar.

“No,” replied Mr. Nash; “the fruit is neither more nor less than a crab. I grant that from your experience, for I shall not try it myself; but I maintain that the stock is a red-streak—a proper red-streak. Don’t I know the appearance of a red-streak apple-tree?”

“Do you mean to say,” asked Edgar, “that a good apple-tree can bear crabs?”

“Why not?” said Mr. Nash, jogging on with unmoved countenance.

“Why not!” asked Edgar. “Really, Mr. Nash; but do you take me for a fool, or ——;” and there he stopped.

“Or am I one myself?” returned Mr. Nash. “Neither one thing nor the other. But surely I may have my opinion as well as you. If you assert that a man may have faith, and not produce good works, I, on the other hand, assert, that a red-streak may bear crabs; and I don’t see why I am to be called a fool any more than you. Let every man enjoy his own opinion; there is no free and pleasant discourse among friends, if folk are to dictate to each other.”

“But, Mr. Nash——” said Edgar.

“But, my good Master Bonville,” replied Mr. Nash.



“ I wish I could put you out of temper,” exclaimed Edgar ; “ I wish I could put your horse out of that abominable jog-trot. If you had but tasted one of your favourite red-streaks, you would not have looked so quiet as you now do ; but if you will not quarrel with me, I shall pay the score on Henry’s back, for he is laughing ready to kill himself.”

A sort of merry skirmish then ensued between the two young men, which being happily terminated, the party proceeded as before.

And soon they arrived at a part of the road where was a precipitous descent into the valley.

“ Stand here a moment, and look behind you,” said Mr. Nash. “ There, on that far-crowned eminence, the last champion of Wales, the descendant of many kings, the valiant Owen Glendower, pitched his camp ; and on before you opens the valley of Shelsley and of Stanford.—Ah, lovely Stanford ! I remember those that dwelt in that white parsonage-house—they were such as we seldom see in these days. It was there I learnt many things which have been my hope and comfort through the many long and weary days of my pilgrimage. Some persons, Master Milner, make religion appear to be a gloomy, dull, weary sort of thing ; but he that dwelt in that white house when I was a young

man, showed religion in colours as bright and gay as yonder sun-beam, which, breaking from the cloud, shines right athwart yon upland—there to your left ; and she that was his help-meet,—could I ever forget her !—was small in stature, and had a sweet voice in singing to her guitar—she was given him, as it were, to show the evidences of his doctrines in her humble and exemplary walk. I have known many worthy women since, but of her I think I may say, many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

“But come on,” added Mr. Nash, rubbing his hand across his eyes, “there is a better and fairer world than this ; and I will not think too much, if I can help it, of those who are gone there before me.—Come on, then ; we must turn off in this place towards the village on the hill.”

Now, inasmuch as I have many things to say before I finish my volume, I shall not enter into a long account of the pleasant things seen by the party during the rest of this day ; and how they supped at Clifton, and slept there, and returned the next morning by way of Southstones Rock, and over the glorious heights of Stanford ; till, having crossed the iron bridge, they found themselves, after a while, on the road between Ludlow and Worcester, where (Mr.

Nash having rode slowly on) the young men proposed waiting at a small inn by the way-side for the coach coming from Ludlow—the day was very hot, and they had started from Clifton at seven o'clock, and were much fatigued. They had hardly finished a regale of bread and cheese, which they thought excellent, when the coach arrived with two ladies inside. Mr. Bonville and Henry took the other two places to Worcester, being desirous of being shaded from the sun; and they were rolled away immediately through regions which, if only half as lovely as those they had visited in the morning, were not without their high pretensions. Having passed over a ledge of the Abberley hill, and under the foot of that on which the eagle of the west had set his foot in times past, and left Witley behind them, they came into a more ordinary sort of country; and there Edgar Bonville fell fast asleep, and Henry Milner began to feel his eyes drawing together, and his mind wandering from present things, notwithstanding a very animated discussion which was taking place between the two ladies concerning certain pugilists, who had, it seems, been permitted to exercise their *savoir faire* in a field near Ludlow the day before, to the great dissatisfaction of the soberer inhabitants of the town.

Sleep, however, as I remarked before, was gaining on Henry, and had nearly overcome him, when the coach suddenly came to a stop before a lone public-house, having on its sign the most extraordinary and most witty device of a large globe, through which is affixed the figure of a man with his head above and feet below, struggling with difficulty, and bearing this motto :—

“How hard it is to get through the world.”

Henry roused himself as the coach came to a sudden stop ; but as one of the ladies had protruded her head through the window, he could see nothing without, although he plainly heard the following dialogue :—

“I say, Jack, I say—what makes you so late ? Hang me, if I thought you would have come at all.”

“Well, Sir, better late than never ; but I am behind my time—so up with you.”

This last voice proceeded from the coachman.

“Ho ! ho ! there you, what’s your name,” said the first speaker. “You there within.—Frank, I say, Jack’s in a hurry—come along.”

A rumbling above was then heard, and several voices ; and then a shrill cry of the lady, who drawing herself suddenly in, addressed her

female companion: saying, "I hope, Miss Biddy, I hope he will stand firm."

"Who?" asked Miss Biddy. "Who? what?"

"Why, there is a young gentleman just got up, and he says he will drive, and the coachman says he shall not; and there they are now contending the matter," replied the other.

By the removal of the lady's head, Henry was enabled to look out of the window; but if he advanced his face towards it in a hurry, he drew it back still more hastily—for whom should his eye encounter! whom, but Mr. Wellings; who, as he stepped through the door of the inn, exclaimed, "Clayton, I say, Clayton, don't you be thinking of taking the reins. Jack knows me, and he knows I am up to a thing or two. But as to you, I tell you we will none of us trust our necks in your hands."

"Worse than the crib—worse than the crib," thought Henry. "Bonville and I have nothing for it but to lie snug; we shall surely be all thrown over, if Wellings knows I am here. I am glad Bonville is asleep."

But Edgar was just beginning to rub his eyes and look about him, and ask questions, and inquire what disturbed the ladies; and, indeed, they were all presently alarmed at the rapid motion of the coach, for Wellings had taken the reins, and the coachman, being too late, did not use the proper restraint.

"I am sure," said the lady who had spoken first, "I am sure one of the young men who got up is driving—I am certain of it. How we are dashing on!—the trees fly from us—the houses have wings!—Oh, Miss Biddy! what would I give to be safe at home again!"

"Don't be alarmed, my dear Miss Jenny," replied the other; "but the coachman is much to blame—very much to blame."

"Shall I look out—shall I endeavour to ascertain who is driving, ma'am?" asked Edgar.

"You had better be quiet," said Henry; "you will get no good by the inquiry; but I never would advise any one to travel with me, for I am always pursued by an unlucky genius."

"La, Sir, sure you don't say so!" exclaimed Miss Jenny; "How has it happened, Sir? You don't look as though you were in that way."

"What do you mean, Henry?" asked Edgar; "and what does the lady mean?"

"The gentleman means," replied Miss Jenny, "that when he travels he is always misfortunate. I have heard of such things. I know a gentleman myself, who is always overturned whenever he gets into a stage-coach; though he is a very worthy man, and as old as my father."

"Then I should call him a very fortunate man," replied Edgar; "if his life has been so often in peril, and he still lives. Pray, ma'am, how many limbs has he lost?"

"None, Sir, none;" he is a very hearty old gentleman, and retains all his faculties; but, then, Sir, he has witnessed some shocking accidents. I must confess, Sir, that I had as leave not travel with him. And this gentleman here says that he is in that sort of unlucky way himself. Pray, Sir, have you ever been overturned?"

"No, ma'am," replied Henry; "but I was near it, very near it, the other day. I was threatened with a sad overthrow the other day—and" (whispering to Edgar)—"by the same hand that is driving us now."

"What," said Edgar, aloud; "what, surely you do not mean to say that Wellings has the reins? Now, the ——" and there he stopped.

"Sir," said Miss Jenny and Miss Biddy both together; "what did you say, Sir? Is there any danger?"

"There is no saying whether there is any or not," replied Edgar; "perhaps we may escape. We may get out of this same vehicle without broken bones, or at least alive; but, sit close, ladies, sit close; don't put your heads out of the windows, or you will certainly lose them.

Whip and away—tantivy—here we are in a village ! How the people stare !”

Stare indeed they did ; and some idlers in the rural streets called after the coachman, inquiring who had been the winner at the boxing-match.

“ Who, but I myself,” cried Mr. Clayton, from the top of the coach ; “ don’t you know me ? am not I jolly Bill—Bill the Bruiser ?” And with that, loud shouts were raised, which ran along the street, whilst the horses, being urged by the cries, were becoming almost unmanageable. And now the thundering vehicle was come out upon a wide common, where first a drove of geese were driven, hissing and cackling, from before it—and then a tailor’s horse sent cantering in a wrong direction—poor snip being terrified beyond the example even of Johnny Gilpin ; and lastly, a huge broad-wheeled waggon was thrown so suddenly from its course, that it quavered and shook like a lady’s calash in a March hurricane ;—but all this was well, and all might have ended well, if the young Phaeton, being elated with success, had heeded a heap of stones which was on the side of the road. This heap, however, proved fatal, the wheel of the coach went partly over it—the huge vehicle tottered for a moment, and then came thunder-



ing down with such a crash, as few then present had ever heard before. But inasmuch as the ladies had obeyed Edgar's entreaties to sit quiet, no harm was done, although Miss Biddy fell on Miss Jenny, screaming as if she had been yielding up her last voice, and Edgar upon Henry ; whilst Clayton and Wellings, who were the only outside passengers, totally disappeared in a dry ditch, or sort of ravine.

Several men who were working in a neighbouring field, were up with the coach in a moment, and helped the swearing coachman to set all things to rights, and set the inside passengers at liberty. The coach, it was found, was damaged, but no one was hurt, at least, no one complained, for Clayton and Wellings did not appear, although the coachman invited them in that sort of fashion in which one game cock would invite the approaches of another.

"The fault is your own, coachman," said the ladies ; "why did you trust the reins from your own hands ? And I do hope that you will be made to pay for endangering people's lives in this way."

Whilst the coachman was endeavouring to excuse himself, Edgar and Henry were looking for Wellings and Clayton, who were still invisible ; and it was really not without alarm that they continued the search. Not that it was

more than a minute after they had been extricated from the coach, before they found them. They were both in the bottom of a ravine, sitting in the dust, and rubbing their heads as if they were not quite sure whether they were quite safe on their shoulders.

“Your servant, gentlemen,” said Henry; “I hope you find yourselves in perfect preservation.”

“And entirely at your ease, Mr. Wellings,” added Edgar.

“But, seriously, Wellings, are you hurt?” asked Henry; “are you hurt, Clayton?”

“Hurt,” replied Mr. Clayton; “I sha’n’t be my own man again for one while.”

“Get up, and shake yourself then,” said Henry; “shall I help you?”

“Stand off, Milner,” said Mr. Clayton.—“and don’t you be sniggering there, Wellings. I’ll tell you what, man, I am quite competent to give you what you want, and that is, a sound drubbing;” and with that he rose, and began to set himself in one of the attitudes of the bruiser.

“None of your jaw, Clayton,” replied Wellings, rising too, and shaking himself—“I’ll tell you ——”

Henry and Edgar heard no more, but returning to the two ladies, they each offered one an

arm to assist her towards Worcester, from which they were not very distant. They had not proceeded very far, before they came up with Mr. Nash, who was not a little surprised to see them thus accompanied. And thus terminated all the remarkable adventures of that day; for when Henry and Edgar had taken leave of the ladies at the Henwick turnpike, they walked quietly home by the side of Mr. Nash's horse, and were at home in time for a comfortable supper.



## CHAP. XX.

*The Explosion.*

I VENTURE to say, that my reader wonders how it should have happened that Maurice's little packet of combustibles should have remained so quietly as they had done for some weeks past ; but the truth is, that certain rats had made a hole in the very corner of Maurice's depository of treasures ; and that these same squibs, and crackers, &c. had slipped into this hole, and this hole being again covered with rubbish, when Maurice went next to look for his treasure, he was not able to find it ; and imagining that Mrs. Kitty had discovered and abstracted it—in which case, as he knew that all complaints would be useless, he thought it best to put up with the misfortune in silence. This supposed loss of the squibs had taken place about a week after they had been brought to

the house, and by this time Maurice had almost forgotten that such things ever had been.

Whilst Mr. Nash and the young men were absent, Mr. Dalben received a visit from Lord F——, who came with a very pressing invitation to Edgar and Henry Milner to dine with the family on the Monday following, and to accompany them in the evening to a ball.

Where this ball was to be, Mr. Dalben had forgotten to ascertain; but it was to be something superlatively delightful, and wonderfully grand and tonish, and all that sort of thing. He was thoroughly made to understand also, that Lady L—— had undertaken to beat up for young gentlemen, it being apprehended that there might be a deficiency in the right wing of the corps of dancers. Mr. Dalben at once declined the invitation, on the part of Henry, whom he considered too young to be introduced into mixed societies; and so formed his answer, as it regarded Edgar, that he might extricate himself without embarrassment from the engagement, if such were his wish. Neither did Mr. Dalben hesitate, when he delivered the message to Edgar, to state to him, that he thought he would be acting very imprudently in this his last month of the vacation, to enter into engagements which he had declined successfully in the former

two months ; reminding him of that which awaited him, viz. the important examination on which so much depended. “ Consider, Mr. Bonville,” said the old gentleman, “ that even supposing your learning to be sufficient for the exigency, yet, in order to enable you to meet that exigency with most advantage, you ought to avoid all things which may distract or disturb your mind for some time previous to the trial.”

Mr. Nash took up the affair where Mr. Dalben left it, and said a great deal to Edgar to induce him to decline the invitation, without loss of time. Neither did he touch the subject with a finger as delicate as that used by Mr. Dalben, but told Edgar, with very little circumlocution or selection of words, that every wise man would consider him as a great block-head if he went gallanting and dancing about the country, in circumstances such as he then stood in.

The end of all this was, that although Edgar had a most vehement desire to be present at this ball, he wrote an apology to Lord F—— ; and Henry took care to dispatch this same note by a very careful hand. And thus, as was supposed, this matter was at an end, although Edgar on the occasion exhibited certain symptoms of restlessness, which were more apparent to Henry than

to Mr. Dalben ; and these symptoms were considerably increased on the Saturday, by a very silly letter which he received from his very silly mother, expressing her hopes that he was cultivating a friendship with the charming family at Malvern ; for the excellencies of the family at the Ferns had been withdrawn from the eye, it would appear, of this lady, by the more blazing glories of that of the Earl of L——'s. However, it was trusted by Henry that Edgar's mortification would have passed off, or exhaled itself in certain murmurings and mutterings against heads of colleges, classics, degrees, examinations, &c. &c. &c. And there is little doubt that it would have done so, had the young man been left to himself.

Now, it happened on the Sunday previous to this same ball, that there were collected at the Ferns a numerous party of young people, who all, having been invited to the entertainment, had agreed to repair to Malvern the following evening, under the auspices of Mrs. Hargrave, there to dress at lodgings hired for the occasion, and from thence to proceed to the assembly.

These young persons, in addition to those belonging to the family, were Mr. and Miss Wellings, Mr. Roger Clayton, and Miss Priscilla Matthews. And it may be imagined how that

long idle day, of which the proper duties were out of the question, was spent by this choice assemblage. 'Tis true, that as many of the ladies as could procure horses, cantered to the church under the escort of the eldest son of the Hargraves. But Miss Priscilla did not choose to ride, and hence she was of the party of the loungers; for although she did not actually go into the stable with Samuel, or into the dog-kennel with Benjamin, yet she walked about the shrubbery with Mr. Wellings, and visited Benjamin's owl and Samuel's ferrets, and talked and laughed, and called the young men by their surnames.

When the party returned from church, they reported that they had seen Bonville and Milner, and informed those that had been left at home, that Mr. Dalben had actually refused to let either of them go to the ball.

“ So much the better, as far as Milner is concerned,” said Wellings; “ but Bonville is a fool to be governed by old square-toes—a downright, regular fool. However, I have a thought just come into my head: Benjamin—Samuel—here! come here! Come with me!” And he walked out of the room, followed by his two kindred spirits. I have not the honour of knowing exactly what passed in this confer-



ence ; but perhaps my reader may be pretty well able to judge by the sequel, what the tendency of their discourse might be.

It seems, that the various angry exclamations which, during the Saturday and Sunday had passed the lips of Edgar Bonville, having acted as the steam which escapes through the safety-valve, from some raging furnace, had restored the proper temperature to the mind of the young man. And, accordingly, he appeared on the Monday morning in one of his most calm and agreeable frames. Mr. Dalben, as usual, gave utterance at breakfast to several of those pure, and wise, and refined principles, which sometimes distil as drops of honey from the lips of pious and intellectual old persons ; and Mr. Nash, in his turn, from the rich resources of old experience, brought examples of the effects of attention or neglect of these principles. The management of money was one of the subjects brought forward ; and Mr. Dalben having pointed out that there was, perhaps, no concern of life in which continual direction and assistance from above was more needful than in the correct expenditure of our worldly goods, Mr. Nash brought forward examples of the sad effect of neglect in the conduct of affairs of this kind, in the ruin of whole families ; showing how this

neglect displayed itself in the production of every possible species of distress,—of which distress, he said, he could bring forward instances without end.

When breakfast was finished, Edgar gave Mr. Dalben his hour. Then followed the usual period of severer studies; and after dinner the two young men walked out. During this walk, they were fortunate enough in finding a plant which Henry had never seen before.

“ You must have been a botanist some little time,” said Henry, “ to know the delight of finding a new flower. When I am a clergyman, I think botany will be one of my pleasures;—I call it my pleasure,—not my duty. Do you ever build castles in the air, Edgar?”

“ Do I?” answered Edgar. “ Is there any one in the world who does not?”

“ If you will describe your favourite castle to me, I will describe mine to you,” said Henry.

“ Begin with yours, then,” replied Edgar.

“ I should like to be a clergyman,” said Henry.

And he went on to describe his parsonage and his house, and his fields and his garden, and his little study full of books, and the school in his village, with a thousand other particulars, which all exhibited a state of mind

of more piety and humility, perhaps, than of knowledge of the world; for Henry had formed to himself the idea of a place of rest, and of humble and happy usefulness, and had made little allowance for the winds that rush, and the storms that beat on even the most sheltered cottage. "And now Edgar," he said, "now I have described my castle to you, please to give me yours."

"No," returned Edgar; "no, Henry, I cannot. I have not been blessed as you have been, in being brought up in simplicity. I cannot open my heart as you have opened yours."

Henry blushed, and replied, "Edgar, do not suppose that I have opened all my heart to you; there are many thoughts which pass through every heart which cannot be told. Indeed, I do wish to be a humble and useful clergyman, and not to seek after the fine things of this world. I know that I am most happy in retirement, and with my dear uncle, and in teaching Maurice, and looking for flowers; and yet sometimes I fancy I should like to be known and honoured in the world—and yet I do not love the world. I am never happy with worldly people. I want nothing that the world can give me. In short, sometimes I am quite puzzled with myself, and should be much

more so if I had not been taught that the heart of man is desperately wicked, and that when the new nature is given us, the old one rises up against it, and keeps up a perpetual battle with it, like two strong men in one house, for ever fighting for the mastery."

"Then you have faith in the doctrine of the depravity of the human heart," said Edgar.

"No," replied Henry.

"No!" asked Edgar, with surprise. "I thought it was one of your standing doctrines."

"You asked me if I had faith in it," said Henry. "Now, if faith is the evidence of things not seen, I have no faith in that doctrine, because I have both seen and felt it. I have no need to exercise faith upon it. I see it every day, and every hour in the day, not only in myself, but in most people about me—even my uncle. What difficulty he has sometimes to preserve his gentle manner, when he is nervous. Had he not original sin, illness might make him grave and sad, but not inclined to be angry and cross. I speak of him, because I think him the wisest and best man I know. He has said this very thing about his nervousness many times to me."

“ Perhaps you wish to go to this ball to-night, Henry ?” asked Edgar.

“ No,” replied Henry ; “ no, not at all : it is not a sort of pleasure I care for. There will be no person at the ball who is any thing to me ; but when I do set my heart on a thing, such as going with Mr. Nash, I have no doubt that I should have been vexed, if my uncle had not let me go.”

“ As to the ball, I do not think much of the ball,” replied Edgar, affecting carelessness, “ though I do not quite see why your uncle did not wish me to go ; the loss of one evening could not break squares, I should have thought ; but however, that is past, and so no more of it. I should not like to offend him. I love and respect him ; and, after all, I am happier where I am. I have had a happy long vacation ; I wish I had been with Mr. Dalben when I was a little child.”

“ I wish you had,” replied Henry, affectionately. “ Oh, Edgar ! you cannot think what a happy little child I was, when, to find a snail-shell of a new colour was an event ; or to receive a penny book, or a ball of string, or a knife, would make me glad for a week. And then, what sweet thoughts I had about the millennium—and dreams too about it ! All my

castles then were built in the groves of the millennium ; but they were not castles in the air—they were bowers of roses, and of immortal amaranth on solid ground. I wish that I could be a little child again.”

“ You are not much else, Henry,” replied Edgar ; “ the spirit of a child is still with you.”

“ No,” returned Henry ; “ no. I never have been the same since I was at Clent Green ; I am not so innocent as I was. It is impossible to hear evil talked of, and to be as we were before we had heard it. You must know that, Edgar.”

Thus the young men conversed, and the moments passed as usual till the hour of retirement.

Mr. Dalben and the young gentlemen were in their rooms at nine, and it was not ten when Mr. Nash, having smoked his pipe up the chimney, withdrew to rest. Shortly after which, Mrs. Kitty and Sally went to their places, Mrs. Kitty taking up, as usual, the keys of the doors, and all was presently hushed and still. In less than half an hour afterwards, Sally, who slept in a bed apart from Mrs. Kitty, was enjoying her first sleep, in entire unconsciousness of all the cares of life, when her companion called to her,

and not receiving an answer immediately, had recourse to that objurgatory tone which was ever at the command of this respectable dame. "Is there no such thing as making the girl hear? Are we all to lie still, and be robbed and murdered, and not a soul in the house awake but me?—Sally, I say—I say, Sally!" and with that the duenna got out of bed, and whilst she hurried on her clothes, gave her fellow-servant some such hearty shakes as would have served to have awakened the seven sleepers, and the sleeping beauty herself to boot.

"Sally, I say—Sally!" said the duenna, "I believe you would sleep on if the house was on fire, and the very flames fastening on your bed."

"The house on fire!" screamed Sally, "and the flames on my bed!—Oh, mercy! mercy!—But it is so dark!—Where are they?"

"You young fool!" said the obliging Mrs. Kitty, "I did not say the house was on fire.—Don't make such a noise, but get up, slip on your clothes, and go down and light a candle."

"What for?" said Sally. "Who is sick? What is the matter?"

"Speak lower," replied Mrs. Kitty; "don't frighten master; but I am sure there are thieves about, I have heard such uncommon noises, and

Lion is as troubled as I am—the poor honest creature. I heard him barking and growling but now as plain as ever I heard any thing in my life; and then one saying, ‘Whisht, whisht,’ soft and low like to him; and then I heard a window and then a door open—and then pad, pad. As sure as I live and breathe, there are thieves in the house, and we shall all be murdered.”

“And you would have me go down alone and light a candle?—that will I never do?” replied Sally.

“You never will?” retorted the housekeeper; “a pretty sort of answer this to your elders and your betters.”

“Well, it does not signify,” said Sally; “betters, or no betters, I would not go down stairs alone, if I was to be turned out of doors to-morrow for it; and that I am sure I sha’n’t be, for master ban’t unreasonable.”

“As much as to say that I am,” rejoined Mrs. Kitty; “but don’t you stand argol, bargolling here—I will go down with you.—Look for the candle—I put it on the hearth.”

“If I don’t tremble,” said Sally, “every joint of me.—Are you sure there are thieves in the house?”

“There be something as should not be in the



yard, or somewhere about, I am quite sure," replied Mrs. Kitty; "but come along—tread softly. Mind you don't wake master; though how he should have slept through all this clishmeclaver is beyond my understanding."

Now Mrs. Kitty's apartments were up the front stairs; and although there was a passage in case of need to the back stairs through a sort of lumber-room, yet Mrs. Kitty did not venture to pass through this lumber-room without a light, lest she should in her progress encounter some obstacle, or displace some piece of furniture; and in so doing, cause a noise which might disturb her master; and yet, as Thomas slept up the back stairs in a small room which he had occupied during the last twenty years, and Maurice in an outer chamber at the head of these stairs—there was no getting at either of them without passing this lumber-room or the kitchen. And if the lumber-room, which we may consider as a sea of sunken rocks, was a strait too narrow and dangerous to be encountered by Mrs. Kitty, who might be compared to a vessel of deep burthen, nothing else remained to be done but creep down the chief staircase; and accordingly, Sally going first, and the housekeeper bringing up the rear, the descent was successfully effected and without further

alarm, till the parties reached the first landing-place.

There they made a pause, and distinctly heard a low growling from Lion, who, it seems, was certainly under considerable alarm; for whereas his usual place was the back of the house, it now appeared that he was scouring the gravel-walk in the front.

Poor Sally only wished that she were not so near her master's chamber-door, for it would have relieved her greatly at that moment to have uttered a shriek; as it was, she made a push to get by Mrs. Kitty and shoot back to her chamber; but the housekeeper was aware of her, and bidding her go forward, they not only reached the foot of the stairs, but passed on to the kitchen-door; where they had the misfortune to find (to use Mrs. Kitty's own words) that there was not a blink of fire.

"What be we to do here, Mrs. Kitty?" asked Sally.

"What!" said Mrs. Kitty, "but light a candle.—Do you look for the tinder-box."

Sally accordingly ran her hand all along the shelf of the chimney, encountering sundry and various substances, but not one of them of a conformation suitable to that which the tinder-box might be supposed to have presented to the

touch. Sally was not a mathematician, neither was she a man, but a woman; nevertheless she knew that that which is square is not circular, and that that which has four corners is not triangular. Accordingly she was at once convinced, without any effort of deep reasoning powers, that when her hand encountered a smoothing iron standing an end, it was not a square tinder-box; and when she passed her fingers round the bottom of a brass candlestick, that she was still as far from the object of her inquiry as she was before.

“What be you doing there?” said Mrs. Kitty, who made a principle of never exercising her courtesies towards her fellow-servants, though she was by no means unkind to them in serious matters—“What be you fumbling at?”

“I can’t find the tinder-box,” replied the other.

“I should not wonder if that plague Maurice has not thrown it into his cupboard,” replied Mrs. Kitty. “Do just stoop down, and put your hand in—but hush! Did not you hear a noise?—There now, I could almost fancy it was in the pantry.—Now, for goodness sake, find the tinder-box.” Accordingly Sally stooped down to the cupboard, and putting her hand in, passed it round amongst the rubbish, displacing every thing in her attempt to find the box; and

feeling something solid in the hole formed by the rats, drew it forward, and threw it outside. This was the parcel afore-mentioned of squibs and crackers, and Roman candles.

“Ha’n’t you found it?” said Mrs. Kitty.

“Not yet,” said Sally; “but have patience.”

The next report was, that the tinder-box was come to hand; and a moment afterwards Sally, still being on her knees before the cupboard, was attempting to strike a light, having taken the flint in her hands, and set the box, with the tinder in it, open upon the ground before her, whilst Mrs. Kitty held a match and the candlestick—I love to be particular on great occasions. For a moment, nothing was to be heard but the chirping of a cricket on the hearth, the occasional short bark of the disturbed Lion, and the measured strokes of the flint. At length, the sparks began to fly, twinkling and expiring in less than a second. The tinder, however, was not good, and Sally was obliged to continue her labours till Mrs. Kitty cried out, “Strike harder;” and then indeed the sparks did fly; and at the moment in which Mrs. Kitty was anticipating success, and bringing forward her match, an alarm took place of the most terrible, awful, and appalling nature, by poet or historian

ever recorded. Mrs. Kitty says, that if she was to live for a thousand years, she should never forget it; and Sally to this hour declares that she shall never believe that it was effected according to the common order of things.

It seems, that in drawing out Maurice's packet of inflammables, she had burst the outer envelope, and laid bare a small portion of loose gunpowder, which had been included in Maurice's order to the butcher's boy. Several sparks, it seems, had made their way into the cupboard, and had perished there innocuously; but it would have been strange, and not at all according to the hopes and expectations of my reader, and, indeed, a very great misfortune to myself as a writer, if one of these sparks had not had its billet to be quartered on the gunpowder. Accordingly, one of these little fiery emissaries flying from the flint, descended upon the parcel of inflammables, and coming in contact with the gunpowder, and producing a sudden flash, instantly imparted itself to its neighbours the squibs. These instantly beginning to hiss, the terrified Sally sprang upon her feet, giving a violent kick to the whole packet of combustibles, most of which being by this time ignited, began at once to act the parts which had been appointed them by the pyrotechnist; the crack-

ers began to bang and bounce, and fly in various directions, and the squibs to spit like so many fiery serpents, emitting blue, green, and red flames, pouring forth showers of fire, and breathing brimstone and sulphur—knocking against the windows, and cracking two or three panes, the fragments of which fell smash upon the floor, attacking Mrs. Kitty's own particular repository of treasures, and that in the most underhand and unlooked-for manner; for some squibs' and crackers had flown back into the lower cupboard, and striking against the top of it, set all Mrs. Kitty's crockery to jingle and dance on the board above. And who can blame the two affrighted women, if they filled the house with their shrieks, crying "Mercy! we shall be dead!—we shall be killed!—the world is come to an end! We are lost, undone, delivered to destruction!" &c. &c. And if they took great liberties with the person who is said to preside in places devoted to fire and brimstone, we cannot wonder, although we would not sully our pages with repeating all the calls which were made upon him by the terrified women, or rather, the supplications that they might be delivered from his power; but as to moving, it was what neither of them could do. Where they were, there they stood—shrieking anew at every shock, and

wholly unheeding one or two Roman candles which were smouldering in the centre of the floor ; or if they did heed them, not having presence of mind to touch them, for they had no other idea but that all these noises, lights, and odours, were the effect of demoniacal delusions.

But it would have been strange indeed, if the various and inexplicable noises which so suddenly arose from the regions of the kitchen, had not awakened every sleeper in the house, and awakened them to feelings of excessive terror. Henry Milner, as being the youngest and most active, was dressed and down in a few seconds after the uproar commenced, and Mr. Nash, Mr. Dalben, and Thomas, were not long behind him ; for although Thomas was the nearest, he was the last to hear the uproar, having unfortunately gone to sleep with that ear uppermost which he had always been accustomed to turn to Mrs. Kitty when she was in her least agreeable moods ; for, like the greater part of the natives of Worcestershire, Thomas was deaf of one ear.

At the moment in which the greater part of these persons presented themselves at the door of the kitchen, the squibs and crackers had nearly concluded their gambols ; but in order that Mrs. Kitty and Sally should be entertained

a small time longer, the two Roman candles having smouldered down to a certain point, were beginning to show off, and burning with a strong steady light in the centre of the kitchen, displaying the whole scene in a point of view, which nothing but extreme astonishment could have rendered less than irresistibly ridiculous.

It appears that Maurice, who was not very well able to hide any thing from his young master, had acknowledged one day to him, so much of the history of his fire-works as he knew himself, imparting, also, his suspicion that Mrs. Kitty had stolen them. It therefore instantly occurred to Henry, that they were no other than Maurice's squibs, and crackers, and Roman candles, which were playing off so handsomely ; but how, or in what way they could have been thus set in motion at this time of night, no other persons being present but two women, who were almost terrified out of their wits by their own exploits, he could not conceive ; notwithstanding which, to restrain himself from laughter was impossible, and his first address to the house-keeper was such as to excite her ire almost to the same degree as she had been terrified a minute before.

“ Upon my word, Mrs. Kitty,” he said, “ this is a pretty exploit of yours, to steal the poor boy's fire-works, and set them to work in the



dead of the night, for your own private amusement."

Before the housekeeper could reply, Mr. Dalben and Mr. Nash (this last having his blue handkerchief tied about his head) were loudly and anxiously calling to know what was the matter; and the next minute Thomas appeared, in considerable alarm, making the same inquiry, and standing motionless as the other three had done at the sight of the Roman candles, which were burning as brightly as if they had been placed there for the amusement of so many little masters and misses on a birth-night.

"What is all this?" asked Mr. Dalben, seriously.

"Sir, master," replied the housekeeper, "I never, in all my life——"

"In all your life, Kitty?" said Henry, interrupting her; "in all your life you have never committed such an indiscretion—to rob poor Maurice——"

"It is no laughing matter," retorted the housekeeper—and she was proceeding, when one of the candles, and then another, gave a report like a gun, and two fiery balls rising from the flames, struck the side of the room, being scattered to pieces by the violence of the shock, whilst Mrs. Kitty and Sally shrieked again,

the housekeeper finishing off with a violent invective against Henry, saying, "Ba'ant you ashamed, Master Milner, to be frightening two poor women out of their very senses?"

"What have I to do with it, Kitty?" Henry was beginning to say, when the flames emitted other balls of fire, which, bursting in the same way as the first had done, produced showers of sparks; and these fiery showers and reports continued to be incessant for a few seconds, so increasing the alarms and terrors of Sally and the housekeeper, that the shriekings of one, and the railing of the other, not a little added to the terrors of the scene. And truly, to Mr. Dalben and Mr. Nash, who could by no means account for any of these phenomena, the scene was sufficiently appalling, for ever and anon the flame assumed a lurid cast, and then every face took a livid and ghastly hue. And the fiery explosions were so frequent, that it was impossible for any person to make himself understood, although after a while the light suddenly expired, and it was some minutes before Thomas could procure a lighted candle from a lamp which always burnt in Mr. Dalben's room.

"Really, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, when something like quiet was restored, "you should

not have done this ; you know how much I dislike practical jests."

" Indeed, Master Milner," added Mr. Nash, " it was not like you ;—see poor Mrs. Kitty how she shakes and trembles, and the poor lass there is as white as a sheet."

" I can't say as I take it well of you, Master Milner," said Mrs. Kitty.

" Stop, Kitty," said Henry, " the less you say the better ; my uncle and Mr. Nash will believe me, when I solemnly declare, that I have had nothing whatever to do in the affair."

" Certainly," said Mr. Dalben ; " you never yet deceived me."

And Mr. Nash added, " You must excuse me, Master, if I suspected you wrongfully, though at the very time I thought that it was not like you."

" Then if it worn't Master Milner," exclaimed Mrs. Kitty, " it was surely that young thief Maurice ; the house has never been like itself since ——"

" I will have no one condemned unheard, Kitty," replied Mr. Dalben.

" Maurice was not near us when it happened," said Sally.

" What happened ?" asked Mr. Dalben.

" When them squibs begun to play, Sir," re-

plied Sally. "Mrs. Kitty and I were alone in the kitchen ——"

"Be you sure of that?" asked Mrs. Kitty ;  
"be you sure of that, child?"

"Where is Maurice, let him be called?" said Mr. Dalben.

"Here I be, Sir; here I be, Master," exclaimed the boy, coming out of the pantry in his usual dress, though as pale as death; "here I be, Sir,"—and he fell at Mr. Dalben's feet, and raising his clasped hands as in the act of supplication—"please not to turn me out of doors, I will tell all."

"There, now, did I not say so?" exclaimed Mrs. Kitty, triumphantly; "I knew that you were at the bottom of all this—but Master will not believe ——"

"Peace, Kitty," said Mr. Dalben; "let me hear the boy."

"Will you please to pardon me?" said Maurice; "please, good Sir, to pardon me; don't turn me out of doors, because of father, Sir; because of poor father—do, please to forgive me, kind Sir?"

◆ "How can you expect it, you young thief," said Mrs. Kitty, "to torment us as you do? and look at them window-panes, Master; do you see them window-panes?"

“ Do, please to forgive me, kind Master,” repeated Maurice; “ do, please to pardon me.”

“ And who is to pay for them window-panes?”

“ Please, good Master?”

“ Three shillings, at the least, for each glass.”

“ Pray, good Master!”

“ And there be four of them, all gone smash!”

“ For father’s sake.”

“ And such a mess and confusion.”

“ Sir, Master—dear, good Sir—Master!”

“ It’s no use—he won’t pardon you—you can’t expect it.”

“ But, Master, dear, forgive the poor boy—poor Maurice O’Grady—Patrick O’Grady’s orphan son!”

“ Do, Kitty,” said Mr. Dalben, “ do hold your peace—let me hear the boy. This is worse than the noise we had just now—be silent.” Mr. Dalben spoke these last words in a manner which Mrs. Kitty, angry as she was, dared not to resist; and in consequence, she was silenced for a few minutes, and Maurice permitted to plead his cause. “ Now, Maurice,” said Mr. Dalben, “ all depends on your speaking the truth, and the whole truth.”

Henry had walked round his uncle, and set himself directly opposite to the little Irishman. Maurice understood the kind, pleading look,

given him by his young Master, and he resolved thereupon to tell every thing.

“ Sir, Master,” he said, “ I will tell you ; do you see, I should not have done it, any how, though he gave me half-a-crown.”

“ Stand up,” said Mr. Dalben, “ and do not kneel to me, a fellow-creature.”

“ I should not have done it,” continued Maurice, “ only hur told me as how that hur should be obligated to me ; that is, hur should take it as an uncommon particular favour—and then hur put two shillings and a crooked sixpence into my hand, and doubles down my fingers upon them, friendly like——”

“ It was not in three pieces,” interrupted Mrs. Kitty, the fire of her anger having smouldered down to a highly inflammable point ; “ the silver was not in three pieces—it was a half-crown piece—you are a deep one.”

“ It was not,” said Maurice, “ for I has it now, and I can show it to you.”

“ There’s a falsehood to begin with,” retorted the housekeeper.

“ Will you please to be silent, Kitty ?” said Mr. Dalben.

“ Do, my good woman, do,” added Mr. Nash, “ do please to let the lad tell his own story.”

“ But, Mr. Nash, to hear his lies !” retorted the housekeeper.

“ So, Sir,” continued Maurice, “ I put it in my pocket, that is, the silver, though I hav’n’t got it there now, because I put it out when I was in the pantry, there.”

“ You don’t pretend to say that the silver is in the pantry now?” said Mrs. Kitty; “ then what did you give for them fire-works, to blow us all up with?”

But Maurice went on, without noticing this interruption—“ And so I comes back, and I gives up the bit note, and then I takes the pockmankle ——”

“ I takes the pockmankle! did ever mortal body living ever hear such a farrago of nonsense!” exclaimed Mrs. Kitty.

“ It a’n’t nonsense,” retorted Maurice, going off like one of his own squibs; “ it’s all true, every word of it; and that is what I’ll stand to the world over; for if I did not take the pockmankle, who did, I should like to know, tell me that? was it not me that gave it to Tom Bliss, with my own hands?”

“ Gave what to Tom Bliss?” said Henry.

“ Why, the pockmankle,” replied Maurice; “ I gave it my own self.”

“ But the fire-works, Maurice,” said Henry; “ who set them going?”

“ If it wo’rn’t she,” replied Maurice, pointing

to Mrs. Kitty, "it was someut worse—you may guess whom I means."

This last was added in a lower tone, but Maurice's Irish blood was up, and Henry felt assured that even the presence of Mr. Dalben would not restrain him much longer within bounds. He therefore proposed that he should take the boy to his own room, and examine him there; and Mr. Dalben, ordering the servants to set all things to rights, as well as they could, withdrew with Mr. Nash to the study, resolving to sit there till he had heard Maurice's confession, and every thing had been replaced in its proper order.

As Mr. Nash entered the study, he remarked, "that Mr. Bonville must be a rare sleeper to sleep through all the late noise."

"True," replied Mr. Dalben, "I had not thought of him; but his room is certainly more removed from the kitchen than any other in the house."



## CHAP. XXI.

*Sundry particulars necessary to the History.*

It was more than an hour before Henry appeared again; and when he entered the study all gaiety had passed from his features, and his voice, as he told his uncle that he had made it all out, was indicative of considerable inward agitation.

“ Well, my boy, what does Maurice say ?” said Mr. Dalben.

Henry coughed, and tried to speak with unconcern. “ Maurice,” he said, “ has received money at two different times, from the same person.”

“ Ah !” said Mr. Dalben.

“ From the younger Hargraves,” continued Henry; “ the first half-crown was when he held their horses at the gate. With that he bought fire-works; these being hid in his cupboard in the kitchen, accidentally took fire from a spark,

as Mrs. Kitty was endeavouring to light a candle—hence all the confusion we have witnessed to-night. But this is not the worst part of the story.” Here Henry stopped a moment, and then told the rest of Maurice’s story, which I shall give in a few words.

Maurice, it seems, had been lounging in the lane about eight o’clock, when Tom Bliss, who had been looking for him some time, giving him half-a-crown from Mr. Hargrave, engaged him to carry a note privately to Edgar Bonville. This note was to persuade him to slip out of the house as soon as he could disengage himself from Mr. Dalben, and gallop off on a horse which was waiting for him in the lane, to Malvern, in order that he might accompany the party to the ball ; Tom Bliss was to be with him on another horse, and to carry his portmanteau with his clothes for the ball.

The weakest part of Edgar’s character was, that he had no power to resist any sort of temptation. There are some minds thus constituted ; and when such characters fall into the hands of parents and teachers who want firmness, this defect of character is confirmed. A sort of strength may be given to an irresolute mind, by a firm guide in infancy and youth ; but poor Edgar had not been blessed in such a

guide, and hence he was liable to be tossed to and fro by every capricious breath. But be it as it may, he yielded to the temptation, and hastily packing up a few things necessary for his appearance, he delivered it to Maurice, to carry it to Tom Bliss, not considering that he was giving the little Irishman a lesson of art, which, if duly followed up, would have effectually counteracted all that Henry and Mr. Dalben had ever done for him.

Any thing like a manœuvre or trick was already too congenial with the feelings of the orphan boy, and he showed no small skill, in covering the evasion of young Bonville, accompanying him to the horses, and artfully leaving the window of his pantry open, in case he should find the doors of the house locked on his return ; it was the return of Maurice, and the noise he had made in climbing into the window, which had disturbed Mrs. Kitty.

Such was the story told by Henry to Mr. Dalben ; and, as Henry had expected, his uncle was much hurt at those specimens of art, in two persons of whom he hoped better things. He caused Maurice to be called, and reprimanded him with a severity he had never used before, and then taking up a candle, he withdrew to his room ; but it was nearly one o'clock be-

fore all the family were at rest. Maurice had promised that he would admit Mr. Bonville in the morning, and it had been agreed that the young gentleman should immediately retire to his room, and appear at breakfast as if nothing had happened ; but before Henry went to rest, he told Maurice that he would himself be up to receive Edgar ; and accordingly, having dozed uncomfortably for about three hours, he arose, dressed himself, and went down ; he unbarred the shutters of the study, and opened the window. The morning was serene, and the rays of light were reflected from the drops of dew which spangled every leaf, and every blade of grass. The hum of rural sounds was heard in the distance ; and the little birds, still unapprehensive of the approaching winter, were carolling in their bowers. Henry walked to the gate, and stood listening awhile—Lion came up to him, and presented his head to be patted.

“ Poor old Lion ! ” said Henry, “ you were one of my first friends, and now you are got grey, and half blind, and soon you will die, and no one will remember you, perhaps, but me—your poor, warm heart will then beat no longer.” The tears started in Henry’s eyes as he spoke, for he was fatigued, and thoroughly vexed, and disappointed too, both in Edgar and Maurice.

“ Oh ! I wish I was a little child again !” he exclaimed ; “ or an old man—one who had nothing more to dread from the trials of youth. I am very much afraid—I fear that Oxford will make me wicked—I am afraid that I shall be tempted to do wrong. But why should I be afraid ? will not that God who loved me before I knew his name, will he not keep me from evil ? I know that he will hold me up when I am falling, for he has made me his own, he has bought me with a price, and I shall be blessed.” He then looked up, and saw the beautiful Malvern hills rising above the trees, their summits being strongly illuminated by the rays of the sun.

“ The morning is spread on those hills,” said Henry, “ and yet, last night, many things I fear were done in the village at their feet, which have not been pleasing to God. Oh ! poor Edgar Bonville, I wish the wicked world would let you alone !” Henry then tried to rouse himself from his painful feelings, and began to move quickly along the lane ; but his movements became slower and slower, and after a while, he was leaning against a gate which opened out of the lane. At length, when it was near six o'clock, he heard the trampling of horses, and a moment afterwards he saw Mr. Bonville,

Mr. Wellings, and the two younger Hargraves riding towards him, though it seems, that at first they did not perceive him, for he heard Wellings say, "Are we near the house? if so, you must dismount, my hero, and walk quietly forwards. How do you get in?"

Before Edgar could reply, Henry stepped forward, saying, "Good morning, gentlemen; I trust you have had a pleasant night, and that the ball has been agreeable—and the ladies civil—and the supper good."

"Henry Milner!" exclaimed Edgar, changing colour. At the same moment the young man sprang from his horse, and delivering the bridle to the footman, instantly joined him, inquiring, with a forced laugh, how he had happened to discover his absence.

"Aye! say how was it," said Wellings.

"How was it," replied Henry; "ah! Wellings, have you ever found yourself deep enough for me yet? But come, Edgar," he added, in a lower tone, "come home, and be quite sure of a kind reception. Send them away—do, dear Bonville—and do not fear a long lecture."

"Well, good bye, Wellings—good bye," said Edgar.

"But we shall see you to-morrow, at the cricket-ground?" added Samuel Hargrave.

“ If I say yes,” replied Edgar, “ you will understand that it means no ; for I have proved that it is so ;—I had resolved not to go to the ball. And yet——”

Mr. Wellings and the two Hargraves looked at each other, exchanged a whisper, and then saying good bye, abruptly turned the heads of their horses, and galloped away.

“ The best sight I have seen this morning,” remarked Henry, “ is the tail of Wellings’ horse. But, Bonville, how can you be so soft as to be led by such ——?” and here Henry hesitated. “ Do, my dear Edgar, cut the connexion ; Wellings is going to Oxford ; and think what discredit such an acquaintance will do you.”

“ But, Henry,” said Edgar, “ is Mr. Dalben very angry with me ? When did he discover my absence ?”

Henry smiled—he could not help it, when he recollected how this discovery had been brought about ; but he replied, “ Edgar, you should not have done this sily ; and you should not have engaged Maurice in the business. Why did you not speak out like a man, and say at once you wished to go to this same ball ? My uncle would not have been angry ; he might have thought you foolish, but he would not have been really displeased.”

"Then I suppose that he is really displeased now," returned Edgar.

"He is not pleased," replied Henry; "he does not love underhand doings; for as you know, Edgar, when a person does any thing in that sort of way, it makes him such a slave to the people who are in his secret. You never would have shaken off the tyranny of Wellings, had he supposed that he had you in his power; and therefore I am very glad that I came to meet you, though I did not expect to find him with you. But come, dear Edgar, come to your real home, and to friends, who, if they presume to find fault, yet desire nothing more earnestly than your honour and your happiness."

"Oh, Henry!" replied Edgar, "my true and real friend, how kind are you to come and encourage me, and lead me thus back again into a place of safety. I am a fool—a weak fool; and had you not met me, I should have been led to another engagement with these young men, who, bad as they appear to be to you, have shown themselves in far worse colours to me. But I will not," he added, "I will not cloud your mind by entering into what I know of them, and by telling you what I have seen of them this night. But is Mr. Dalben very angry?"

"Let us hasten home," said Henry, "and



perhaps you may get an hour of rest before breakfast ; and be assured, you will not find my uncle a severe censor."

Thus Henry brought back his friend. And the contrite and subdued manner of Edgar, when he appeared at breakfast, and asked Mr. Dalben's pardon for the confusion he had made in the family, so affected the old gentleman, that he extended his hand to him, and said, " Let this only be remembered, Edgar, as a warning to you not to consent when sinners entice. Remember, that every stolen pleasure, however innocent in its nature in other respects, brings with it a secret sting, which will be felt one time or another. Therefore, my son, let all things be done with the knowledge of friends, it being always admitted as an axiom, that that which may not be told to parents and guardians, ought never to be done at all ; that is, supposing such parents to have only an ordinary sense of morality."

During the hour after breakfast, which Mr. Dalben always exacted from Edgar, he took occasion to point out to him that dangerous liability which he had perceived in his character to be persuaded to any line of conduct by any person in whose society he happened to fall. Concluding, by pointing out to him where a

young man might find such renewal of strength as may enable him to run and not be weary, to walk and not faint. The strength of those who sincerely desire to do well," continued Mr. Dalben, (for such desires are only found in those who are children of God, however faulty and weak they may be,) "is derived from the continual supplies afforded by God the Spirit; at one time exercising itself in restraining the individual from sin, and at another, in enabling him to produce the fruits of good works. The Holy Spirit, my son," proceeded the excellent man, "who is one with the Father and the Son, and proceeding from the Father and the Son, has undertaken that portion of man's salvation which consists in preparing the individual for the glory obtained for him by the death and merits of the Son. By the Holy Spirit, we are called, regenerated, and sanctified. He takes of the things belonging to Christ, and makes them evident to us. Having given us a new nature, he enables us to contend continually with the old, and finally brings us off the conquerors of sin, of Satan, and of death. Our strength is continually derived from him; and when for a moment he withholds his support, we yield immediately to the power of our own evil inclinations. All our fresh springs are in him;

and in his strength, we, the potsherds of the earth, are strong in our weakness."

Edgar was surprised, when this conversation was concluded, to find that instead of one hour, two were already gone; and yet these two hours had appeared to him less than one. Such, however, and so sweet were the influences of this discourse, that when he came out from Mr. Dalben, he immediately went to seek Maurice, in order to tell him that "he was sensible he had acted very ill the night before, that he was truly sorry for it, and that he hoped he would not take him as an example, but would follow, as far as in him lay, the upright conduct of Mr. Milner."

"You never spoke a wiser word, Sir," replied Maurice, "than when you spoke those things of Master Milner. I think, Sir, that I should have been ready to run away out of the house last night if it had not been for him, and for the kind manner of him when I was in trouble. For, to think of Mrs. Kitty, the spiteful old thing, to be setting off them squibs and crackers, just that master might find out that I was not in my bed. I can't say as I take it well of her. And then to put on that she was so frightened. There be four panes broken in the kitchen window, Mr. Edgar."

All this was Arabic and Sanscrit to Edgar; for it seems the adventures of the fire-works had been hitherto kept back from him by Mr. Dalben's particular desire, as he thought it best not to disturb the serious impressions which he wished to produce on his mind, by this ridiculous adventure. He therefore replied, "What can you possibly mean? I do not understand one word of what you are saying."

"Perhaps when you see, you will believe," said Maurice; and he led Edgar into the kitchen, pointing out the broken panes with a glance of exultation at Mrs. Kitty as the authoress of the misfortune.

The housekeeper who was rolling paste at the dresser, saw the glance, and forthwith opened her batteries.—"And ba'an't you ashamed of yourself to be pointing out your own ill deeds to Mr. Bonville, and with that air, too, as if you were pleased with your own mischief?"

"My mischief, Mrs. Kitty?" replied Maurice. "Is that me that lighted the squibs, and set them flying all over the kitchen?"

"You don't mean to say that I did it?" retorted the dame.

"Then who did?" asked Maurice. "Was not I in the pantry all the time? and did not you——"

“ Really,” said Edgar, “ this is beyond my comprehension. I do not understand how these windows were broken.”

“ Only a freak of Mrs. Kitty’s,” said Thomas, who had entered the kitchen a moment before. “ There was something in the air, I reckon, last night, which disturbed folks’ heads—not to speak of your capers, Master Edgar, nor of Maurice’s gambols, nothing would serve Mrs. Kitty but she must be amusing herself by playing off a parcel of squibs and crackers, and setting two papish candles to blaze and bounce there in the middle of the floor;”—and the old man laughed outright, notwithstanding the deadly ire exhibited in the features of the housekeeper.

“ Is it true, Mrs. Kitty, is it true ?” said Edgar. “ Really—upon my word—no one would have believed it.”

“ I wish, Mr. Bonville,” said the housekeeper. “ I wish—you would please—please to leave me alone, and not be passing your jokes on me. And as to you Thomas——”

But before she had arrived at the termination of her exordium, the enemy had evacuated the field.

Nothing remarkable ensued from that time (after Mr. Nash’s departure) till Edgar’s vaca-

tion had expired. At which period he left his friends in Worcestershire. Mr. Dalben and Henry were both extremely sorry to part with him, and both expressed a hope that they might often meet again. He was to be examined at the beginning of the next term, if not at the end of that which was now at hand; and Mr. Dalben earnestly pressed upon him the importance of devoting himself most sedulously to study for the few intervening weeks.

Some weeks after Edgar's departure, a letter, received from George Beresford, informed Henry that his father was coming to London upon business, and intended to stay about six weeks or two months in England. Henry, with Mr. Dalben's permission, wrote to ask little Beresford into Worcestershire, during the term of his father's residence in town; and this request was immediately and thankfully granted, and even the day appointed on which George might be expected in Worcester.

Henry's companions had all been older than himself since he had returned from school. He was now to look for one who was much younger; and he naturally, and, indeed, without much effort, turned his mind to think of such employment and sports as would amuse a child of eleven years of age. He thought what he had been at that age, and he looked up his story books, his

snail-shells, and his hermitage ; he repaired and improved this last, and he pasted some pictures in a blank book ; and all these things being prepared, he set off one morning, on which the ground was perfectly hard with frost, in order to be at the door of the inn when the first London coach should arrive, having been directed by his uncle to order a breakfast at the inn, and to take a seat with his friend in the Malvern coach to return, as little Beresford could not be supposed to be very equal to a long walk after travelling all night. But Henry had scarcely arrived at the Unicorn, seen the breakfast set on the table, and made the fire burn brightly, when he heard the thunder of the wheels. He ran down immediately, but was hardly in time to receive the little man in his arms as he sprang from the coach.

“ Oh ! Henry——” “ George ! dear George ——” were the only words which either of the young friends could utter ; and George was running in, if Henry had not stopped him, to see his trunk safely deposited. He then took him up stairs, uncased him from a huge great-coat, and had the pleasure to see, that, although taller, he was precisely the same George Beresford from whom he had parted at Clent Green.

“ I am come, Master Milner,” said the boy, “ as soon as I could, and you are to make me learn, or I must not stay ; and I have been up all

night, and my legs are frozen—and I am not sure whether my nose is not bitten off by Jack Frost, who has been twitching it all night—and my hands are two pieces of ice.”

“ Well, then, keep from the fire,” said Henry, “ and sit down and eat.”

The two friends then sate down, and I fear that my friend, the Unicorn, who stood with his golden crown just without the window, had not a very good bargain of them ; for they were both very hungry. And after they had eaten, Henry went out to buy some balls, and certain articles necessary for making a paper kite. And by this time, the Malvern coach was arrived before the inn, and George was ready for his last stage. They arrived at Mr. Dalben’s at dinner-time ; and the old gentleman was much pleased with the open, sunny countenance of little George.

But George was not to disturb the family arrangements ; every thing was to go on as usual. And Henry Milner had, indeed, an additional duty, namely, to see that George was not idle—a service in which he was upheld by Mr. Dalben ; for the young people sate with the old gentleman in a morning, the weather being too cold to admit of their being without a fire ; and Mr. Dalben also having some fears lest George should tempt his friend to neglect his studies. During the



time not devoted to severer duties, Mr. Dalben interfered but little with Henry and the little man. He was, however, not a little surprised to find how Henry accommodated himself to the tastes of the child, for George was but a child. Yet Mr. Dalben had seen other instances of the same kind, and that almost always in persons of superior minds: for whereas small talents soon arrive at their highest perfection, so, also, persons of superior talents often retain a sort of freshness and playfulness of intellect, which render them always young in mind, and always agreeable to their juniors. Hence, an intellectual mother will often bend and accommodate herself to the tastes of her infant children far more successfully than one of inferior capacity. Small wits are often concealed under a semblance of owlish gravity; whereas superior talents are not afraid of betraying themselves in moments of relaxation. But it is not to be presumed that Henry reasoned very deeply on these points. To make little George Beresford happy during his visit, was his object; and hence, he thought of every thing which could possibly contribute to that happiness. His devices were sundry and varied, and none more delightful or successful than that of telling him stories in a dark corner of the closet within the

study, in the hours of dusk. And if Maurice was permitted to creep in on these occasions, it was more to his own satisfaction and that of Henry, than of Mrs. Kitty, who more than once put her head in at the study, to inquire after the foot-boy; on which occasions Mr. Dalben stood his friend, quietly recommending the housekeeper to search for him elsewhere.

Henry did not want imagination, but his auditors were never to be satisfied, and never weary, and, in consequence, his inventive talents were put to the test, and he was almost at his wits' end, when he luckily thought of pretending to have been a sailor, and to have made a vast number of voyages; during which, he had met with every sort of adventure. Sometimes having been shipwrecked amongst mountains of ice; and, again, on burning deserts, where he was attacked by lions and tigers. And thus, by the help of Harris's Voyages, which he studied for the purpose, he made his stories profitable, as well as pleasant. One voyage would last him two or three evenings, and then he would start again; and it was a fine exercise for George to write down the outlines of these voyages in a blank book, and to adorn them with pictures, of which Henry made the outline, and himself added the embellishments. 'Then, in December, came

a hard frost, and there was such a delightful slide on a sort of shallow horse-pond at the bottom of the lane, opposite to Farmer Harris's. And then there was snow, a deep snow, a very early snow; and the boys built a castle, and attacked it. There was no end of their pleasures. But the housekeeper fretted about Maurice, because he would be where Master Milner was; and Mr. Dalben was, at length, obliged to state very seriously to her, that her unkindness towards this child was a real offence against God; and that, whereas she expected allowances to be made for her, on account of her age, he expected that she would make allowances for Maurice, on account of his youth.

She was about to reply, but not liking the expression of her countenance, he signified that he would be obeyed, and she left him to spend her displeasure in her own part of the house. Nevertheless, she knew that her master was right; and more than this, that she must not expect him to take her part in any act of tyranny over the poor orphan.

I am sorry that I cannot give a better account of Mrs. Kitty; but truth compels me to say, that the habit long indulged of speaking rudely and violently to her fellow-servants had

grown so much upon her, particularly during Mr. Dalben's long absence, that she could hardly now restrain herself towards her superiors. May this be a warning to such of my young readers as are inclined to treat their brothers and sisters and young friends with disrespect; and let them be aware, that angry passions gather strength by the expression of them.

But the happy period of George's visit was drawing to a close, and, in January, a letter was received from Marten, informing Mr. Dalben that Edgar Bonville's examination must take place in less than a fortnight; adding these expressions—"Poor Bonville! he is a good fellow. I have been much with him since the vacation. I could not help liking him for leaving Worcestershire so well; and he has got some good notions—some very good notions, by being with you—but he is a sad idle fellow. I fear for him—but that between ourselves."

Marten's letter was followed in a few days by one from Major Beresford, inviting Henry and Mr. Dalben to visit him in London when his son returned, and to spend the Christmas there with him. He was in lodgings, he said, but he would have an additional room for Mr. Dalben, making no question but that as his son had slept

with Mr. Milner in the country, one room would serve them also in London.

Mr. Dalben read this letter aloud, and the two boys sate in breathless anxiety, waiting for what the old gentleman should say anent the proposition—to use an expression of our northern neighbours.

The first words which Mr. Dalben uttered, after a moment's thought, were—"And so visit Marten in his rooms—see poor Edgar Bonville, and take a view of Oxford."

"Yes, Sir, yes," said Henry, breathing again, "and see Marten and Edgar and Oxford and London.—Thank you, uncle; thank you, uncle!"

"Thank you, uncle!" repeated little George jumping up and running round the table to Mr. Dalben; "thank you, good uncle!"

"I shall have abundance of nephews that never had one," replied Mr. Dalben, laughing, and receiving the little boy in his arms. I shall be like the judge who had thirty sons, who all rode on thirty asses' colts. But bless you, my dear little man! all being well, I will accept your kind father's invitation. I was thinking of going to Oxford when Edgar was examined, to be with him, if in case it should so happen, as we

have too much——. But never mind, we must be off—let me see—in three days at farthest.—Let Kitty be called.”

“ I will call her,” exclaimed George; and as he ran out, Mr. Dalben said, “ Can we venture to take Maurice with us? I require so much attendance, and I should prefer his services to that of a stranger. He must not be in the kitchens of the inns where we stop, nor in those of the lodging-houses, unless they are proper people.”

“ We must watch him, Sir,” said Henry.

This matter was hardly decided upon before Mrs. Kitty entered to receive her orders for packing, and great was the bustle in the offices which then ensued—a bustle which was not a little augmented by the delight of Maurice; and I am sorry to say, that he was so wholly thrown off his balance on the occasion, that he went into the kitchen and whistled in the presence of Mrs. Kitty—a liberty which she never allowed him to enjoy with impunity, though on this occasion she was too much disconcerted to take notice of the offence.

And now I should despair of describing the bustle which took place on the morning fixed for commencing this journey. Maurice was up by five o'clock, and when Mrs. Kitty came down

at six, she found the fire lighted in the kitchen, and the water boiling, although the chaise, which was to convey the party to Worcester, was not expected till twelve, the Oxford coach not leaving the town till three o'clock. Mr. Dalben had secured two places within and two without; but as it happened, as there were no inside passengers, Henry and Maurice concluded the journey from Chipping Norton in the inside.

But we must not travel too rapidly. Maurice and George continued to prepare and to bustle till the carriage drove up to the door, and then Maurice was not to be found for at least five minutes after Mr. Dalben was in the carriage. At length, however, he appeared from the widow Dawes's cottage, whither he had run to inform the old woman of his extraordinary happiness.

"I almost think we have done imprudently in taking the little wild Irishman," said Mr. Dalben, when they were once started.

"He will be better by-and-bye, uncle," replied Henry, "when he has been out a day or two."

"And in that day or two, *what may happen*," said Mr. Dalben.

## CHAP. XXII.

*Being shorter than the Reader will wish it to be.*

THE coach, containing Mr. Dalben and George Beresford, and two comely dames who were going to spend a month with their cousins, the Miss Hodges of Chipping Norton, with Henry and Maurice, and sundry other persons enveloped in great-coats, and otherwise barricadoed against the cold, passed under the cathedral of Worcester at the moment the clock struck three and one quarter.

Maurice had never before been in such a state of high prosperity—so lifted up above the *plebs ignobile*—so rapidly carried through the air—in short, so thoroughly happy; and the consequence was, that he began to talk and joke with his nearest neighbour; on which Henry told him, that if he did not choose to be quiet, he would stop the coach, set him down, and leave him to walk home alone. This was enough for the little



Irishman, and he became quite mute, and behaved himself very well during the rest of the journey.

At Chipping Norton, Henry and Maurice were very glad to take places vacated by the Miss Hodges's cousins; and then, as it was quite dark, and as the outside passengers began to glow in a warmer region, they fell asleep, and continued in that state till their sleep was interrupted by the cessation of motion, as the coach stopped in a small town through which they must needs pass.

"What place is this?" said Henry to his uncle.

"Woodstock," replied Mr. Dalben.

"Ah! Woodstock!" said Henry. "What should I know of Woodstock?"

"It is often mentioned in English history," replied Mr. Dalben. "Here old Chaucer, who is called the father of English poetry, wrote many of his poems. It is a very old town, and has in older days been the seat of kings. In 866, the Saxon Ethelred held a parliament here; and the great Alfred withdrew to this place to study. The park of Woodstock is said to have been the first park surrounded with a wall in England. In this park was a royal palace, in which Henry the Second greatly delighted."

"Yes," said Henry, "I remember now. This is Woodstock, near which fair Rosamond was poisoned.—And is not Blenheim near it?"

"We shall presently pass by the gates of Blenheim—we are only now eight miles from Oxford," replied Mr. Dalben.

The coach at that moment set off again, and Henry said, "Now I find myself drawing so near to Oxford I feel a kind of awe. I can fancy, uncle, that Oxford is a sort of strait which every man must ford before he can set his foot on the dry ground beyond; and you know, uncle, that the dry ground is the type of the visible church; and I feel, that if a man is not sure-footed, there may be a chance of his being carried down the stream in this dangerous strait."

"Let us mend your allusion," said Mr. Dalben: "this strait is the Bosphorus, over which the ox, whose business it is to tread out the corn, and labour in the field of the church, must needs pass ere he can obtain his object; and woe to him if he takes not heed to himself whilst in the chops of the channel."

"Uncle," said Henry, "we have made it out very well, I think. But does the name of Oxford really mean Oxenford?"

"It is so supposed," replied Mr. Dalben, "and answers to the German Ochinfort."

"Henceforward," said Henry, "I shall call it the Bosphorus.—But, uncle, is it the Cimmerian or the Thracian Bosphorus?"

"What is the import of your question?" asked Mr. Dalben; "there is more meant thereby, I perceive, than meets the ear.—Do you mean to make any allusion to Cimmerian darkness? Remember where you are now, or rather, where you are likely soon to be, and be very cautious with respect to what you say. Of course, we cannot suppose that there should be any sort of darkness in a place which has been the seat of learning ever since the reign of our great Alfred."

"Uncle," replied Henry; "if I could see your face, I should know what you mean."

"Mean," replied Mr. Dalben; "what should I mean? but look out at the window. See you not distant lights? We are drawing near the ancient and venerable city. I almost wish, Henry, that you were on the outside of the coach, that you might see more of it as we approach."

"I will get out," replied Henry; and calling to the coachman, he soon established himself in the front of the coach with Maurice on one side of him.

It is said that the moon is always particularly observant of the motions of a hero; the appear-

ing and disappearing exactly at those crises of his affairs, when the exhibition or abstraction of her pale cold beams are best calculated to heighten his feelings, let their character be what they may. In compliance with this ancient observance of the orb of night, at the moment in which Henry had settled himself in this exalted situation, a dark cloud, which had for some time rested above the towers of this northern Bosphorus, rolled away; and, in consequence, the moon, though she had not filled her horns on this great occasion, shone forth in cloudless majesty, giving the spires, the towers, the domes, and academic groves of the splendid city, the most favourable opportunity of exhibiting their beautiful outlines in the horizon.

As the coach rolled on, these splendid outlines neared upon the sight, and Henry uttered not one word, whilst several persons about him were talking volubly, and the coachman was exhibiting his knowledge of localities with that sort of self-satisfaction which persons of this description commonly exhibit before strangers.

“Look to your right, gentlemen,” said he; “there is the observatory—and now we are in St. Giles’s-street;—and there is St. John’s College—and now we are fairly in the city, and a noble city it is: it has not its equal in the world

—and now we are in Carfax ; and this, gentlemen, is the High Street.”

“The High Street,” thought Henry, “Oh ! how much have I heard of the High Street ;” but it was nearly midnight and not a gownsman was to be seen, or scarcely another person ; and the moon-beams rested, pale and cold, on the beautiful and venerable front of University College. Mr. Dalben had desired to be set down at the Angel, an inn which he had always been in the habit of frequenting ; and Henry’s head was still in a whirl, when the coach stopped, and he was called upon to alight. Having taken care of their small baggage, they were ushered into a parlour, where a fire was burning brightly ; and having taken some refreshment, Mr. Dalben ordered beds, and they all retired ; the good old gentleman taking so much care of the little Irishman, as to give him his supper at a side-table, and to have a bed provided for him in his own room.

Before Henry and George went to sleep, they settled to be up at seven o’clock, and go over to rout up Marten, who was to be found in the College nearest to the inn—which circumstance they had ascertained from the waiter, for Marten and Edgar Bonville were both together ; but, alas ! it was nine o’clock when Henry first opened his

eyes, and Maurice, who had been sent to call him, told him that not only Mr. Marten, but Mrs. Bonville, were breakfasting with his master in the parlour.

Up sprang Henry, wondering how it had been possible for him so to over-sleep himself, and in a very short time he was down stairs. He had rushed into the parlour to his dear Marten ; but however pleased Marten might be to see him, he saw at once that he was not in spirits. He thought, also, that he observed the same sort of depression in the manner of his uncle ; and when he turned to address Mrs. Bonville, it seemed that she too was agitated. Henry, however, took no notice of all this, but sate down to his breakfast, and the parties seemed to wish to introduce indifferent subjects of discourse. The effort, however, was too much, and Mrs. Bonville presently recurred to what had been under discussion, it seems, before Henry and George had appeared.

“ I have no fears,” said Mrs. Bonville—  
“ none in the least ; I am sure Edgar will do himself credit ; and I still think, Mr. Marten, that I had better let him know that I am here. And I cannot see, as ladies are allowed to be present, why I should not be in the schools to-day.”

Marten looked down, and said, "Of course, madam, you are to do as you please."

"What say you, Mr. Dalben," rejoined Mrs. Bonville; "may I go over to see Edgar? and may I be present when he is examined?"

"You have heard what Mr. Marten has said, viz. that your son does not wish any of his nearest and dearest friends to be present; and on these occasions a man's feelings ought to be consulted," replied Mr. Dalben.

"Then you will not let me go?" replied the mother, in a sort of pettish, querulous manner. "Oh! uncle, uncle, think of what gratification, what delight you are depriving me; a mother, a widowed mother, of a dear and only son—and of such a son."

Marten looked distressed, shuffled in his seat, started up, walked to the window, and called Henry to admire the gownsmen, many of whom were pacing up and down the street; their elegant and graceful costume, adding, in many instances, to those external perfections which our young men inherit from that race, of whom it was said, *Non Angli, sed Angeli*." But as Henry stood with Marten at the window, gazing at a scene, which, beheld for the first time, might have been supposed to have occupied his whole mind, he could not prevent himself from

listening anxiously to what was passing between his uncle and Mrs. Bonville. And as my reader may also desire to know what this was, I shall proceed to detail the conversation.

“Now, my dear madam—” said Mr. Dalben.

“Now, my excellent uncle,” retorted Mrs. Bonville, affecting a pretty lisping accent, “do indulge a fond mother. At least, let me see my Edgar in his own rooms; allow me the delight of embracing him, and assuring him of my anticipated triumph. I am sure that he will do us all the highest credit. I only regret that he did not yield to my solicitations, and read for honours. My friend, Lady L——, when I met her in the rooms last week, was quite angry with me for not insisting upon his so doing. Insist, indeed, I could not, but I wrote to him to that effect; and I have no doubt that I should have prevailed, had not some of his young friends have advised him to the contrary. Were not you one of his advisers on the occasion, Mr. Marten? I think he mentioned your name in his reply; was it not so, Sir?” she added, in a higher tone, in order to call Marten’s attention.

“I beg your pardon, madam,” replied the young gentleman, turning from the window at this appeal.



“ I think, Mr. Marten,” said the lady, “ you were one of those who advised my son not to go up for honours ?”

“ Really, madam,” replied Marten, “ indeed—I cannot justly say ;” and turning again to the window, he whispered to Henry, “ honours, honours—these fools of women !” Mrs. Bonville’s eye was on Henry, and his face being half turned towards her, he did not even dare to give his companion a look, indicative of his having understood him, and the lady being unanswered, proceeded in the same strain.

“ Well, perhaps you judged rightly, Mr. Marten, for Edgar is naturally so modest, so unpresuming, that it might have given him real pain to have been distinguished ; don’t you think so, Mr. Dalben ?”

“ Truly, cousin,” replied the old gentleman, with a slight cough, “ it may be so ; no doubt all is as it should be.”

“ You think,” proceeded Mrs. Bonville, “ that a young man of a modest and unpresuming character, ought not to desire academical honours ; but if all those who are most worthy were to hold back, we should have all the froth at the top, as in a whip-syllabub ; what say you, Mr. Marten ?”

“Stultissima!” muttered Marten, still looking out of the window.

“Mr Marten,” said the lady—“Mr. Marten, I wished to ask you one question.” Marten was compelled to turn to the lady on this decided call; but he looked flushed, and serious. “I was saying, Mr. Marten,” said Mrs. Bonville, “and as you are a young man, and one who is a candidate for orders, like my Edgar, you may perhaps be better able to give an opinion on the subject than my uncle, who has never been exactly in your situation—I was saying——”

“Really, madam,” replied Marten, with considerable impatience of manner, “I have no opinion—I can give no opinion—and I am pressed for time—I have delayed too long—I cannot wait another moment. Mr. Dalben, I must wish you a good morning.”

“Stop one instant, my dear Sir,” exclaimed Mrs. Bonville; “uncle, you must pardon me, I must see my Edgar; and as Mr. Marten is perhaps returning to his college, I shall avail myself of his guidance to my boy’s rooms. Wait only one minute, Mr. Marten, till I put on my bonnet, and you shall be my esquire to my son’s rooms.”

Marten had advanced some steps towards the door; but as the lady came forward to meet him, having tied on her bonnet, which lay on a side-table in the room, he started back towards the window; whilst Mr. Dalben renewed his pleadings with his cousin, begging her to leave her son alone only for the present day.

“ I consent, Mr. Dalben,” she replied, “ not to go into the schools, if you insist upon it; for after all, these examinations are nervous affairs; and I cannot suppose my Edgar’s nerves to be those of iron, for my own nerves are peculiarly susceptible. And on second thoughts, perhaps I ought not to confide so far on my own strength of mind, as to go into the schools. Indeed, my friend Lady L—— says, that no mother ought to expose herself to such a trial.”

“ Lady L—— has more sense, then, than I thought she had,” replied Mr. Dalben.

“ And why so, Sir—why so, uncle?” returned Mrs. Bonville; “ I do not know a more sensible woman in the world than Lady L——.” And whilst Mrs. Bonville, being set on this tack, viz. the praises of her friend the Countess, whom she had thought a very simple sort of body when she was simple Mrs. Appleby, was running her

length, uninterrupted by Mr. Dalben, Marten was consulting with Henry how he should make his escape.

“Favour my retreat, Milner,” he said. “If it were but dusk, I would spring through the window.”

“Bolt,” said Henry; “bolt for it, Marten. George, go out, and leave the door open.”

“And be sure you shut it after me,” said Marten.

“I will bang it in her face,” said the little boy, “if she attempts to follow.” And these preliminaries being settled, George ran out, leaving the door open, and Marten made a successful bolt, and had fairly escaped from the door, had not George Beresford shut it too hastily, and caught the skirt of his friend’s gown.

The delay was fatal, and brought the enemy down; the lady shrieked aloud. “Mr. Marten, Mr. Marten,” she said; “a moment, one moment only, Mr. Marten, and I shall be ready.”

“Impossible, madam, impossible!” said Marten, “I should be rusticated for three terms, at least, for contempt of superiors, if I waited another instant; good morning, ma’am—good morning, Mr. Dalben, I shall see you by-and-bye.”

“And when all is happily over with my Ed-

gar," said Mrs. Bonville ; but Marten was gone, and Henry would have followed him, if Mr. Dalben had not recalled him. " Edgar Bonville," he said, " is to be examined to-day ; let nothing be done by us which can disconcert him in the smallest degree ; let him not know that we are here. As to my cousin, here, she shall be amenable to reason ; she shall not go near her son this morning. I arranged every thing with Marten before any of you appeared. If you, Henry, wish to be present in the schools, your person will be less remarkable than that of a lady, or an old man like myself ; but I desire you to keep out of Edgar's sight. Your old friend, Mr. Mansfield, will call presently, and take you with him ; he will keep you out of Edgar's way. George may accompany you ; he is not known to Edgar. I have now delivered my opinion, and obeyed I must be. Cousin Bonville, you are not to play the foolish mother—excuse me for my candour, when so much is at stake."

" Really, Mr. Dalben, I do not see ——" she replied, and was going on, when he interrupted her, saying, " If you are blind, then, you must be led by those who are not so. Maurice, stay where you are ; a few hours being over, all these precautions may be at an end.

"I do not understand," returned Mrs. Bonville.

"Another reason," my good madam, "repeated Mr. Dalben, "wherefore you should be guided by those who have the full use of their senses. In one word, you shall not interfere with your son to-day, nor indeed till his examination is past. I will be plain with you, if nothing else will do. Edgar has been idle—very idle, and he is very much agitated now the awful moment is so near. Marten, and all who love him, are anxious respecting him."

"And what for?" replied Mrs. Bonville; "he is decidedly a young man of talents; and Dr. Crocket assured me only last week, that he never had a pupil who had hitherto given him so much satisfaction."

"Madam," replied Mr. Dalben, "it may not always be the cleverest man who may do himself most credit in an examination. A man must be ready, as well as learned, and have his resources at command, to come off with flying colours on these occasions. Do not therefore build yourself up with high expectations. I hope all will be well; but I would rather see you less secure."

"Well, my good uncle, you have said what you think right," replied Mrs. Bonville gaily,

“and done the proper thing to prepare the poor mother against disappointment; and if the poor mother is too well assured of her son’s merits to entertain the smallest doubts, you at least have done your part—you cannot blame yourself.—Is it not so, Master Milner?—I mean Mr. Milner. Well, we shall see—we shall see who is secure and happy when the time comes for you to gather your academical laurels—we shall see——”

Mrs. Bonville was proceeding, when she was interrupted by the entrance of a young gentleman, whom Henry instantly recognised as Edward Mansfield.

Although there had been a much more decided change in his appearance, since Henry had been with him at Clent Green, than had taken place in any other of his former schoolfellows whom he had hitherto met with, he had made one of those sudden and rapid starts in growth which we sometimes observe in boys, who, at fourteen or fifteen, are remarkably short; and the expression of his countenance was also greatly improved, insomuch so, that he was at this time as fine a young man as may be often seen.

There are many who question the existence of sudden conversions. I am not going to enter

upon the discussion, but certain it is, that when Henry first went to Clent Green, many of the elder boys were actual infidels, and the remainder, without exception, were practical ones. From the time, however, that young Milner entered the society, the subject of religion began at times to be discussed, and soon after Henry left the school, Edward Mansfield fell into the society of a pious elderly clergyman, whose conversation, with the divine blessing, had so decided an effect on his mind, that from that period he had become a decided champion of the faith; insomuch so, that he was set down as a perfect Methodist in his college, and had more than once been suspected of having a prayer-meeting in his rooms.

In short, he was counted such a sort of a person, as a man of fashion would not like to be seen with; in consequence of which, young Wellings, who was in the same college, declared that he found himself under the necessity of giving him the cut direct, although he had the misfortune of occupying a set of rooms on the same side of the quadrangle. How far Mr. Mansfield might consider this as a misfortune does not appear.

"I am come, Milner," said Mansfield, after the first compliments were past, "by the desire of Marten, to accompany you to the



schools. We will go first, if you please, to my rooms, and then, at the proper hour, to the schools."

Mr. Dalben followed the young men out of the room, in order to invite Mr. Mansfield to meet Marten at a late dinner; and added, "Henry, you will give me the first information you can procure, that all is going on well with Edgar Bonville."

Henry assured his uncle he would do as he wished, and Mr. Dalben returned to the parlour, though not till he had given some orders at the bar respecting the dinner he wished to have prepared at an hour which he judged might be most convenient to his expected visitors. But what was his astonishment to find no less than three persons in the parlour with Mrs. Bonville on his return; for that good lady had walked to the window during his absence, and there catching a glimpse of two young men, one of whom had a gold tassel, walking before the inn with their gowns floating behind them under the impulse of a western breeze, she tapped the glass, and not only brought these lighter vessels to, but also a heavy seventy-four in a bushy wig and coal-scuttle hat. The gold tassel, as she expected, proved to be no other than Lord F——, who was walking with Wellings, the latter having joined him as he sauntered

down the High-street, and the wig belonged to no less a person than Dr. Crocket, who was come to Oxford in order to matriculate one of his pupils, who was also his ward.

“ We must go in and talk to that person,” said Lord F——; “ she is Bonville’s mother.” “ And a most excellent lady,” added the Doctor; and without further parley, the three gentlemen introduced themselves, and were engaged in a very lively discourse with Mrs. Bonville, when Mr. Dalben returned.

“ Dr. Crocket, Mr. Dalben—Mr. Dalben, Dr. Crocket,” said the lady; adding, “ I have asked the gentlemen to sit down in your parlour, my good uncle; I am sure they will receive your welcome.”

“ I am honoured by their presence in my temporary abode,” replied Mr. Dalben. “ Lord F——, I trust you are in health.—Mr. Wellings, I hope that all your family are well.”

“ In high feather,” answered the young man, with his usual effrontery. “ But what have you done with my friend Henry?”

Mr. Dalben made no answer to this question, knowing that Henry would not wish that his evil spirit, as he sometimes called Wellings, should be directed to him. The precaution, however, was of none avail, for Lord F—— and Wellings had

not sate five minutes, when they proposed repairing to the schools ; but before they quitted the room, Mrs. Bonville asked them if they would be her guests at the Castle that evening.

Mr. Dalben, Mrs. Bonville, and Dr. Crocket being then left, Mrs. Bonville, with some affectation of manner, (for when persons endeavour to express feelings they really do not experience, they seldom can succeed in appearing entirely natural,) said, “ And now, my dear Dr. Crocket, I must call upon you to sympathize with me. And if you, as the preceptor of my child, cannot sympathize with me, who, I ask, can be expected so to do ?

“ But my Edgar, my only son, is now probably in the schools. My fate, as it were, hangs on the present hour. Oh, Dr. Crocket ! think what a mother must experience in a moment like this !”

“ Madam,” replied the Doctor, speaking rapidly, as was his usual manner, and availing himself of his ordinary habit of adding parenthesis to parenthesis,—“ Madam, I can make every allowance for the feelings of a mother ; for I consider that there are no feelings left in our nature more pure, more universal, more influential, than those of the mother for her child, although,

as Madame de Campan remarked to Napoleon, when he consulted her upon education, ‘What we want in France, is mothers; and till we have these, we cannot expect the education of our young people to prosper as we could wish.’ And, as the Emperor coincided in her opinion, we may fairly set it down, that the maternal feelings are not so strong over the water as they are with us; for we cannot suppose that such a man as Buonaparte would acquiesce in an opinion which did not coincide with his own observations. For, if we consider the whole course of this wonderful man, we cannot suppose that any Madame de Campan could have induced him to speak that which he did not think, or even to be silent when an assertion was made not agreeable to his own judgment. And surely no one will question the powers of judgment exhibited by Napoleon, even in that dreadful affair of the Holy Land ——”

“My good Doctor,” exclaimed Mrs. Bonville, forgetting that it was her present part to play the pathetic, “whither are you fled? Know you not that I never suffer you to use more than one parenthesis in a single speech? and here, already, in one exordium, you have diverged three points from where you first started. We were speaking of my Edgar, and not of Buonaparte; but your ideas are so rapid,

so abundant,—they flow in a stream so copious, that you perfectly astound Mr. Dalben, I see. But, dear uncle,” continued the lady, “if you understood Dr. Crocket more, you would wonder no longer, though your admiration would no doubt be continually on the advance. But, my little Doctor,—you know I often call you my little Doctor,—do leave your episodes for a short time, and indulge a mother by talking of her son. Rein in that soaring genius of yours, if possible, and clip the wings of the rampant steed.”

“My—my dear Madam,” replied the Doctor, “if you grow poetical, how do you expect to draw me down from my altitude?” But I will indulge the tender mother.”

And he was proceeding, when Mr. Dalben, who was inwardly sighing for something like common sense, not being by any means in a mood for trifling, begged permission to withdraw, adding, in a tone meant only for Mrs. Bonville’s ear, “I will retire, and quiet my mind by recommending our Edgar to the Divine care; and I feel assured that my prayer for him will be answered.”

And, with Mr. Dalben, I am sorry to say that I must also withdraw, having communicated to my reader all that has hitherto come to

my knowledge respecting the persons mentioned in these volumes; yet I do not lay aside my pen without informing my reader, that if time and opportunity are afforded me, I may, at some future period, conclude the histories of Henry, Marten, Edgar, and little George.

THE END OF PART III.

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